

War Sweater

Wakey! Wakey!

New York is dangerous, littered with thieves
We've no morals here, we just do as we please
But I don't wanna go home where they all stare at me
Cause I'm tattoed, and fired up, and drunk, and obscene
You wear your religion like a War Sweater
You ask for the truth, but you know you could do so much better
And you sat on your fences, you screamed no retreat
So what will your legacy be?
Battle lines drawn if you wonder which side speaks the truth
Then look closely to which speaks from pride
I love you, I swear it, I would never lie
But I fear for our lives and I fear your closed eyes
So what will your legacy be?
So what will your legacy be?
I'm in the mood where I come all untied
I'm in the mood to say shit that'll change people's minds
I love you, I swear it, I would never lie
But I fear for our lives and I fear your closed eyes

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