Bye American

Squad Five-O

Who pumps your gas, cooks your meals, works your fields
Builds your skyscrapers, prints your newspapers, it's your next door neighbors
In the ghetto city, gated community,
In the hills of Appalachia or Beverly
Metropolitan, charlatan, American
Words don't mean shit and souls wear too thinMy faith is lost from the burning cross
To the "American owned and operated" swastika
There's no pursuit of happiness in a land that's void of love
Why should God bless America?Who cleans your gutter and your sewer
And is gonna die sooner
Working fingers to the bone
Than in an office on the phone
Underestimated
Overlooked too long
Don't tell me nothing's wrong
It seems like all the good is gone
Who stokes the factory fires
Gets nothing to retire
75 and standing on a greasy fryer
Metropolitan, charlatan, American
Words don't mean shit and souls wear too thinMy faith is lost from the steeple to the cross
To the satellite evangelical thug
There's no concern for selflessness, just smother push and shove
Why should God bless America?

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