

New Model Army, One Bullet

In a ring of men, with money changing hands
All the gypsy kings, they were gathered from miles around
I was tapped on the shoulder, stripped to the waist
But I was quick, quicker than all of them
I watched him fall, then he staggered back
There was blood on my hands, but my face was intact
I picked up all my money and I walked away
It was like I was chosen, but I did not choose

I was in love, just the one time
It was years ago, I still have her photograph
I look at it sometimes, when I'm on my own
I think of her sometimes, when I'm on my own
We fought the once and she went down
I'm sorry now, but you can't go back
I was wrong and I have paid
Carry it with me for the rest of my days.
Do you keep one bullet left for yourself
For when it's all over and done?

My grandmother's house, it's all empty now
I live here alone, nobody bothers me
I work on shift down at the bakery
And I fix up the house and I try to be happy
My father's rage is still in me
I bury it down where nobody sees
Everyone knows me here, but they don't speak
Maybe that's just the way that I like it to be
Do you keep one bullet left for yourself
For when it's all over and done?

I've gone to ground - just like the animals
In the fading light where all men go
Gone to ground - just like the animals