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 itPlease God, dont let him pull it
How could you put us through it?
His brother watched you do itHow 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 bulletAnd 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 itHow 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
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(What made you think you had the right?)
How could you be so full of hate?
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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 bulletOn the side of a bullet
On the side of a bullet

On the side of a bullet

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