

Barclay James Harvest

"Cheap The Bullet"

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The streets run red with the blood
Of the innocent, why? Why? Why?
We stab our knives in the back
Of humanity, why? Why? Why?

There's never peace, just a spiral
Of the violence, why? Why? Why?
We'll shoot you down for a difference
Of opinion, why? Why? Why?

Cheap the bullet, easy the gun
Sons and daughters, lost and gone
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun
No talk, no thought, just shoot and run

Our children wake to the bomb
And the body search, why? Why? Why?
We fill their ears with the drums
And the battle cries, why? Why? Why?

They burn your car when you stray
It's a game they play, why? Why? Why?
They're fed on hate, it's a circle
We don't want to break, why? Why? Why?

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Sons and daughters, lost and gone
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun
No talk, no thought, just shoot and run

I'm baptized in your prejudice
I'm confirmed with your hate
I'm ordained into violence
I'm a child of the modern world
Of the media world, of the TV world
Of the modern world

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Cheap the bullet, easy the gun
Sons and daughters

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