

Bullets In The Fire

Rusted Root

When I was young I threw bullets in the fire,
believe me when I tell this truth,
but now those days are gone, lights have passed me by,
I can't disguise the way I feel, I feel, I feel, ... feel... feel...
in the tomb I held my bloom,
in this tomb I hold my bloom,
into this open flame but now those days are gone,
I've learned to change my name, into this open flame

Cause there's bullets in the fire,
I believe I lost my head
will you ever know what was sent down before those things went
crazy,
is everything I ever thought it would be,
as the puppets in my head have turned into hoods,
well please bring the rain, bring the rain, rain...

Hold me touch me baby as I thank you, you

Cause now those days are gone,
lights have passed me by.
My days were long taking shelter from the sky,
& there's a pulpit in my head that's turned
into a garden waiting for her lonely cry, cry...

Cause there's bullets in the fire,
I believe I lost my head
will you ever know what was sent down before those things went.
..

And here's my gods,
long before my head had turned to the blue sky speaking words

Reasons why,
all my time was spent making wine to bait the drunk
I'd have to find now... now... now...

Wake up your memory's choking
Wake up your hand's have forgotten - you,
Wake up your wings have been tied too long, too long
Wake up it's time to go, Well it's time to go...