

# U.S. Government

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I stripped my faith on the city pavements  
To keep a smile  
I got my legs from the US Government  
To keep me alive We are the ones that keep you down  
We are the ones that won the grounds  
While our arms surround I filled my head with another replacement  
To keep me high  
I shot my soul when you wanted to take this  
Your worst day's mine We are the ones that keep you high  
We are the ones that won the sky  
With the bird and the flies She's my river of sunshine  
She's my girl  
She can save the US  
Save the world She's all right  
I'll be fine  
These knew your whips  
Save your mind, come on I maybe nothing if you're just gonna waste me  
But that's all right  
I'll give you love if you wanna to taste that  
And leaves you behind We are the ones that keep you high  
We are the ones that burn your pride  
And you're burning in cries You're gonna suffer  
You're gonna suffer You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer  
You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer  
You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer  
You're gonna make it  
You're gonna suffer

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Songwriters

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