Automatic Rifle

Rocky Votolato

The night I turned twenty five it was legos on the floor
It seemed like a safe enough game
For a man to play with his daughter
An automatic rifle and a bullet through the window
And the troops are satisfied that justice had been deliveredThat was enough to set the spark of a vision in another
Eighteen years, eighteen year old girl, to see herself a martyr
To keep up with the cycle
Of an automatic rifle and a bullet through the window
And the troops were satisfied that justice had been deliveredClose your eyes to the suns blinding light
A three story concrete house and a steady paycheck
Cause open eyes will be
Infected with politics
And even a smart girl can end up
With a bomb strapped to her chest

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