

On With the Song

Mary Chapin Carpenter

This isn't for the ones who blindly follow
Jingoistic bumper stickers telling you
To love it or leave it and you'd better love Jesus
And get out of the way of the Red, White and Blue
This isn't for the ones who buy their six-packs
At the 7-Eleven where the clerk makes change
Whose accent makes clear he sure ain't from here
They call him a camel jockey instead of his name
No, this is for the ones who stand their ground
When the lines in the sand get deeper
When the whole world seems to be upside down
And the shots being taken get cheaper, cheaper
This isn't for the ones who would gladly swallow
Everything their leader would have them know
Bowling and kissing while the truth goes missing
"Bring it on," he crows, putting on his big show
This isn't for the man who can't count the bodies
Can't comfort the families, can't say when he's wrong
Playing 'I'm the decider' like some sort of Messiah
While another day passes and a hundred souls gone
No, this is for the ones who stand their ground
When the lines in the sand get deeper
When the whole world seems to be upside down
And the shots being taken get cheaper, cheaper
This is for the ones that I see above me
Three little stars in a great big sky
Light for the world and hope for the weary, they say
This isn't for the ones with their radio signal
Calling for bonfires and boycotts, they rave
Exhorting their listeners to spit on the sinners
While counting the bucks of advertising, they'll say
This isn't for you and you know who you are
So just do what you want 'cause I know that you can
But I gotta be true to myself and to you
So on with the song, I don't give a damn

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