

## The Bullet

### The Devil Makes Three

Well he opened up this shop at the age of nineteen  
Stealing anything the eye could see  
Said gather 'round you people, anything you need  
Keep my name on your lips  
And put the word out on the street  
And I will rob 'til my fingers they are down to the bone  
Wander 'til I can't remember my own home  
Drink 'til I don't know the meaning of alone  
'Til that bullet flies to carry me home  
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That bullet flies that bullet flies to carry me home

Well he never ever smiled  
But he always seemed pleased  
Said I'll never live down upon my bended knees  
I see the game and the game it sees me  
We will dance until they bury me

I will rise like the ashes from a building as it burns  
Screaming all my enemies you'll all have your turn  
The more pain I feel, the less that it hurts  
The more I move on the more I am sure  
That I will rob 'til my fingers they are down to the bone  
Wander 'til I can't remember my own home  
Drink 'til I don't know the meaning of alone  
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