

## 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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