

Network the Jerk

STAMPEAD

network the jerk, joke the junky
america itâ€™s our free country
the king corrupt and the queen is lazy
america youâ€™ve gone crazy

mr. President he holds our blood in a glass of wine
cheers to china on your unlocked doors
spilling young blood on the enemies floor

and the businessman shooting the breeze under coconut trees
while big breasted vultures fall to their knees
watching the war on the big screen tv

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and the black market man, he shakes my hand
on a deal of a dead manâ€™s dream
look out, look out, look out son
things ainâ€™t what they seem

some find god, some find love
some find the bathroom floor
hungry sick and asking for more

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amazing grace
how sweet the sound
to save a wretch like me
I once was lost but now am found
god shed his grace on me

Lyrics submitted by stampead.

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