

## **Sister Seven "Loaded"**

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My friend John, he's a flattop  
He's a cop on the eastern side  
He's a watchdog sent on a paper bag  
Chase where the children's  
Guns all hide in the school yard

Cops are angry  
Kids are angry  
But no one is to blame

Is it loaded?  
Does it make you feel okay?  
Would you do it?

Is it loaded?  
All your strength in a bullet shell  
Would you do it? Oh yeah  
Oh no, oh no no no no no

His girl Jane, she's a good one  
In the night she'll always pray  
That a twelve year old boy  
Packing more than his lunch  
Ain't the statistical end to her husband's day

And cops are angry  
Kids are angry  
But no one is to blame

Is it loaded?  
Does it make you feel okay?  
Would you do it?

Is it loaded?  
All your strength in a bullet shell  
Would you do it? Oh yeah

Sunny stands on the corner  
And plans a surprise for his wedding day  
He got his meal on a brown bag deal  
And gets stopped by a cop on his way

The gun barrel size really widens his eyes  
As he hopes for a chance to explain  
And now the flowers and people  
Cry up to the steeple and beg for someone  
Won't you please explain?

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All your strength in a bullet shell  
Would you do it?

Is it loaded?  
Does it make you feel okay?  
Would you do it?

Is it loaded?  
All your strength in a bullet shell  
Would you do it? Oh yeah  
Oh no, oh no no no no no  
Oh yeah, oh no, oh no no no no no

Is it loaded?  
Is it loaded?

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