

The American Scream

Alkaline Trio

They tied that yellow ribbon 'round the oak tree
They've worn out all the prayer in their hearts
All along thought they were rooting for the home team
As they're sent into the game and torn apart
We twist this tourniquet upon a pipeline
That carries all the pain in the world
As we blindly clap and cheer from the sidelines
It's clear, on a losing streak from the very start
And that's where they found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand now
I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with me
The American scream
They took that painted ribbon off the oak tree
They've worn out all the hope in their hearts
All along thought I was doing the right thing
Now I'm lying in a pool of my blood
And that's where she found me
In the cemetery
A smoking gun in my hand now
I'm damned for the land of the free
Sing with me
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