Yer Country

U.S. Bombs

In the country, it aint no tis of thee
In the country, I'm proud to be ashamed
The sham of 69 geared up for riots against police
The country is rippin' at the seamsIn the country, Woody Gunthrie took the lumps
In the country, just a suitcase and a thumb
Well, if ya practice what ya preach
I heard it makes ya smile
The country boys are frowning all the whileBarbed wire bop, bomb shelters in the backyards
Roller skating at the hop, rebel, rebel rock
Peace and love was funny understandings just a crockRebel, rebel rock, rebel, rebel rock
Young rebel, rebel rock, young rebel(Yer country)
It won't stop fucking me
(Yer country)
Will crush you with its feetCountry croning and moaning with a hymn
The country of regulations never fuckin' bendThe barbed wire bop, bomb shelters in the backyards
Roller skating at the hop, rebel, rebel rock
Peace and love was funny understandings just a crock

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