

# What About Me? (Rare Session)

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

You poisoned my sweet water  
You cut down my green trees  
The food you fed my children  
Was the cause of their disease  
My world is slowly fallin' down  
And the air's not good to breathe  
And those of us who care enough  
We have to do something  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Your newspapers, they just put you on  
They never tell you the whole story  
They just put your young ideas down  
I was wonderin' could this be the end  
Of your pride and glory?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
I work in your factory  
I study in your schools  
I fill your penitentiaries  
And your military too  
And I feel the future trembling  
As the word is passed around  
"If you stand up for what you do believe  
Be prepared to be shot down"  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
And I feel like a stranger  
In the land where I was born  
And I live like an outlaw  
An' I'm always on the run  
An' I'm always getting busted  
And I got to take a stand  
I believe the revolution  
Must be mighty close at hand  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
I smoke marijuana  
But I can't get behind your wars  
And most of what I do believe  
Is against most of your laws  
I'm a fugitive from injustice  
But I'm goin' to be free  
Cause your rules and regulations  
They don't do the thing for me  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?  
And I feel like a stranger  
In the land where I was born  
And I live just like an outlaw  
An' I'm always on the run

Songwriters

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Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

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