

Turned In Your Gun

Holy Mother

Just broke the law
Can't fight about it, gripe about it
Don't sell me short
Can't save our freedom's home
Blame all your allies, our nation's worst fool
Believe there's a scapegoat, the culprit's not you
The foreign code, the information's confidence
Could break the world, and see our nation fall
Expecting our allies to sponser a fool
Decifer our secrets, our culprit is you
You set a firey code
To save a world unknown
A nation's only hope
But you have turned in your gun
The FBI, a secret service spying eye
They wrote the book, to change our alibies
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