Hitman

The Numbers Band

Hitman, hitman, where ya been?
Gotta magical mystery plan?
You're goin' round town breaking all the rules
But you're the king of fools
I'll just point and shoot
And no one will see me now
I'll just point and shoot
'Cause I work for the system now
Hitman, hitman, draw the line
I see you're out of time
Assassination done
The system's got him under control
The Divided States of America
Is a playground for kingpins and hypocrites
In a country woven from outdated cloth
And the fabric won't take much more of this
We feed the world while our children starve
And our soldiers forced to carry empty guns
We preach about life and liberty
While our mothers kill their unwanted sons.
You draw your battle lines
You see you're outta time
It's just another excuse
For what you people might call war
You think you're tolerant
You prove your ignorance
The United States of America ain't united anymore!

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