

Bullet Theory

Funeral for a Friend

(Who shot...)

Who shot the bullet
That killed the air tonight
Without a thought, without a reason
Take a gun called hate
Up against your heart
And pull the trigger
Take a gun called hate
Up against your heart
And pull the trigger

It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say

The smoke and the mirrors
The lies that wind your tongue
Is this oppression what we wanted or what we needed?
As we function on impatience
And our patience is wearing thin
And live a lie that will destroy us all

It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say
It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say

Back and to the left
Back and to the left
Back and to the left come on
And shoot motherfucker

You like this baby?
You like this baby?
You like this baby?
Just dance a little longer

(Who shot...)

It's over, it's only over

It's only over when we say
It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say

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