

# Liberty Cabbage

Rufus Wainwright

Sometimes I think You're trying to kill me  
with your stars and stripes  
and sometimes, sometimes your Liberty Cabbage goes dry  
but still your arms are strong  
your blood runs furies inside me.  
Cities of gold, mountains of purple,  
Hot dogs and hamburgers eaten on your laps,  
While you sit and watch them kill me with their stars and stripes  
while you sit and watch them kill me with their stars and stripes  
and sometimes, sometimes your liberty cabbage goes dry  
but tears do flow from those eyes blue as the pacific  
your table cloths checkered as chessboards  
And your smile is wider than the Continental Drift  
But why do you,  
Why do you sit and let them stone my friends and loved ones?  
Sometimes I think you're trying to kill me  
with your stars and strips  
and sometimes, sometimes I think you might succeed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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