

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 thin
My 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 thin
My 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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