Salvation

Sarke

Say, Judas came up to D.C.
He'd been down in Georgia for a while
He drove a 944, he bought with the soul
Of a blond-headed kid with a left-handed guitar
Now he's lookin' for me Citizen C O P E
Sign the dotted line please for the fake 50's
Now Judas answer me, since I was the age to speak
Haven't you been listening?
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Well he came to town, found the woman that I love
And he fucked her down, she told him where I live
Off of 9th in the alleyway, where they say
They got the coke and the dope until you end up broken
"You should have let the smack get you" he said
"But now you've got to deal with me instead"
I'm downstairs on the Motorola
You know I've got 3 golden bullets and I'm shooting for your soul
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Well, I came down with my Martin blazin' my voice
It was cutting him up, now he's aiming
His first shot grazed my eye
I lost half of my sight and my firstborn's life
The second shot knock off my guitar moon
And it made my guitar kinda play out of tune
But I just kept playing like I had nothing to lose
He turned the third on himself 'cause the bastard knew
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation
Salvation, I'm calling
Salvation, I'm calling
Salvation, I'm calling

Salvation, yeah yeah
Say, put the gun down
Put the gun down
Put the gun
Put the gun down
Put the gun down
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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