

# Ania Dąbrowska, Bang Bang

I was five and he was six.  
We rode on horses made on sticks.  
He was black and I was white.  
He would always win the fight.

Bang bang - He shot me down.  
Bang bang - I hit the ground.  
Bang bang - That awful sound.  
Bang bang - My baby shot me down.

Seasons came and change the time.  
When I grow up I could him mind.  
He would always laugh and say:  
Remember when we use to play.

Bang bang - I shot you down.  
Bang bang - You hit the ground.  
Bang bang - That off the sound.  
Bang bang - You hit the ground.

Music play and people sing.  
Just for me the church bell ring.

Now he's gone.  
I don't know why and to this day, sometimes I cry.  
He didn't say "goodbye".  
he didn't take the time to lie.

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