

# Murrow Turning Over in His Grave

Fleetwood Mac

All the sainted sinners  
They pay handsomely  
M S C A E they make the weapons  
And they run the prisons  
And they sell the justice  
'Cause being guilty is just good business  
Well we're standing out on the borderline  
Ain't no one here gonna stop it now

Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)  
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild  
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)  
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild

Half-closed eyes and unconscious death  
Do you feel the ooze as your brain drains out  
From the pneumatic drills and sharpened knives?  
Blood in the sky are you dead or alive?  
All the restless people and the bitter green  
Well, it takes the gold makes the spirit mean

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