

# Bullets

## Passenger

He's been collecting since the age of nine  
Every shiny bullet that he could find  
Built himself a house with the wooden floors  
Put the shiny bullets in a chest of drawersWell his wife's long gone and the kids have grown  
And trees they fall down on their own  
Memories fade like an old slideshow  
But the bullets still shine like coins in the snowWell one day took himself into town  
The men with a truck well they came around  
They took the television and the gun from the war  
And almost every bullet from the chest of drawersWell he came back home and found the house in a mess  
Run into the bedroom and the old brown chest  
Well he didn't care much for the VCR  
But he cried for the space where the bullets wereWell the men took the truck down into town  
And they sold all the silver they had found  
But they couldn't sell the bullets 'cause they weren't live rounds  
So they dug a big hole put the bullets in the groundWell he doesn't leave the house much anymore  
'Cause the men are gonna come like they did before  
And he'll hold onto the three or four  
Bullets that they left in the chest of drawers  
Well the bullets that they left in the chest of drawers

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