American Man

Swampdawamp

Freedom, the naked power, weakened by the ages
Raped but not forgotten, all its supple secrets
Gods and liberations, those that try to use it
Are those that try to sheath it, wide awake
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Free men haunted by the music
Ghosts of generations beat the drums for freedom
Those that toiled and suffered
Now, those that try to smother, wide awake
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Where to begin? Bred to win
Where do I go? The soul worn off my skin
Sad [Incomprehensible] I cut out the hole in my soul I know is you
So are we ready? Ready to lose, I know I feel, feel, feel
Inside the walls, inside the walls
The iron walls protect the soles of my old boots
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man
Yes, I am the American man

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