

Guns In My Head

Matraca Berg

The world explodes in violence
While the angels cry in vain
'Cause they know the enemy is silent
And knows us all by name -- all by name
She's living in the suburbs
She's watching in the dark
There's a finger on the trigger
And it's pointed at my heart -- at my heart

Take away all weapons, pray for peace and truth
Bury all the bullets and tell me what I do with these

Guns in my head at war with my soul
While I sleep in my bed
Oh, these guns in my head
Fear, ignorance, and anger
Oh, these guns in my head are what keep me in anger

I see you on the freeway
I see you on the street
I look away from you
You look away from me -- away from me
We nurture our suspicion
A little more each day
Somewhere between the black and white
We struggle in the gray

And I bargain like a salesman, every Sunday on my knees
I pray for the world's salvation, and all that answers me are these

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