

# State Radio, Gunship Politico

On the one they'll catch ya  
If you skirt disaster.  
On the day they told her  
but she want stay stay.

On they saw ya  
Witnesses of goya.  
Elected to serve ya  
Til your dying day.

I hope you don't get what your after.

To whom it may concern  
I'm writing of behalf of a brother  
Twiced burned  
I know  
Just a product of your mind.

But when you continue  
To let loose on a runnin man.  
You send him crashing to the edge of the pavement  
You're doing something you don't quite understand  
Makin' like he's a lesser man.

In your  
Gunship Gunship Gunship Politico.  
I hope you don't get what your after.

I know  
Just a product of your mind  
... Off to the commisioner as fast as you can  
With your smoking gun in hand.

Six men on their knees Eye's shinin in the  
Highbeams of the search light  
Cop's shadows on the wall, several stories tall  
Instilling whoa such a fright  
One's kicked in the gut, He's all cut up by the corner cop.  
One stands in defense in a broken sentence  
Ask not to be shot  
If you please  
Men of authority  
We do not speak your language see  
Please act accordingly.

He wasn't beggin  
He was just keeping time with his cup  
You go on and believe that  
You keep your eyes straight up  
I was just looking  
I had no intention to touch  
But I know when I'm not welcome  
So I thank you very much.

See A, See A, see the women there demonstrate  
See A, See A, see them know but they will not say  
See A, See A, see them set the trial date  
See A, See A, see the confidence on the DA's face.

Watch out for the politicos  
Don't mess mess with the down downpressure way  
They got it down pat, they got it down to a Tee  
No one gets through the lockstep jaw.  
You aint guilty but you did get caught.

So lack for a better suspect we nominate you.  
To ride this one out to see this one through.  
See A, See A,  
Arms thrown up in a ever fearful protest  
As the firing squad would ever think to notice  
As if you could summon the likes of moses  
To put blood back in his friends veins.

And if your one step faster  
you can skirt disaster  
But if it's not you, it'll be the next guy  
Who's the wrong color at the wrong time.

Another days over and the discision still stands  
His honor in his chambers still washin' his hands  
You know he's been fiddlin in his room all day  
Just trying to wash all his conscience away.

No one's asking for hangman's tree  
They just looking for something true to believe  
See A, See A  
See them know but will not say.

He wasn't beggin...