Phlo Finister, Bang Bang

I was five and he was six We rode on horses made of sticks He wore black and I wore white He would always win the fight

Bang bang, he shot me down Bang bang, I hit the ground Bang bang, that awful sound Bang bang, my baby shot me down

Seasons came and changed the time When I grew up, I called him mine He would always laugh and say "Remember when we used to play?"

Bang bang, he shot me down Bang bang, I hit the ground Bang bang, that awful sound Bang bang, my baby shot me down

Music played, and people sang Just for me, the church bells rang

Now he's gone, I don't know why And till this day, sometimes I cry He didn't even say goodbye He didn't take the time to lie

Bang bang, he shot me down Bang bang, I hit the ground Bang bang, that awful sound Bang bang, my baby shot me down