

Bullet Boy

Massive Attack

Blue
Everyday
Blue
Everyday
Blue
Everyday
Bruised from another place
Everyday

Takes grace
And the air's still warm
From a bullet in the wrong place
You're still moving
I'm still wounded
From the speed
Never leave so free
Free

I still stare
From the glare
From the glare
Of the last stare

Bruised from another place
Everything
Takes grace
And the air's still warm

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