Bullets in a Briefcase

Matthew Good

Little fish, boat's too full, down you go
Breathing in salt and fuel, tiny gulps
Statistically it's commonplace, you're not alone
So end like this instead of shot back at home

The world is a strange place
Quiet like bullets in a briefcase
Why do I feel like I'm in the wrong place?
Quiet like bullets in a briefcase
Quiet like bullets in a briefcase

Little man, Northern France, winter's cold
800 hours, 4,000 miles, feet alone
No one I know would even dare it, let alone
Shanty town bleeding out in the shadows

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