

Franz Ferdinand, Bullet

While I'm away you can't
Let the mass go down on you
Let the mass do what I do
If I was ever to better explain
That I have a vendetta in my narrow bones
And a vindictive eye
Of my jealousy I have no control

Never get your bullet out of my head now, baby
Never get your bullet out of my mind /2x

I cannot get your bullet out of my head now
I have no control but I try
Yeah I try

I'd better explain that I have a red vendetta
In my narrow bones
And a wicked indicative eye
Of my yellow jealousy I have no control
No control
No control

Never get your bullet out of my head now, baby
Never get your bullet out of my mind /2x

Get out of my head
Ah, get out of my head now

Ah, get out of head
Ah, get out of my head now
Ah, get out of my mind