

# There's No "I" In Team

## Good Riddance

I can still remember times  
Of prosperity while staring clear eyed  
With broad strokes of promise  
We coloured highlights of our future and  
something we'll never get  
Until we look back with sincere regret  
Is our american dream subject to  
collapse beneath their densityAnd we'll break before we bend  
With tomorrow as yet undetermined  
You can write your congressmen  
And take your grievances to the highest level  
To achieve a common end  
To serve the bourgeois, the laissez-faireCitizens duty-bound so we play our part  
If you kill the brain  
Then you'll stop the heart  
And we foster the illusion of a  
Democratic archetype  
Can we forge hope from this devastation  
And bring about participation  
To stem the apathetic tide  
Now poised to wash us all awayAnd we break before we bend  
With tomorrow as yet undetermined  
We achieve such selfish ends  
'Till we concern ourselves with the plight of others  
you can write your congressmen  
And fucking spit in the wind  
For all the good it'll do you friend

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