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

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

No there ain't no getting out

No there ain't no getting out of this mess

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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Out of this mess

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