

Fleetwood Mac, Murrow Turning Over In His Grave

All the sainted sinners
They pay handsomely
M S C A E they make the weapons
And they run the prisons
And they sell the justice
'Cause being guilty is just good business
Well we're standing out on the borderline
Ain't no one here gonna stop it now

Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild

Half-closed eyes and unconscious death
Do you feel the ooze as your brain drains out
From the pneumatic drills and sharpened knives?
Blood in the sky are you dead or alive?
All the restless people and the bitter green
Well, it takes the gold makes the spirit mean

Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild
Murrow's turnin' over in his grave (Murrow's turnin' over in his grave)
Ed Murrow had a child the damn thing went wild