

# Bullets By The Door

Patrick Park

Please don't fall,  
On me Oh Lord,  
In a fist of fire, ash and stone.  
As the whole world sleeps,  
On gold & silver sheets,  
I'm picking up my bombs to make it known.

To anyone who stands,  
Ten times taller than a man,  
With winter teeth and snarl that block the road.  
Soon you're going to fall,  
By the hands of big and small,  
We'll sing it loud,  
And you will know.

You'd better try,  
To keep your head up to the stars.  
When you leave this earth,  
With too many scars.

Try,  
To keep your head up to the stars.  
When you leave this earth,  
With too many scars.

To anyone who knows,  
What's in hearts and what's in bones.  
They'll break or wear away you can be sure.  
We don't always fight,  
For God or truth, or right.  
But I still keep my bullets by the door.

You'd better try,  
To keep your head up to the stars.  
When you leave this earth,  
With too many scars.

Try,  
To keep your head up to the stars.  
When you leave this earth,  
With too many scars.