

Derek Webb

"The Proverbial Gun"

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now i can buy the proverbial gun
and shoot the proverbial child
while my uncle looks me in the eye
and speaks of freedom

and my conscience goes up on trial
in the courtrooms of the mind
where the judges all have sons
and all the lawyers are wounded

and the backs are all broke
and the bailiff is my brother

and the witness is my sister
and iâ€™m guilty as hell

but by the afternoon iâ€™m out
out on the pavement walking
wreaking of salt and blood

no hat upon my head
no shoes upon my feet
picking your body
from my teeth

no stars above me
no stripes upon me
free

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