

Guns

Madness

I read a brand new paper
About a man who had a thousand guns
Lived in the Southern States
Ran away from everyone
He felt it wasn't safe
Even in the Southern States
I read a brand new paper
Walking down my own street
The man with a thousand guns
Has taken to his feet
He felt it wasn't safe
Even in the Southern States
He thought that he might die
But was he frightened by
Anyone with a gun?
Well, every stranger's danger
Everybody has one
But alone and hungry
He couldn't eat his guns
I watched my television
Sitting on the floor
The window man was watching
Me and a million more
He read me the news
Someone's getting abused
He thought that we might die
He wasn't frightened, why?
Everyone has a bomb
It's a passing danger
Or so he said
Everybody has one
Care to see or just wait
(That's just great)

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