Bullet Blues

Black Star Riders

Drop the needle on the 45
What a crime to make life so tough
Another Sunday morning
In your Saturday clothes
Meeting your shadow when you've had enough
Lost reality's a lonely place
One way ticket to the blues
Don't take a chance if you know what you want
Heads you win, tails I loseGet me out of this state of disgrace
When the moon gets too close
I'm so out of place
Take me out of this state of disgrace
There's nothing worse than being too late
Oh lord, help me and my bullet blues
Oh lord, help me please
My bullet blues
What am I gonna doI put your picture up on my wall
I drank 'til you came alive
Your baby blues said nothing at all
I sat and watched you until I criedGet me out of this state of disgrace
When the moon gets too close
I'm so out of place
Take me out of this state of disgrace
There's nothing worse than being too lateOh lord, help me and my bullet blues
Oh lord, help me please
My bullet blues
What am I gonna do
All these immoral lies
Of virtue, vice and war
They burn, scar and scandalize
Nobody listens anymore
For judge and jury I've played the part
No surprises left in store
Show me a man that ain't gonna die
Give me a life worth living forGet me out of this state of disgrace
When the moon gets too close
I'm so out of place
Take me out of this state of disgrace
There's nothing worse than being too lateOh lord, help me and my bullet blues

Oh lord, help me please
My bullet blues
What am I gonna do
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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