

# Paul Weller, A Bullet For Everyone

Everybody doing it  
Doing it real good  
Everybody knowing it  
Like they know they should  
Shiny sabres rattling  
Long into the night  
And everybody saying it  
Saying what they like  
There are words there to inspire you  
There are words there to be heard  
Maybe none of them will fire you  
But none the less they will make you listen by force.  
Everybody shouting it  
From every place on high  
Everybody loving it  
Loving what they find  
There's blood upon each handshake  
Lies upon each word  
And everybody killing it  
Killing off what's good  
There are holes in the divisions  
Between the haves and who have nots  
There's a bomb for every city  
Now they don't know where to stop  
And they say there's no provisions  
There's not enough to go round  
But when it comes to the gun there's a bullet for everyone  
When it comes to the gun there's a bullet for everyone  
Everybody wanting it  
Wanting it to stop  
The chaos and destruction  
The bloodshed on the rocks  
The pain and deprivation  
The losses and the grief  
The tired, worn out promises  
Of the politicians' brief  
There are holes in the divisions  
Between the haves and who have nots  
There's a bomb for every city  
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