

Bullet

Supergrass

I'm just a cool headed fool,
Running wild-eyed with the sun,
Now when I crawl to the fold and the curls of the human mind...

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'Cuz I'm in a world of marching soldiers and who am I?!
But if it comes to the door, only time, only fades away....

With three little colours, lying in the gutter
The lion of the heart
They're still aching from my dream
but the feel of a bullet, cool until it finds a home