

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...