

Unthrow That Spear

Gov't Mule

There's a revolution going on
Bong billy, billy, billy, billy bong
On the microphone, here I come
To rock with the bass and drums
With the one and the all that come
Don't you know that the time has come
To ring the alarm undone
To remember the life before
Every mother was a news report
Of a another brother lost at war
And the family he left home
A wife and a baby and a loan
A flag and a medal and a tomb
A general that never leaving home
And a television telling you to
To hate everybody but you
But it doesn't have to be that way
I remember back in the day
When you used to say, okay
Give a hand to somebody else
Is your ticket out of hell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
It's your ticket out of hell
And heaven would surely know
That angels [Incomprehensible]
Unring that bell, unring that bell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
Unring that bell, unring that bell
It's your ticket out of hell
And heaven would surely know
Unring that bell