

BOKKA, BANG BANG

I was five and he was six.
We rode on horses made on sticks.
He was black and I was 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 change the time.
When I grow up I could him mind.
He would always laugh and say:
Remember when we use to play.

Bang bang - I shot you down.
Bang bang - You hit the ground.
Bang bang - That off the sound.
Bang bang - You hit the ground.

Music play and people sing.
Just for me the church bell ring.

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

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