

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 me
Free