

# 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 work  
The 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 fears  
So 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 dying  
So 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 ourselves  
Respect 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 shot  
So 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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