

The Bullet

Carrie Underwood

Line of limousines leaves one by one
The prayers been prayed, the hymns been sung
Black mascara's already run
But the tears keep flowing
You can blame it on hate or blame it on guns
But mamas ain't supposed to bury their sons
Left a hole in her heart and it still ain't done
The bullet keeps on goin'

Through every branch of his family tree
Every birthday that he'll never see
Every chance to live a good life that was stolen
Through the son he'll never get to raise
His daughter on her wedding day
Wishin' it was his hands she was holdin'
'Till every heart that's left to break is broken
The bullet keeps on goin'

The grass grows back around the stone
And friends stop checkin' in on the phone
The camera crews have all moved on
But the wound's still open
The bullet keeps on goin'

Through every branch of his family tree
Every birthday that he'll never see
Every chance to live a good life that was stolen
Through the son he'll never get to raise
His daughter on her wedding day
Wishin' it was his hands she was holdin'
'Till every heart that's left to break is broken
The bullet keeps on goin'
Oh, whoa

Line of limousines leaving one by one
The prayers been prayed, the hymns been sung
Oh, mamas ain't supposed to bury their sons
The bullet keeps on goin'

Through the son he'll never get to raise
His daughter on her wedding day
Wishin' it was his hands she was holdin'
'Till every heart that's left to break is broken
The bullet keeps on goin'
The bullet keeps on goin'