

Massive Attack, Bullet Boy

Blue... everyday.
Blue... everyday.
Blue... everyday.
Blue...
Bruised from another place,
Everyday,
Takes grace...
And the air's still warm...
From a bullet in the wrong place.
You're still moving,
I'm still wounded,
From the speed,
Never leave so free.
(Free)
I still stare...
From the glare...
(From the glare)
Of the last stare.

Bruised... from another place,
Everything,
Takes grace...
And the air's still warm...