

Bullet

Franz Ferdinand

While I'm away
You can let the mouse go down on you
Let the mouse do what I'd do
If I was there
But you'd better explain
That I have vendetta in my narrow bones
And a vindictive eye
Of my jealousy I have no control
No control

I'll never get your bullet out of my head now
How can I get your bullet out of my head now
I have no control
But I try
Yes I try

So I'd better explain that I have a
Red vendetta in my narrow bones
A wicked indicative eye
Of my yellow jealousy I have no control
No control

I'll never get your bullet...

Get out of my head
Get out of my head now
Get out of my mind