

Bullet Holes

Dispatch

Black birds send bullet holes
Scattered across the sky
I wander
These steep hills
Into the grey light.
My fingers collapse around my pen
Like soldiers tryin' to hold up the flag
I'm callin' out, once again
In this letter to you my friend
In this letter to you my friend
In this letter to you my friend

And don't tell me you been comin' up easy
Stop, drop, you're life is greasy
You used to say that you would come around
Oh baby, but you're never here

You have been
Up above (so high so high so high)
And lived, in the dirt
You have felt
Some love
And you
Have been hurt

Well I've gone to shorten my road
With a fistful of matches, but nothin' to strike (nothin' to strike)
And as we walk along the cove
You will know that this is right
You may think I'm crazy
You may think I'm foolish
But I'm coming through the lightening
Comin' back to you

Don't tell me you been comin' up easy
Stop, drop, you're life is greasy
You used to say that you would come around
But you're never here

You have been
Up above (so high so high so high)
And lived, in the dirt
You have felt
Some love
And you
Have been hurt

Oh my my my my my my my
I'm feelin' fine
Oh my my my my my my my
I'm comin' through
Oh my my my my my my my
Oh my my my oh my

You have been
Up above so high so high so high
And lived, in the dirt

You have felt
Some love
And you
Have been hurt

Oh you have been, you have been
Up above, up above
And you've lived, and you've lived, in the dirt, in the dirt
Oh you have felt you have felt
Some love, oh some love
And you, you have
Been hurt
You have been up above