

# Thieves

## Incubus

You're happy all the time  
I just don't understand why I can't be happy too  
Your smiles are salt in the wound  
A slap upon a back that's been toiling in the sun  
When will I get mine?  
Or must I be a god-fearing, white american?  
Oh everything is fine  
As long as you're a god-fearing, white american  
Why should the thieves have all of the fun?  
Selling us water by the river, they don't speak for everyone  
I'm ready to run and you're making me crawl

Selling me water by the river, they don't speak for me at all  
The man about the town  
The beauty queen, the paragon of civilization  
But shadows cling to us all  
Even those convinced that they're sheltered and immune  
When will I get mine?  
Or must I be a god-fearing, white american?  
Why should the thieves have all of the fun?  
Selling us water by the river, they don't speak for everyone  
I'm ready to run and you're making me crawl  
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