

Bullets In My Hairdo

Finn Brothers

There's junk mail in my letterbox and all the catalogs
I can't wait to buy it, no matter what it costs
The whistle of the sniper, the crashing of the bombs
Put a spring back in my step, keeps me feeling young

And this shopping is a curse, every time it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo, the hairs on my shirt

Many ways to spend your money, there's not a lot to choose
The tanks are rolling over my hundred dollar shoes
You can never find a taxi to drive you into town
I'm always in a hurry, I won't go underground

And this shopping is a curse, every time it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo and holes in my purse

All quiet on the street, silence breathing down
Bullets in my hairdo, jewels in my crown

And this shopping is a curse, every time it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo and holes in my shirt