Compared to What

Martin Fuss

Love the lie and lie the love
Hangin' on, with a push and shove
Possession is the motivation
That is hangin' up the God-damn nation
Looks like we always end up in a rut (everybody now!)
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what?
Slaughterhouse is killin' hogs
Twisted children killin' frogs
Poor dumb rednecks rollin' logs
Tired old ladies kissin' dogs
Hate the human, love that stinking mutt (I can't stand it!)
Try to make it real - compared to what?
The President, he's got his war
Folks don't know just what it's for
Nobody gives us rhyme or reason

Have one doubt, they call it treason
We're chicken-feathers, all without one gut (God damn it!)
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what? (Sock it to me, now)
Church on Sunday, sleep and nod
Tryin' to duck the wrath of God
Preacher's fillin' us with fright
Tryin' to tell us what he thinks is right
He really got to be some kind of nut (I can't use it!)
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what?
Where's that bee and where's that honey?
Where's my God and where's my money
Unreal values, crass distortion
Unwed mothers need abortion
Kind of brings to mind ol' young King Tut (He did it now)
Tried to make it real - compared to what?!

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