# Without a Shot

## John Mellencamp

Put your guns out on the table, throw your bullets on the floor
This weary old house cant take it anymore
From the ovens in the kitchen to the chains out in the dirt
Rope hanging in the bedroom thats some of our dirty workThe distant sleeping shadows that lie out in the yard
The wind that distorts the meaning of who we really are
Saluting of ourselves as we pass by our mirrors
This show of phony adulation just masquerades all our fearsSo we open our eyes at midnight, see the setting of the sun
Foundation is crumbling, the inner structures gone
Used up by corruption and the passage of time
We hope weve got some fight left
'Cause our children, our children are dyingSo we think that forgiveness is a God given right
And equality for all is just a waste of our time
With our nickel plated Jesus chained around our necks
Handing out verses of scripture like we wrote it down ourselvesRespect that we once had went up the water spout
Tried to keep it secret but the secret was found out
Got to thinking high and mighty like everything was a lock
Some now say this house can be taken without a shotSo the hole gets dug deeper with every wedding bell
And we sell each other down the road 'til theres nothing left to sell
And slowly but surely we disappear without a trace
We point our fingers at each other say what the hell happened to this place
Without a shot, without a shot, without a shot

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