

50,000 Unmarked Bullets

Jamie T

She said my life is full of despots
And embargoes
And cheeky Russian states
50,000 unmarked bullets sweating down my face
I used to be outgoing
Now I barely leave the Hague
'Cause I'm too busy now with headshots
And transcript
And that sit-in-the-dock shame
Turns out every room we ever loved in
Any room we stayed
The phone was tapped
But the irony
She said is no one ever listened to me
But Laur, when you hear what they think that I've done
You feel like letting go
Now everything that I love has turned to dust
Feel like letting go

I went to boarding school
In Gümligen with Sudafed
That snow it turned to a pulp
Silence echoed round me
Every time that lady spoke
It's plastic-covered sofa baccalaureate
I was a teen, sixteen with a mullet
Now I'm handcuffed to a minder
I'm lost in indecision
The romance of the story
It got lost in the transcription
It's hard to be the son of a tyrant and villain
50,000 unmarked bullets
Laur, when you hear what they think that I've done
You feel like letting go
No, everything that you loved turned to dust
You feel like letting go

They say it's rare but not unheard of
Tender to the touch
After reputation
If they still feel your heart
'Cause someone that you love
Someone that you love
Someone's holding on
Someone will not let go