

The Alarm, Up For Murder

"I'd like to sing this song called Up For Murder"

Well take a look and listen to the things that I have said
Well could I really tell the truth with a rifle at my head
Yeah, I gunned down a president
And I have done a crime
But now you've got to listen 'cos I'm running out of time

It's not me that you're after it's not me that's gonna pay
It's not me that is guilty
It's a man at the C.I.A.

So I got put in jail because I got into a fight
And while I was in prison I got beat up every night
Torture it was blackmail I was messed up with cocaine
And then they had me thinking that I knew just who to blame

But it's not me that you're after it's not me that's gonna pay
It's not me that is guilty
It's a man with the C.I.A.

It's not me that you're after it's not me that's gonna pay
It's not me that is guilty
It's a man with the C.I.A.

Hey hey hey

So there I stood before him a revolver in my hand
With one shot for the torture and a bullet for the man
So now I'm UP FOR MURDER on a charge I can't deny
Well there ain't no clues I'm bom to lose and no ones gonna ask me why

Will it's not me that you're after it's not me that's gonna pay
It's not me that is guilty
It's a man with the C.I.A.

It's not me that you're after it's not me that's gonna pay
It's not me that is guilty
It's a man with the C.I.A.

C.I.A.
C.I.A.
The C.I.A.

"Thank you, this is Mike Peters"