Like Sprewells on a Wheelchair

Dillinger Four

Not so jumpy now, downtown
No talk of concerns or fear
We'll just hand over all our tax money
Then bitch about nothing but the price of cable and beer.
Oh, how easy it is sometimes
To get lost in these party lines
Are we cops of the free even overseas
Or this 'them and us' mentality ruin our eyes.[Chorus]
It's a message from the malcontent
We refuse to buy, we're heaven sent
With our gameface on
We're a UN no-show bullies from the get go.
They hit us with this 'love it or leave it' shit
Like a dog in a cage trained to beg then sit
If that's how it's gonna be
I'm not calling this home.Mine's a little voice
Shit, I thought that was the point
Born of a freedom never realized
With manifest destiny kept like a sign from the skies.
All around the world
They're ignored and pissed
Staring back at us
Like we're spoiled little kids
How have we proven them wrong
With police states, hollywood, embargos and radio songs.[Chorus]We're the land of the free trial membership to crap
Where adults can't find world powers on a map
Where leaders run free with absconded power
Where a flag costs more than you make in an hour
Where I stand with so many but we're told we're alone
Where I work for a living but I never feel at home.

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