

The Script, Bullet From A Gun

I'm in the boot of a car breathing air through a hole
She's driving me down to the river
She'll watch over me in the tears in her eyes
Couldn't dig my own grave any deeper
She's pushing me blindfolded down to my knees
But her finger still shakes on the trigger
She's untying my hands though I gave her the rope
This is so much harder to leave her, leave her, leave her

When you're forgiving but you can't forget
Feels like you're drowning but you still got breath
And we've been tryna lay this ghost to rest
Oh but there ain't no getting out of this mess
No there ain't no getting out
There ain't no getting out
There ain't no getting out of this mess

Now she's showing me mercy as much as she can
She's letting me live with my demons
See her washing her hands as she's walking away
Oh but still she looks back, she looks back
But she's leaving, she's leaving

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What's done is done
Can't resurrect the setting sun
What's done is done
Oh you can't reverse the bullet from a gun
What's done is done
Can't resurrect the setting sun
What's done is done
Oh you can't reverse the bullet from a gun

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