

# Hitman

## Jimmy Hart

Hitman, hitman, where ya been?  
Gotta magical mystery plan?  
You're goin' round town breaking all the rules  
But you're the king of fools  
I'll just point and shoot  
And no one will see me now  
I'll just point and shoot  
'Cause I work for the system now  
Hitman, hitman, draw the line  
I see you're out of time  
Assassination done  
The system's got him under control  
The Divided States of America  
Is a playground for kingpins and hypocrites  
In a country woven from outdated cloth  
And the fabric won't take much more of this  
We feed the world while our children starve  
And our soldiers forced to carry empty guns  
We preach about life and liberty  
While our mothers kill their unwanted sons.  
You draw your battle lines  
You see you're outta time  
It's just another excuse  
For what you people might call war  
You think you're tolerant  
You prove your ignorance  
The United States of America ain't united anymore!

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