

Sister Seven, Loaded

My friend John he's a flattop
He's a cop on the eastern side
He's a watchdog sent on a paper bag
chase where the children's
Guns all hide in the school yard
Cops are angry
Kids are angry
But no one is to blame

Is it loaded?
Does it make you feel OK?

Would you do it?
Is it loaded?
All your strength in a bullet shell
Would you do it?

His girl Jane she's a good one
In the night she'll always pray
That a twelve year old boy
packing more than his lunch
Ain't the statistical end to her husband's day
Cops are angry
Kids are angry
But no one is to blame

Sunny stands on the corner and plans a surprise
For his wedding day
He got his meal on a brown bag deal
And gets stopped by a cop on his way
The gun barrel size really widens his eyes
As he hopes for a chance to explain
And now the flowers and people
Cry up to the steeple and beg for someone
Won't you please explain?

Is it loaded...?