

**Alela Diane****"Why Use A Hand Gun When You Can Use A Nail Gun"**

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This hill was murder  
This house is murder  
This hill was murder

There was a house on a hill  
And a place where they hung the worst of them  
A place the children won't play  
With a tree that will not grow

Oh since the first was pulled up there  
To hang like flag with a face  
In the place I will not go

That house should have been my home  
That tree should have been my death

If we're not notches  
He'll make notches of us yet  
Bring enough rope for the class  
Bring enough rope for the class

At least the dead have the guts to die  
And when they swing above us  
They look their killers in the eye  
I have no killers, I have no death

I swear I want to  
See what you see  
Let's throw our ropes  
From the top of the balcony

This is our march to the gallows

Someone cut him down  
Someone cut them down  
Someone cut us down

Before the vultures tear us apart  
Before the vultures tear us apart

