Hand on a Gun

I didn’t want to believe

That there was such a thing

As a truly evil man

I like to go to sleep

Believing that we all can be redeemed

The devil is in the details

Doesn’t ring true for me

He is sunbathing on the shore

I’ve seen him on the TV

I’ve seen him shaking his fists

And he doesn’t need my money

But he’ll take all of it, yeah he take all of it

And he’ll never be happy

Still he grins in the sun

He’s heavy and cold and real

As your hand on a gun

As your hand on a gun

Tell me now what does it mean

That I’ve seen what I have seen

And still don’t change, change a thing

Is it enough to be angry

Or do I have to do something

To draw a line between

The devil and me

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