

Devil Makes Three "The Bullet"

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Well he opened up this shop at the age of nineteen
Stealing anything the eye could see
Said gather 'round you people, anything you need
Keep my name on your lips
And put the word out on the street
And I will rob 'til my fingers they are down to the bone
Wander 'til I can't remember my own home
Drink 'til I don't know the meaning of alone
'Til that bullet flies to carry me home
'Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies
That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home
'Til that bullet flies that bullet flies that bullet flies
That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

Well he never ever smiled
But he always seemed pleased
Said I'll never live down upon my bended knees

I see the game and the game it sees me
We will dance until they bury me

I will rise like the ashes from a building as it burns
Screaming all my enemies you'll all have your turn
The more pain I feel, the less that it hurts
The more I move on the more I am sure
That I will rob 'til my fingers they are down to the bone
Wander 'til I can't remember my own home
Drink 'til I don't know the meaning of alone
'Til that bullet flies to carry me home
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