

## Editors

# "Bricks And Mortar"

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No one understands  
The way you found your God  
There's a bullet in your hands

Give a dog a bone  
He'll lead for the day  
But teach him how to kill, then

I am the close defense  
I am the city wall  
Stealing pounds and pence from you all

Still no one understands  
The way you found your God  
There's a bullet in your hands

Pour salt water on the wound  
Pour salt water on the wound  
This home is more than bricks and mortar  
Pour salt water on the wound

When the boys told you  
You'll have the arms of a soldier  
Those arms will never hold her again

It's just like I told you  
When the boys told you  
He's gonna be a soldier for them

Pour salt water on the wound  
Pour salt water on the wound  
This home is more than bricks and mortar  
Pour salt water on the wound

I hope life is good for you  
I hope life is good for you  
I hope life is good for you  
I hope life is good for you, aah

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