

President (Acoustic Version)

[IAMX](#)

They pull our strings, the animals
They blind, they breed the hate
Under their wing we're scientists
We swallow what they fake For all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accident Most fall in line, they do the dance
And salute the safest thing
Bought with their lives, cry and socialize
And throw all the beauty away For all you lonely boys
I will be president
In all you sons of men
I can be accident

Songwriters

CHRIS CORNER Published by

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