Thieves

Shipwrecked

You're happy all the time
I just don't understand why I can't be happy too
Your smiles are salt in the wound
A slap upon a back that's been toiling in the sun
When will I get mine?
Or must I be a god-fearing, white american?
Oh everything is fine
As long as you're a god-fearing, white american
Why should the thieves have all of the fun?
Selling us water by the river, they don't speak for everyone
I'm ready to run and you're making me crawl

Selling me water by the river, they don't speak for me at all
The man about the town
The beauty queen, the paragon of civilization
But shadows cling to us all
Even those convinced that they're sheltered and immune
When will I get mine?
Or must I be a god-fearing, white american?
Why should the thieves have all of the fun?
Selling us water by the river, they don't speak for everyone
I'm ready to run and you're making me crawl
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