

# God Is A Bullet

Concrete Blonde

There's a green plaid jacket on the back of the chair  
It's like a moment frozen forever there  
Mom and dad had a lot of big plans for their little man  
So proud

Mama's gone crazy 'cause her baby's got down  
By some teenage car chase war out of bounds  
It was the wrong place  
A wrong time, a wrong end of the gun, sing

Shoot straight from the hip, yeah  
You're all gone in a trigger slip  
It could have been  
It could have been your brother

Shoot straight, shoot to kill, yeah  
Blame each other, well, blame yourselves  
You know, God is a bullet  
Have mercy on us everyone

They're gonna call me sir, they'll all stop fuckin' with me  
Well I'm a high school grad, I'm over 5 foot 3  
I'll get a badge and a gun and I'll join the P.D.  
They'll see

Didn't want to use the gun, they put in his hand  
But when the guy came at him, well he panicked and ran  
And it's thirty long years before they give him another chance  
And it's sad

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Blame each other, let's blame ourselves  
You know, God is a bullet  
Have mercy on us everyone

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John Lennon, Doctor King and four innocent guys  
Goddamn nothin'  
God is a bullet, have mercy on us everyone  
God is a bullet, have mercy on us everyone, oh, no no