

Bullet

David Byrne

The bullet went into him
His skin did part in two
Skin that women had touched
The bullet passed on through
The bullet went into him
It went its merry way
Like an old grey dog
On a fox's trail
The bullet went into him
His stomach filled with food
Many fine meals he tasted there
But the bullet passed on through
The bullet went into him
It went its merry way
Like an old grey dog
On a fox's trail
The bullet went into him
Through his heart with thoughts of you
Where your kisses he inhaled
The lies and the truth
The bullet went into him
Traveled up into his head
Through thoughts of love and hate
The living and the dead
The bullet went into him
It went its merry way
Like an old grey dog
On a fox's trail

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