Mourning In Amerika

Rise Against

Stand by to switch on, we fire on all pistons
We're singing along but no one is listening
From dusk until dawn we stay up to carry the flame
And when it's all said and done in these alternate endings
When nothing is left but the stragglers and empties
We're sleeping it off just to wake up and start it again
So burn the statues to the ground, it's time to lay your weapons down
Bound for glory on this train but there's a bridge out up ahead
Noise cancel, drown the signal out
Change channels, manufacture doubt
When the only thing we'll fight for ever day
Is a better seat on a crashing...
Plain to see but hard to breathe
The streets are full of tumbleweeds
And now it's morning in the streets of amerika
But we don't go outside anymore
The radio blasts hysteria, with a television sideways on the floorUnder moonlit skies and surveillance as we cheer from
The stands in the stadiums on a jumbotron
We all sing along to escape
Once we were the lighthouse to the world's most desperate ships
But what we became was a towering flame
Leading the moth right into it
Now we are waking up to the phone lines cutBecause it's morning in the streets of amerika
And we don't go outside anymore
The radio blasts hysteria, while the television's sideways on the floorWith the teleprompter in our faces
We don't even know what we're saying
A car that's slowly crashing and we can't look away
Parading to the edge of a cliff now and trying to
Figure out how to get down while the night is fast approaching
Will we even recognize our former lives in this artificial light?
Morning in the streets of amerika
And we don't go outside anymore
There's something wrong with the stereo and the television's sideways
We're mourning in the streets of amerika, mourning in the streets of amerika
We're mourning in the streets of amerika, mourning in the streets of amerika
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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