

Mason Jennings "Bullet"

Visit "[Bullet](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is a bullet from a gun called "what the fuck?"
If i was standing in your shoes i'd throw my hands
straight up
And start explaining at the speed of light, not sound
How the words get some coffee came to mean get
down
And all the kings horses and all the kings yen
Couldn't stop the abracadabra that invites these men
And all the alleyways in amsterdam could not compete
Against the wall street speed with which you leave your
feet
Oh yes, this song is a joke
Funny like our house going up in smoke
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips
Everytime the phone rings you get there first
And when the pizza man comes you always run for your
purse
Now i'm the son of a banker, i know just what the deal
is
If you wrote it out in braille, i wouldn't even have to feel
it
Oh yes, this song is a joke
Funny like our house going up in smoke

Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips
Funny how goodbye can sound so sad sometimes
Today it sounds happy like a nursery rhyme
And you're not cinderella, so don't forget your shoes
I've never been as lonely as when i was with you
Oh yes, this song is a scream
Funny like our loving doused in gasoline
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips
This is fireman mcneil from the hennepin line
We got the call around ten, we couldn't get there in
time
There was a driveway leading to a hole in the ground
I got the heebies bone deep and turned the truck
straight around
Oh yes, this song is a joke

Funny like my fingers in your bicycle spokes
Funny like the bomb between my teeth when we kiss
You pulled out the pin with your own sweet lips

Visit [Mason Jennings](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.