

If This Country Still Had Balls

Buddy Brown

Strange man walks in holdin' his gun
he kills somebody and he's on the run
Out the door and into the busy streets
Cops chase him 'round town for an hour or two
Go back home he's on the evening news
They tell us it's alright, we've got him in custody
Well maybe it's me but I'm scratching my head
Wonderin' why that S.O.B. ain't dead
When everyone knows it's him why should we wait?

It's time we go back to hangin' them high
Let's light the torches in the middle of the night
Somewhere along the way we've gotten way too soft
We don't need a jury when we've seen what he's done
Just build the gallows and wait for the sun
Get the vigilantes loaded up with justice for all
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my tax money pays for nice hot meals
For a killer locked up making more appeals
so he can get right back out and do it all again
Now I ain't saying that a man can't change
But you can't tell right from wrong these days
unless we send a message they won't forget

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And I know every man can be redeemed
But if he don't choose to, we better still have Plan B

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