

## **Jim Carroll** **"Freddy's Store"**

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I'm walking uptown  
I hear a most peculiar sound  
Like a seashell in my ear  
Like the ocean was near  
I go inside this store  
To get my head clear

Once I'm inside the air is fresh as [a lie? ]  
You are greeted by a civil servant  
She is dressed in beads  
She jots down your needs  
And casually recedes

Look around  
Take the elevator down  
Take it down  
Once you reach downstairs  
They take special care of you  
You cannot believe what you see  
You know guns to stop time  
Laid out in a line  
445's to uzi-3's

A man comes up in a uniform  
He says, you were just who we were looking for  
You heard the sound  
Let me show you around  
This place is big as some small towns

We got every gun beneath the sun  
And the same for heavy munitions  
We got the space to train  
But we don't know you'll learn  
But now take the time, just look around

Look around  
Feel the water rushing down  
Rushing down

Refrain:  
But you better get ready  
If you're going to freddy's

If you're going to freddy's store  
You can lose or win  
You can sink or swim  
But you don't know where or what for

But you better get ready  
If you're going to freddy's  
If you're going to freddy's store  
It's not exactly hell,

It's more like bechtel  
They got only one item to sell

There's a booth for dressing  
Also used for confession  
There's a jesuit on call here  
Twenty-four hours a day  
He can guide you to pray  
To waylay your modern guilt and fear  
You live by the sword, you die, etcetera  
And the same goes for an m-15

But what the hell  
When freddy rings that bell  
Just make certain that your weapon is clean  
And pointing down,  
Down to the ground

Can you live in the tropics?  
Can you fight on the sand?  
Have you compunctions to function  
In a far off land?  
Can you kill a despot in an african nation?  
Can you bite the pill  
If the operation don't go down?  
Down, if it don't go down

And there's a galley [. . . ? ]  
[ . . . . . ? ]  
We don't distinguish left or ust don't ask about behind  
that door

You can stand on the corner  
You can do the jerk  
You can go to the disco  
You can go berserk  
But there are plenty of generals  
And plenty of shahs  
Who drive a coupe deville after the coup de etat

It's up to you,

You got one chance to score  
Everybody gets a little piece of war  
Just don't ask about behind that door  
Hit the ground, get down  
It's coming down  
The door is coming down

Repeat refrain

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