

Loaded Gun

The Living End

With a loaded gun,
With a loaded gun,
In our hands.

We can end life.
We can decide,
The fate of a man.

(Yeah!)

Did you hear what happened,
to that poor man,
at the station tonight?
He was shot in cold blood,
waiting for the train,
While heading home to his wife.

And the police report said,
We have no choice left,
We did what we were forced to do.
He was sweating it out with a backpack on,
Who knows what he might've done.
We did the only thing that we know how to do

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He was his mother's one and only son,
But to everybody else he was public enemy number one.

Well he fit the profile,
There'll be no trial,
There is nothing left to say.
So what if he's innocent,
He's still one of them,
And I won't lose any sleep tonight.

And the news report said,
The law protected,
But the young man never had a clue,
And the message to his mother read,
"Sorry but your son is dead,
This is our job and we were ordered to take his life."

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