

The Bullet and the Gun

SIR

I can paint a picture worth a thousand words
She can start a fire with a single stare
I give away love for less than it's worth
But she can make love when it isn't there

She said she needs me to survive
But without her I wouldn't be alive
Our love is all we have to lose
So there's nothing left to prove (nothing left to prove)
There's nothing left to prove (nothing left to prove)

I'm the artist and she's the muse
We never had the right to choose
She's the bullet and I'm the gun
And we're aiming straight for the sun

I'm so used to being misunderstood
She's the only one that understands me
I could never be the perfect man
But even when my baby just can't stand me

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