

AC/DC, Gimme A Bullet

She had the word
Had the way
The way of letting me know
She knew the game
Called the play
Oh she hit me low
She said, "Now you go your way
I'll go mine
And that's a start"
Doctor, doctor
Ain't no cure
For the pain in my heart
CHORUS:
Gimme a bullet to bite on
Something to chew
Gimme a bullet to bite on
And I'll make believe
I'll make believe it's you
Don't need no drink
Don't need no drug
Don't need no sympathy
Sooner or later
Send me a bill
For what she's doing to me
Operator
Long distance lips
On the telephone
Come tomorrow
Come to grips
With me all alone
CHORUS
Bullet to bite on