

# Bullets

Tunng

Green hills and enemies  
These things they make us sentimental inside  
Your words are gelignite  
Or just another sentimental aside

We're catching bullets in our teeth  
And though it's easy if you know how it's done  
They split the secret up six ways before they gave it  
to us just before dawn  
And now we don't remember

Our blood and guts are out  
We spread our bones across the table at night  
We cut our fingers off  
To give ourselves those little extra insights

We're catching bullets in our teeth  
And though they try hard not to say how it's done  
They always do  
They spill the secret out six ways  
And beg for our forgiveness  
Just before dawn  
And now we don't remember

We're catching bullets in our teeth  
It's hard to do but they taste sweet  
And if they take a couple out  
We try to work things out  
We catching bullets with our  
Heads and hearts and all the darkest parts of us  
It's strange to find such lights  
In such endless night

So sweet to lose a friend  
You leave the church and taste  
The air in your lungs  
Old lies and fireflies  
Carve angels on your eyes  
And all is undone  
You whisper prayers into the dark  
Up to a god in whom you've never believed  
You always do  
You split the secret up six ways  
But it won't make it any easier to see  
And now we don't remember

We're catching bullets in our teeth  
Its hard to do but they're so sweet  
And if they take a couple out  
We try to work things out  
We're catching bullets with our  
Heads and hearts and all the darkest parts of us  
It's strange to find such lights  
In such endless night  
We're catching bullets in our backs  
We sent the undertaker back  
Into the garden in the drought

To try to work things out  
We're catching bullets with the best resources that  
we've got  
We're happy then again we're not  
We shout - through the endless doubt