

21st Century Breakdown

Green Day

Born into Nixon I was raised in hell
A welfare child where the teamsters dwelled
The last one born, and the first one to run
My town was blind from refinery sun
My generation is zero
I never made it as a working class hero
21st century breakdown
I once was lost but never was found
I think I am losing what's left of my mind
To the 20th century deadline
I was made of poison and blood
Condemnation is what I understood
Video games to the tower's fall
Homeland security could kill us all
My generation is zero
I never made it as a working class hero
21st century breakdown
I once was lost but never was found
I think I am losing what's left of my mind
To the 20th century deadline
We are the class of, the class of '68
Born in the era of humility
We are the desperate in the decline
Raised by the bastards of 1969
My name is no one
The long lost son
Born on the 4th of July
Raised in the era of heroes and cons
That left me for dead or alive
I am a nation
A worker of pride
My debt to the status quo
The scars on my hands
And the means to an end
Is all that I have to show
I swallowed my pride
And I choked on my faith
I've given my heart and my soul
I've broken my fingers

And lied through my teeth
The pillar of damage control
I've been to the edge
And I've thrown the bouquet
Of flowers left over from the grave
I sat in the waiting room
Wasting my time
And waiting for Judgment Day
I praise liberty
The "freedom to obey"
Is the song that strangles me
Well don't cross the line
Oh dream, America, dream
I can't even sleep
From the light's early dawn
Oh scream, America, scream
Believe what you see
From heroes and cons

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