

## The Sniper Song

Naked Raygun

Banging on the inside  
Fighting to get out

It's not all this trash  
That blows 'round my feet  
It might be this day  
It might be this heat  
And it's all of these idiots  
That are bothering me  
With their drivelling prattle  
And their useless critiques

So now I know where snipers come from  
A man weighted down by too heavy a load  
So now I know where snipers come from  
Peering down through my scope with an amoral code

The view is fantastic  
From my aerie on high  
I laugh at your pleading --  
thrill at your cry  
Semi-auto archangel  
Unto death do us part  
Vespiary of mercy  
Putting lead in your heart

Banging on the inside -- fighting to get out