

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