

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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