

Magic Bullet

My Morning Jacket

Ain't no magic bullet come from magic shell.
No other way to put it. Far as i can tell.
Ain't no way to solve a problem of the streets.
With an itchy trigger finger...
Servant of disease.
I mean come on...

Hear it from the people. Read it in the press.
Learn it at the steeple. Forget it in distress.
Lookin for salvation...Just A little help.
But it never seems to find me...
I'm gonna take it for myself.
I mean c'mon....
(there's got to be a better way)

That low feelin starts to get to me-
Need to find escape.
So smoke it fills the lungs...
And drink corrupts the brain.
And morals get confused...
In a desperate mind.
And there ain't no wrong or right...
In a desperate time.

But i know there's a solution-
Deep within myself.
But i ain't never gonna reach it...
Without somebody's help.
I mean a come on...