

## Fred Eaglesmith

### "Bullets"

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Trains don't cry  
And bullets don't sing  
A broken heart ain't worth anything  
Even a bird of prey lets out some kind of scream  
I would have never done to you what you done to me  
Fifty odd dollars and some dry alcohol  
Stand on the stairway, against the wall  
Even a preacher, Lord, sometimes he just can't believe  
I would have never done to you what you done to me  
Lies on your table  
Lies in your eyes  
Lies in your face  
Lies in your smile  
Trains only leave  
And bullets just scream  
I would have never done to you what you done to me  
I would have never done to you what you done to me  
I would have never done to you what you done to me

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