

## Bullet Blues

Black Star Riders

Drop the needle on the 45  
What a crime to make life so tough  
Another Sunday morning  
In your Saturday clothes  
Meeting your shadow when you've had enough  
Lost reality's a lonely place  
One way ticket to the blues  
Don't take a chance if you know what you want  
Heads you win, tails I lose

Get me out of this state of disgrace  
When the moon gets too close  
I'm so out of place  
Take me out of this state of disgrace  
There's nothing worse than being too late

Oh lord, help me and my bullet blues  
Oh lord, help me please  
My bullet blues  
What am I gonna do

I put your picture up on my wall  
I drank 'til you came alive  
Your baby blues said nothing at all  
I sat and watched you until I cried

Get me out of this state of disgrace  
When the moon gets too close  
I'm so out of place  
Take me out of this state of disgrace  
There's nothing worse than being too late

Oh lord, help me and my bullet blues  
Oh lord, help me please  
My bullet blues  
What am I gonna do

All these immoral lies  
Of virtue, vice and war  
They burn, scar and scandalize  
Nobody listens anymore  
For judge and jury I've played the part  
No surprises left in store  
Show me a man that ain't gonna die  
Give me a life worth living for

Get me out of this state of disgrace  
When the moon gets too close  
I'm so out of place  
Take me out of this state of disgrace  
There's nothing worse than being too late

Oh lord, help me and my bullet blues  
Oh lord, help me please  
My bullet blues  
What am I gonna do