

One Wrong Door

A Silent Film

There's a small hole in the back of your shirt
Oh tell me; what have they done
To the only one I have ever loved?
There's a small groan from the back of your throat
As a halo of rouge surrounds us both
Oh how my heart does hurt.

By my knees
On the tarmac there lay
A bullet with my name
There was a bullet with my name

Rain falls on the back of my neck
My arms are as weak as you are faint
Oh don't leave me now
To such a cruel fate

It was one night out of hundred or more
It was the one wrong turn
Through the one wrong door
To the one wrong hollow man
With that gun in his hand
And he silenced you with that shattering Bang.

By my knees
On the tarmac there lay
In the pouring rain
My lover slain
By a bullet with my name
There was a bullet with my name