



I **was** five, and he **was** six
We **rode** on horses **made** of sticks
He **wore** black and I **wore** white
He would always win the fight

Bang bang, he **shot** me down
Bang bang, I **hit** the ground
Bang bang, that awful sound
Bang bang, my baby **shot** me down

Music **played**, and people **sang**
Just for me the church bells **rang**, oh

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