

Bullet Math

That Handsome Devil

Ugh

Nine little bullets sitting in the clip
The gun goes click, the gun goes click
Seven little bullets sitting in the clip
And one won't miss, the gun goes click

The TV act like they know me
Sorry homie, you don't know me
The newspapers act like they know me
Sorry homie, you don't know me

It's all right, I'll be fine
Just hold my hand while I die

It's written all over your face
In bruises and scrapes, in bruises and scrapes
It's written all over my face
In bruises and scrapes, in bruises and scrapes

Six little bullets sitting in the clip
The gun goes click, the gun goes click
Four little bullets sitting in the clip
And one won't miss, the gun goes click

The magazines act like they know me
Sorry, homie, you don't know me
The press always act like they know me
Sorry, homie, you don't know me

It's all right, you'll be fine
Just hold my hand while we die

(Bob, what do you got up there?)

It's all right, I'll be fine
Just hold my hand while I die

Three little bullets sitting in the clip
The gun goes click, the gun goes click
One little bullet sitting in the clip
And I ain't gonna miss, the gun goes click

The TV act like they know me
Sorry homie, you don't know me
And everybody act like they know me
Sorry homie, you don't know me

It's all right, you'll be fine
Just hold my hand while I die