

# Barclay James Harvest, Cheap The Bullet

The streets run red with the blood of the innocent  
Why, why, why?  
We stab our knives in the back of humanity  
Why, why, why?  
There's never peace just a spiral of violence  
Why, why, why?  
We'll shoot you down for a difference of opinion  
Why, why, why?  
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
Sons and daughters, lost and gone  
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
No talk, no thought, just shoot and run

Our children wake to the bomb and the bodysearch  
Why, why, why?  
We fill their ears with the drums and the battle cries  
Why, why, why?  
They burn your car when you stray it's a game they play  
Why, why, why?  
They're fed on hate it's a circle we don't want to break  
Why, why, why?

Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
Sons and daughters, lost and gone  
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
No talk, no thought, just shoot and run

I'm baptised in your prejudice  
I'm confirmed with your hate  
I'm ordained into violence  
I'm a child of the modern world  
Of the media world  
Of the TV world  
Of the modern world

Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
Sons and daughters, lost and gone  
Cheap the bullet, easy the gun  
No talk, no thought, just shoot and run