

American Soil

Ezra Furman

There's something in the water, something sick in the blood and the oil
Here's the white chicken grinning, here's the serpent in a horrible coil
Don't be scared by the stared of the peasants on the subway car
Because the way things seem in a dream is just the way that they are
And I can feel God taking his eyes off you, you were born for American soil Every race has its place, every
nation fights for species survival
I'm a Jew through and through and I'm about to write you a Bible
Now let me take your hand and show you through the twisted hallways of the house of song
We got the magazine wallpaper and a million dollar bills on the lawn
And you can feel God taking his eyes off us, we were born for American soil, ah ah... You don't have to be
clever to detect a big American sadness
When the population rules every man has a hand in the madness
There's a dead grove of trees you can visit on the outside of town
And there's a desolate dust inside the cemetery settling down
And I can feel God taking his eyes off us, we were born for American soil
Now we have seen every baby has to have some kind of mother and father
But the child's gone wild and the piece has got away from the author
If freedom isn't free all the bills must just be lost in the mail
Because the highways are on fire and the serpent is now eating its tail
And you can feel God taking his eyes off us, we were born for American soil
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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