The American Scream

Alkaline Trio

They tied that yellow ribbon 'round the oak tree
And they've worn out all the prayer in their hearts
All along thought they were rooting for the home team
As they're sent into the game and torn apartWith twists this turn a kid upon the pipeline
Who carries all the pain in the world
As we blindly clap and cheer from the sidelines, it's clear
On a losing streak from the very startAnd that's where they found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand, now I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with me, the American scream
They took that faded ribbon off the oak tree
And they've worn out all the hope in their hearts
All along thought I was doing the right thing
Now I'm lying in a pool of my bloodAnd that's where she found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand, now I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with meAnd that's where they found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand, now I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with me, the American screamThe American scream
And that's where they found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand, now I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with me, the American scream

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