

Every time my heart it breaks
My friends say 'learn from your mistakes'
But I keep falling, falling down

And fortunes make me such a fool
Her beauty is a deceptive tool
But she keeps on shooting me, shooting me down

She struck me in the chest now
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...
But I don't want to go down
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...

Tired eyes and a broken soul
I tell her I'm at her beckoned call
But she don't want me, want me around
But all alone I wait for you
'Cause moving on's so hard to do
I really hope that you come around

She struck me in the chest now
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...
But I don't want to go down
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a- ahh

She struck me in the chest now
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...
But I don't want to go down
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...

(Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-...)

So her hands on the trigger and I figure if she pull it then a bullet will go
right into my chest
And I know it is a metaphor but honestly, I'd probably prefer if it was a bullet
best
And I really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really wish I
wasn't so stressed
But my hearts in her hands and I feel like she hates me half the time at best

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Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...
Like a bullet, like a bullet, like a...