

Murrow Turning Over In His Grave

Fleetwood Mac

All the saints and sinners
They pay handsomely
MSCAE they make the weapons
And they run the prisons
And they sell the justice
'Cause being guilty is just good business
Well, we're standing on the borderline
Ain't no one here going to stop it now Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Ed Murrow had a child
The damn thing went wild
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Ed Murrow had a child
The damn thing went wild Half-closed eyes and unconscious death
Do you feel the ooze as your brain drains out
From the pneumatic drills and sharpened knives?
Blood in the sky, are you dead or alive?
All the restless people and the bitter green
Well, it takes this gold, make the spirit mean Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Ed Murrow had a child
The damn thing went wild
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave
Ed Murrow had a child
The damn thing went wild

Songwriters

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