

Bullets

Passenger

Well he's been collecting since the age of nine
Every shiny bullet that he could find
Built himself a house with the wooden floors
Put the shiny bullets in a chest of drawers

Well his wife's long gone and the kids have grown
And trees they fall down on their own
Memories fade like an old slideshow
But the bullets still shine like coins in the snow

Well one day took himself into town
The men with a truck well they came around
Took the television and the gun from the war
And almost every bullet from the chest of drawers

Well he came back home and found the house in a mess
Run into the bedroom and the old brown chest
Didn't care much for the VCR
But he cried for the space where the bullets were

The men drove the truck down into town
And sold all the silver they had found
But they couldn't sell the bullets cause they weren't live rounds
So they dug a big hole put the bullets in the ground

Now he doesn't leave the house much anymore
Cause the men are gonna come like they did before
And he'll hold onto the three or four
Bullets that they left in the chest of drawers
Oh yeah the bullets that they left in the chest of drawers