

Free

Good Riddance

i want to tell you a story of virility and stifled sexuality a self appointed entity makes laws without mixed company you say abortion isn't right but it's not your fucking life keep your morals to yourself get your hands off of me i'm supposed to be free there are those who wear a badge and a well pressed set of blues they live there lives in tension and release is overdue they say they've got a job to do protecting me and you but if that's what you call protection get your hands off of me i'm supposed to be free in the history of america derision has it's place but everyone's a patriotic kiss ass to your face still we throw our lives away for the good, old u.s.a. but
i'll still tell you get your hands off of me

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