

## Thursday "Millimeter"

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There's a bullet in my bag  
And it tells me what to think  
In the middle of the night  
When I can't sleep  
There's a bullet in my bag  
Singing sweetly:  
"You traded 8 for 35 millimeter  
But the trigger slips,  
The shot goes wide  
By a millimeter."

There's a body in my bed  
Telling me to stand  
In the middle of the fire  
Where I can't breathe  
There's a body in my bed  
Sleeping softly.  
Then the day comes on  
And something's off  
A millimeter.  
Sometimes close is not close enough:  
Millimeter.

When the numbers are run  
The measure's off a millimeter.  
We run for miles to come up short  
By a millimeter.

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