

# The Proverbial Gun

[Derek Webb](#)

Now I can buy the proverbial gun  
And shoot the proverbial child  
When my uncle looks me in the eye  
And speaks of freedom  
My conscience goes up on trial  
In the courtrooms of the mind  
Where the judges all have sons  
And all the lawyers all were dead  
And the backs are all broke  
And the bailiff is my brother  
And the witness is my sister  
And I'm guilty as hell  
And by the afternoon I'm out  
On the pavement walking  
Reeking of salt and blood  
No hair upon my head  
No shoes upon my feet  
Picking your body from my teeth  
No stars above me  
No stripes upon meFree (x10)

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