

Funeral For A Friend, Bullet Theory

Shot

Who shot the bullet
That killed the air tonight?
Without a thought, without a reason
Take a gun called hate
Up against your heart
And pull the trigger
Take a gun called hate
Up against your heart
And pull the trigger

It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say

The smoke and mirrors
The lies that wind your tongue
Is this oppression what we wanted or what we needed?
As we function on impatience
And our patience is wearing thin
And you live a lie that will destroy us all

It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say
It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say

Back and to the left
Back and to the left
Back and to the left
Come on and shoot motherfucker!

Yes, you like this baby?
Yes, you like this baby?
Yes, you like this baby?
You want to dance a little longer?

Shot

It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say
It's over, it's only over
It's only over when we say