

## Dispatch "Bullet Hole"

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Black birds with bullet holes, bullet holes  
Scattered across the sky  
I wonder  
These steep hills  
Unto the great light  
My fingers collapse around my pen  
Like soldier tryin' to hold up the flag  
I'm callin' out, once again  
In this letter to you my friend  
In this letter to you my friend  
In this letter to you my friend

And don't tell me you been comin' up easy  
Stop, drop, you're life is greasy  
You used to say that you would come around  
But you're never here

You have been  
Up above so high so high so high  
And lived, in the dirt  
You have felt  
Some love  
And you  
Have been hurt

Well I've gone to shorten my road  
With a fistful of matches, but nothin' to strike (nothin' to  
strike)  
And as we walk along the cove  
And know that this is right  
You may think I'm crazy  
You may think I'm foolish  
But I'm coming through the lightning  
Comin' back to you

Don't tell me you been comin' up easy  
Stop, drop, you're life is greasy  
You used to say that you would come around  
But you're never here  
You have been  
Up above so high so high so high  
And lived, in the dirt

You have felt  
Some love  
And you  
Have been hurt

Oh my my my my my my my  
I'm feelin' fine  
Oh my my my my my my my  
I'm comin' through  
Oh my my my my my my my  
Oh my my my oh my

You have been  
Up above so high so high so high  
And lived, in the dirt  
You have felt  
Some love  
And you  
Have been hurt

Oh you have been you have been  
Up above up above  
And you've lived and you've lived in the dirt in the dirt  
Oh you have felt you have felt  
Some love some love  
And you were you were  
Been hurt  
You have been up above

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