

21st Century Breakdown

Green Day

Born into Nixon I was raised in hell
A welfare child where the teamsters dwelled
The last one born, and the first one to run
My town was blind from refinery sunMy generation is zero
I never made it as a working class hero21st century breakdown
I once was lost but never was found
I think I am losing what's left of my mind
To the 20th century deadlineI was made of poison and blood
Condemnation is what I understood
Video games to the tower's fall
Homeland security could kill us allMy generation is zero
I never made it as a working class hero21st century breakdown
I once was lost but never was found
I think I am losing what's left of my mind
To the 20th century deadlineWe are the class of, the class of 13
Born in the era of humility
We are the desperate in the decline
Raised by the bastards of 1969My name is no one
The long lost son
Born on the 4th of JulyRaised in the era of heroes and cons
That left me for dead or aliveI am a nation
A worker of pride
My debt to the status quoThe scars on my hands
And the means to an end
Is all that I have to showI swallowed my pride
And I choked on my faith
I've given my heart and my soul
I've broken my fingers
And lied through my teeth
The pillar of damage controlI've been to the edge
And I've thrown the bouquet
Of flowers left over from the grave
I sat in the waiting room
Wasting my time
And waiting for Judgment DayI praise liberty
The "freedom to obey"
Is the song that strangles me
Well don't cross the lineOh dream, America, dream
I can't even sleep

From the light's early dawn Oh scream, America, scream
Believe what you see
From heroes and cons

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