

Salvation

Citizen Cope

Say Judas came up to D.C.
He'd been down in Georgia for a while
He drove a 944
He bought with the soul
Of a blonde-headed kid
With a left-handed guitar
Now he's lookin' for me
Citizen C-O-P-E
Sign the dotted line please
For the fake 50's
Now Judas answer me
"Since I was the age to speak
Haven't you been listening?"
Salvation

Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
I'm calling
Salvation

Well he came to town
Found the woman that I love
And he fucked her down
She told him where I live
Off of 9th in the alleyway
Where they say
They got the coke and the dope
Until you end up broken
"You should have let the smack get you" he said
"But now you've got to deal with me instead
I'm downstairs on the Motorola
You know I've got 3 golden bullets
And I'm shooting for your soul"
Salvation

Well I came down with my Martin blazin'
My voice
It was cutting him up
Now he's aiming
His first shot grazed my eye
I lost half of my sight
And my firstborn's life
The second shot grazed off my guitar moon
And it made my guitar kinda play out of tune
But I just kept playing
Like I had nothing to lose
He turned the third on himself
'Cause the bastard knew
Salvation I'm calling
Salvation

Put the gun down
Put the gun down
Put the gun down
Put the gun down
[repeat]