

Bricks and Mortar

Editors

No one understands,
The way you found your god,
There's a bullet in your hand.

I give a dog a bone,
He'll eat for the day,
But teach him how to kill then.

I am the coast defence,
I am the city wall,
Stealing pounds and pence from you all.

Still no one understands,
The way you found your god,
There's a bullet in your hand.

Pour salt water on the wound,
Pour salt water on the wound,
This home is more than bricks and mortar,
Pour salt water on the wound.

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

When the boy's older,
He'll have the arms of a soldier,
Those arms will never hold her again.
It's just like I told you,
When the boy's older,
He's gonna be a soldier for them.

Pour salt water on the wound,
Pour salt water on the wound,
This home is more than bricks and mortar,
Pour salt water on the wound.

I hope life is good for you,
I hope life is good for you,
I hope life is good for you,
I hope life is good for you.

Ohhhhhhhhh!