

God Hates Flags

Five Iron Frenzy

There you are hogging the front page,
Drawing blanks when thinking of sin's wage,
If everyone has fallen short, some humbleness is overdue,
If I wish your face got stabbed, will I be just as bent as you? There's a chip that's on my shoulder sucking us into
quicksand,
The temperature is getting colder, a backwards ticking second hand There you go bullying again,
Stealing the spotlight from better men,
If God is love you got it wrong waving all your placards and flags,
The very fact that you're alive says God must also love douchebags There's a chip that's on my shoulder
sucking us into quicksand,
The temperature is getting colder, a backwards ticking second hand,
There's a chip that's on my shoulder sucking us into quicksand,
The temperature is getting colder, a backwards ticking second hand And the only saving grace we only ever need
speak of,
If ever there's a question the answer is to love, the answer is to love There's a chip that's on my shoulder
sucking us into quicksand,
The temperature is getting colder, a backwards ticking second hand,
There's a chip that's on my shoulder sucking us into quicksand,
The temperature is getting colder, a backwards ticking second hand

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