

Reema Datta

"Maximum Firepower"

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This one's for the shoeshine boy and the farmer in debt
Each string is barbed wire, each chord is a threat
This blues guy I met that never had a hit
Said, 'You don't gotta be loud, son, to be heavy as
shit?

Well, I'm the triggerman, baby, tonight I'll prove
That this machine here, well, it kills fascists too
And don't be surprised if the 'Sermon on the Mount'
The next time is delivered in a little coffee house

'Cause somebody here's gotta let them know
I doubt it's me but here I go
I hit the button, tape started to roll
Yeah, the song's got fire, it's got no soul

There's a lonely stretch of blacktop between here and
home
Drop down into the valley, piano playin' in the living
room
When you see the white barn you'll know the journey's
through
My dog's barking in the backseat 'cause he knows it too

You'll need a fake passport and fix your disguise
And don't fire, sugar, 'til you see the whites of their
eyes
I turned the other cheek but now I'm through
The skin you're in makes choices for you

I was checking off names and I came late to dinner
Seems the slices of pie keep getting thinner and
thinner
Brothers and sisters, rejoice and repent
The landlord's dead, you can keep the rent

You got twelve fine friends but one of 'em's rotten
There's a hole out back, ain't got no bottom
Forty days in the wilderness, forty sleepless nights
I'm confused, half blind and sure I'm right

There's a lonely stretch of blacktop between here and home
Drop down into the valley, piano playin' in the living room
When you see the white barn you'll know the journey's through
My dog's barking in the backseat 'cause he knows it too

Officer, please, I won't be long
Called the radio station, requested this song
Now I had my doubts about what I knew
So I turned it up and then it sounded true

Kiss the ring if the Queen will let you
But come over the fence and the dogs will get you
On a rope hung the traitor, on a hook hung the meat
You and me are missing persons 'til we're counted in the streets

So seize the time and storm the tower
And come correct with maximum firepower
For the sins of the father, the son, he must pay
The Nightwatchman giveth and he taketh away

Thought hard about this next line, pretty sure it's true
If you take a step towards freedom it'll take two steps towards you
So, mister, I ain't scared and, mister, I ain't worried
'Cause on that lonely stretch of blacktop I sit as judge and jury

There's a lonely stretch of blacktop between here and home
Drop down into the valley, piano playin' in the living room
When you see the white barn you know the journey's through
My dog's barking in the backseat 'cause he knows it too

The clock strikes the hour, tonight we ride
The clock strikes the hour, tonight we ride
The clock strikes the hour, tonight we ride
You've got three more seconds to choose sides

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