

# Like Sprewells On A Wheelchair

## Rock Against Bush Vol. 2

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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