

## **Matraca Berg**

# **"Guns In My Head"**

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The world explodes in violence  
While the angels cry in vain  
'Cause they know the enemy is silent  
And knows us all by name -- all by name  
She's living in the suburbs  
She's watching in the dark  
There's a finger on the trigger  
And it's pointed at my heart -- at my heart

Take away all weapons, pray for peace and truth  
Bury all the bullets and tell me what I do with these

Guns in my head at war with my soul  
While I sleep in my bed  
Oh, these guns in my head  
Fear, ignorance, and anger  
Oh, these guns in my head are what keep me in anger

I see you on the freeway  
I see you on the street

I look away from you  
You look away from me -- away from me  
We nurture our suspicion  
A little more each day  
Somewhere between the black and white  
We struggle in the gray

And I bargain like a salesman, every Sunday on my  
knees  
I pray for the world's salvation, and all that answers me  
are these

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While I sleep in my bed  
Oh, these guns in my head  
Fear, ignorance, and anger  
Oh, these guns in my head are what keep me in anger

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