

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?

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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

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