

## **The Finn Brothers**

### **"Bullets In My Hairdo"**

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(N. Finn/T. Finn)

There's junk mail in my letterbox  
And all the catalogues  
I can't wait to buy it  
No matter what it costs  
The whistle of the sniper  
The crashing of the bombs  
Put a spring back in my step  
Keeps me feeling young  
And this shopping is a curse  
Everytime it's getting worse  
I got bullets in my hairdo  
The hairs on my shirt  
Many ways to spend your money  
There's not a lot to choose  
The tanks are rolling over  
My hundred dollar shoes  
You can never find a taxi  
To drive you into town  
I'm always in a hurry  
I won't go underground  
And this shopping is a curse  
Every time it's getting worse  
I got bullets in my Hairdo  
And holes in my purse  
All quiet on the street  
Silence breathing down  
Bullets in my hairdo  
Jewels in my crown  
And this shopping is a curse  
Every time it's getting worse  
I got bullets in my hairdo  
And holes in my skirt

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