

## Automatic Rifle

Rocky Votolato

The night I turned twenty five it was legos on the floor  
It seemed like a safe enough game  
For a man to play with his daughter  
An automatic rifle and a bullet through the window  
And the troops are satisfied that justice had been delivered

That was enough to set the spark of a vision in another  
Eighteen years, eighteen year old girl, to see herself a martyr  
To keep up with the cycle  
Of an automatic rifle and a bullet through the window  
And the troops were satisfied that justice had been delivered

Close your eyes to the suns blinding light  
A three story concrete house and a steady paycheck  
Cause open eyes will be  
Infected with politics  
And even a smart girl can end up  
With a bomb strapped to her chest