Millimeter

Anne Grete Preus

There's a bullet in my bag
And it tells me what to think
In the middle of the night
When I can't sleep
There's a bullet in my bag
Singing sweetly:
"You traded 8 for 35 millimeter
But the trigger slips,
The shot goes wide
By a millimeter."
There's a body in my bed
Telling me to stand

In the middle of the fire
Where I can't breathe
There's a body in my bed
Sleeping softly.
Then the day comes on
And something's off
A millimeter.
Sometimes close is not close enough:
Millimeter.
When the numbers are run
The measure's off a millimeter.
We run for miles to come up short
By a millimeter.

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