

Millimeter

Thursday

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.