

Tear Garden, The Center Bullet

Dead shot through the temple
In the temple heard the preacher screech
I bored you full of holes Lucretia
Saw you crease up in a ball
As if you swallowed your own poison
Followed as you crawled up to the altar
I watched the tabernacle choir
Bawling in a bath of sacramental wine
You laced it but it tastes just fine to me
Yes '89's a good year
Let's hear it now for bittersweet
Let's hear it now for good old '89
Let's hear it now for good old '89
We took our seats
We watched them stringing up a chicken
Kept on kicking
As they kicked away the chair
They fed it strychnine
We kept on staring sickened sordid
As you pulled another bullet
From my belt and fired
Count to nine
Count to nine
Count to nine
I caught it in my teeth
I licked it clean
I chewed it
I chewed it struck a match
I flew a dozen stories to my stool behind a widow
Sure I'm small but big enough
But I'm big enough to send a bullet through your head
A bullet through the center of your head
I'll send a bullet through the center of your head
Center bullet
Rent a bullet
A bullet through the center of your head
A bullet through the center of your head
Center bullet
Rent a bullet