

Are You What You Want to Be?

Foster the People

I woke up on Champs-Élysées to the Djembe of Ghana
A fine lady from Belize said "You got the spirit of a Fela"
A young one dripping make-up put her hands out to holla
I gave her what I got but couldn't handle her broken heart
The right words in the hands of dissidents with the fire
Will rip apart the marrow from the bone of the liars
Well I'm afraid of saying too much and ending a martyr
But even more so I'm afraid to face god and say I was a coward, yeah
Will all these things I wait for revelation
These things make me want to duck for cover
With all these things I wait for revolution
These things ask the biggest question to me
And it's are you what you want to be
So are you what you want to be?
The war machines will put out both its hands for a dollar
It's drinking at the table with the chrome hand guerrillas
The young ones dripping make-up lift her leg up to holla
Well, I told her what she's got should be protected in the arms of love
The right things in the hands of dissidents with the fire
Will rip apart the marrow from the bone of the liars
Well I'm afraid of saying too much and ending a martyr
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