

A Bullet for Everyone

Paul Weller

Everybody doing it
Doing it real good
Everybody knowing it
Like they know they should
Shiny sabres rattling
Long into the night
And everybody saying it
Saying what they like
There are words there to inspire you
There are words there to be heard
Maybe none of them will fire you
But none the less they will make you listen by force.

Everybody shouting it
From every place on high
Everybody loving it
Loving what they find
There's blood upon each handshake
Lies upon each word
And everybody killing it
Killing off what's good
There are holes in the divisions
Between the haves and who have nots
There's a bomb for every city
Now they don't know where to stop
And they say there's no provisions
There's not enough to go round
But when it comes to the gun there's a bullet for everyone
When it comes to the gun there's a bullet for everyone

Everybody wanting it
Wanting it to stop
The chaos and destruction
The bloodshed on the rocks
The pain and deprivation
The losses and the grief
The tired, worn out promises
Of the politicians' brief
There are holes in the divisions
Between the haves and who have nots
There's a bomb for every city
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