

Bullets

Fred Eaglesmith

Trains don't cry and bullets don't sing.
A broken heart ain't worth anything.
Even a bird of prey lets out some sort of scream.
I would have never done to you what you done to me.

Fifty odd dollars, some dry alcohol
Stand on the stairway, against the wall.
Even a preacher, Lord, sometimes he just can't believe.
I would have never done to you what you done to me.

(Instrumental verse)

Lies on your table, lies in your eyes.
Lies in your face, lies in your smile.
Trains only leave and bullets just scream.
I would have never done to you what you done to me.