

# Side of a Bullet

## Nickelback

Uncle Sam taught him to shoot  
Maybe a little too well  
Finger on the trigger, loaded bullet  
He hit the stage so full of rage  
And let the whole world know it  
Six feet away, they heard him say  
Oh God, dont let him pull it Please God, dont let him pull it  
How could you put us through it?  
His brother watched you do it How could you take his life away?  
(What made you think you had the right?)  
How could you be so full of hate?  
(To take away somebody's life)  
And when I heard you let him die  
And made the world all wonder why  
I sat at home and on my own I cried alone  
I scratched your name in the side of a bullet And in the wake of his mistake  
So many lives are broken  
Gone forever from a loaded bullet  
And no excuse you could use  
Could pull somebody through it  
And to this day so many say  
God, whyd you let him do it? How could you let him do it?  
How could you put us through it?  
His brother watched him do it How could you take his life away?  
(What made you think you had the right?)  
How could you be so full of hate?  
(To take away somebody's life)  
And when I heard you let him die  
And made the world all wonder why  
I sat at home and cried alone and on my own  
I scratched your name in the side of a bullet How could you take his life away?  
(What made you think you had the right?)  
How could you be so full of hate?  
(To take away somebody's life)  
And when I heard you let him die  
And made the world all wonder why  
I sat at home and cried alone and on my own  
I scratched your name in the side of a bullet On the side of a bullet  
On the side of a bullet

On the side of a bullet

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