The Bullet Big D
Bishop Allen

The Bullet & Big D
Bishop Allen
EP. Collection Vol.1

This song is a few cents flat, so make sure you tune down if you re gonna play
along.

I apologize for the spacing of the chords. While they originally were perfectly
spaced
with the chord changes, Ultimate Guitar isn t too friendly with Macs.

```
A         E
On Monday Dealey Plaza fills
A    E   C#m
with people on the way
A                   E
to the court houses and meeting rooms
C#m  E  D
but me, I m free today


D                 E
And I traced the path the motorcade
A         D
took back in sixty-three:
D      E      A       D
past the grassy knoll into the book depository.
A     D    A      D
They put in a museum where they say the shots were fired.
A         D
It s closed today but I don t mind;
E
I m already getting tired.


A             E
There s photographs and headlines
A    E   C#m
and diagrams of the street.
A       E
They’re showing the Zapruder film;
C#m   E    D
it s always on repeat.


D          E
Last night I dreamt I was the bullet
```
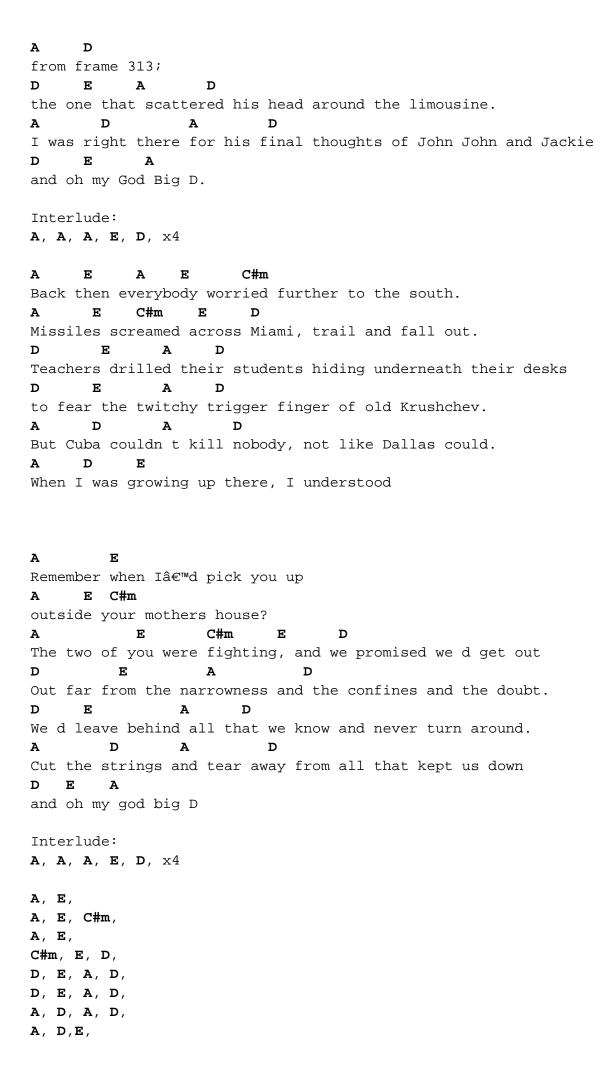
```
A       D
from frame 313;
D     E    A        D
the one that scattered his head around the limousine.
A       D       A        D
I was right there for his final thoughts of John John and Jackie
D     E      A
and oh my God Big D.


Interlude:
A, A, A, E, D, x4


A      E      A      E        C#m
Back then everybody worried further to the south.
A       E    C#m    E      D
Missiles screamed across Miami, trail and fall out.
D       E      A      D
Teachers drilled their students hiding underneath their desks
D       E      A      D
to fear the twitchy trigger finger of old Krushchev.
A       D       A         D
But Cuba couldn t kill nobody, not like Dallas could.
A      D      E
When I was growing up there, I understood



A           E
Remember when Iâ€™d pick you up
A       E   C#m
outside your mothers house?
A           E        C#m       E        D
The two of you were fighting, and we promised we d get out
D         E        A          D
Out far from the narrowness and the confines and the doubt.
D      E         A      D
We d leave behind all that we know and never turn around.
A       D       A          D
Cut the strings and tear away from all that kept us down
D    E    A
and oh my god big D


Interlude:
A, A, A, E, D, x4


A, E,
A, E, C#m,
A, E,
C#m, E, D,
D, E, A, D,
D, E, A, D,
A, D, A, D,
A, D,E,
```

```
A     E    A     E  C#m
Now I fly out of Laguardia, or out of JFK
A    E   C#m  E  D
and I land at DFW and I drive down LBJ
D     E      A       D
and the houses and the shopping centers, don t make me afraid.
D     E      A       D
Why they ever did, it s hard now to explain
A     D     A      D
But you, you never really left, for you was it the same?
D    E      A
And oh my god Big D
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Interlude:
A, A, A, E, D, x4
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```
A     E    A     E    C#m
November 22nd I was at the kitchen sink
A      E     C#m E   D
Just like everyone remembers where they were in â€™63.
D       E        A        D
The shudder that shot through me with that unexpected call.
D      E     A       D
I locked the bathroom door and hit my fist against the wall.
A        D      A         D
I should of come to rescue you, I should have should have yes
A        D     E
What happened in the past ten years, I coulda guessed
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```
A     E     A     E    C#m
Remember when Iâ€™d carry you, and lay you in your bed?
A    E    C#m  E D
And promised to take care of you, but I just left instead.
D     E    A      D
Last night I dreamt I was the pills you swallowed down.
D      E       A        D
I tried to come back up, but you wouldn t let me out.
A      D    A     D
And I couldn t help but wonder, did think of me?
D     E    A
and oh my god big D
```

```
A, A, A, E, D, x4
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