

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
Tisťeno z www.txp.cz