

# Without a Shot

John Mellencamp

Put your guns out on the table  
Throw your bullets on the floor  
This weary old house can't take it anymore  
From the ovens in the kitchen  
To the chains out in the dirt  
Rope hanging in the bedroom  
That's some of our dirty work

The distant sleeping shadows  
That lie out in the yard  
The wind that distorts the meanings  
Of who we really are  
Saluting of ourselves  
As we pass by our mirrors  
This show of phony adulation  
Just masquerades all our fears

So we open up our eyes at midnight  
See the setting of the sun  
Foundation is crumbling  
The inner structure's gone  
Used up by corruption  
And the passage of time  
We hope we've got some fight left  
Cause our children  
Our children are dying

So we think that forgiveness  
Is a God given right  
And equality for all  
Is just a waste of our time  
With our nickel plated Jesus  
Chained around are necks  
Handing out verses of scripture  
Like we wrote it down ourselves

Respect that we once had  
Went up the water spout  
Tried to keep it secret  
But the secret was found out  
Got to thinking high and mighty  
Like everything was a lock  
Some now say this house  
Can be taken without a shot

So the hole gets dug deeper  
With every wedding bell  
And we sell each other down the road  
Until there's nothing left to sell  
And slowly but surely  
We disappear without a trace  
We point our fingers at each other  
And say what the hell happened to this place  
Without a shot  
Without a shot  
Without a shot  
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