

God Is A Bullet

Concrete Blonde

There's a green plaid jacket on the back of the chair
It's like a moment frozen forever there
Mom and dad had a lot of big plans for their little man
So proud

Mama's gone crazy 'cause her baby's got down
By some teenage car chase war out of bounds
It was the wrong place
A wrong time, a wrong end of the gun, sing

Shoot straight from the hip, yeah
You're all gone in a trigger slip
It could have been
It could have been your brother

Shoot straight, shoot to kill, yeah
Blame each other, well, blame yourselves
You know, God is a bullet
Have mercy on us everyone

They're gonna call me sir, they'll all stop fuckin' with me
Well I'm a high school grad, I'm over 5 foot 3
I'll get a badge and a gun and I'll join the P.D.
They'll see

Didn't want to use the gun, they put in his hand
But when the guy came at him, well he panicked and ran
And it's thirty long years before they give him another chance
And it's sad

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John Lennon, Doctor King and four innocent guys
Goddamn nothin'
God is a bullet, have mercy on us everyone
God is a bullet, have mercy on us everyone, oh, no no