TROUBLE IN THE LAND

Am
Benny was an idiot, lived in the village
C
Said black people were the problem
          G
"They're draggin' us down, man, it's inevitable
Em
Won't be long 'til the country gone tribal
Am
Went on out to Northern Idaho
C
Joined up with the Aryan Nation
   G
I can feel him out there schemin' and hatin'
 Em
Fillin' up the country with his lies and frustrations

  F
Trouble in the land

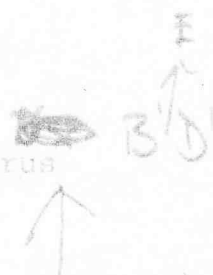Too many people drawin' lines in the sand
 G
Blood on their hands
 E
Trouble in the land

Trouble in the land
Too many people got guns in their hands
Blood in the sand
Trouble in the land

Am   C   Am G   Am
A G A   C   D E   E   D C A

I had a friend, his name was Billy-oh
He got a job in conservative talk radio
Said you can't criticize you know who
Idiot was talkin' about the Jews
He tried to tell me Hitler was impressive
'til he got a little too excessive
I can hear him schemin' and hatin'
Fillin' up the city with his lies and frustrations

Shootin' your mouth off in Philadelphia
Bartender says "the Lord have mercy on you"
Guns goin' off in New York City
My St. Patrick's Day bloody and gritty
Everybody tryin' to do their best
'Til chickens start comin' home to rest
So watch your mouth and don't take chances
Don't ask questions if you don't want answers

F A C F
E G C E
D G G F E   ➙ B D
Backing to Chorus

This riff over at end
F G F C D E F D C B-
                AB

        C   G   Am   F C - G
C-C D E G D B G A E C G A G

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