

Boo Radleys, Free Huey

Drag the shades across the window
Don't answer any knock at the door
Keep your hand on the weapon beside you
Keep your eyes out for the law
Don't you know and you gotta be all you can be
We're told to run towards the future
While they're standing on our feet
And be content with the scraps that they throw us
After promising a feast
If you didn't have a gun then I wouldn't need a gun