

# Country Kills

## Popstrangers

Ghost, you are like, so black and white;  
You could be executed in the fight for rights;  
Children and wives, doesn't know what they do;  
well just take away their rights. Well, just take away their right,  
to leep, to pray and to cheat;  
to a God that only exists to make you wrong;  
That just exists to make you alone. Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
But, whatever... whatever...  
Soon will food, be rubes;  
just slits the throats of the homeless,  
And we'll bring them all,  
just throw them on the ropes  
We'll sweep the bomb under the carpets,  
rip the Souls out of the gutter,  
just to make it all seem right... Just to make it all seem whatever is said,  
so true and long shed, if it's meant to be held;  
well, just take away their rights. Well just take away their â€”  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
But, whatever... whatever...  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
But, whatever... whatever... Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
But, whatever... whatever... Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
Oh, my country will kill me now!  
But, whatever... whatever...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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