

Finn Brothers, Bullets In My Hairdo

There's junk mail in my letterbox
And all the catalogues
I can't wait to buy it
No matter what it costs
The whistle of the sniper
The crashing of the bombs
Put a spring back in my step
Keeps me feeling young

And this shopping is a curse
Everytime it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo
The hairs on my shirt

Many ways to spend your money
There's not a lot to choose
The tanks are rolling over
My hundred dollar shoes
You can never find a taxi
To drive you into town
I'm always in a hurry
I won't go underground

And this shopping is a curse
Everytime it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo
And holes in my purse

All quiet on the street
Silence breathing down
Bullets in my hairdo
Jewels in my crown
And this shopping is a curse
Everytime it's getting worse
I got bullets in my hairdo
And holes in my shirt