

# On With The Song

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

This isn't for the ones who blindly follow  
Jingoistic bumper stickers telling you  
To love it or leave it and you'd better love Jesus  
And get out of the way of the Red, White and Blue  
This isn't for the ones who buy their six-packs  
At the 7-Eleven where the clerk makes change  
Whose accent makes clear he sure ain't from here  
They call him a camel jockey instead of his name  
No, this is for the ones who stand their ground  
When the lines in the sand get deeper  
When the whole world seems to be upside down  
And the shots being taken get cheaper, cheaper  
This isn't for the ones who would gladly swallow  
Everything their leader would have them know  
Bowing and kissing while the truth goes missing  
"Bring it on," he crows, putting on his big show  
This isn't for the man who can't count the bodies  
Can't comfort the families, can't say when he's wrong  
Playing 'I'm the decider' like some sort of Messiah  
While another day passes and a hundred souls gone  
No, this is for the ones who stand their ground  
When the lines in the sand get deeper  
When the whole world seems to be upside down  
And the shots being taken get cheaper, cheaper  
This is for the ones that I see above me  
Three little stars in a great big sky  
Light for the world and hope for the weary, they say  
This isn't for the ones with their radio signal  
Calling for bonfires and boycotts, they rave  
Exhorting their listeners to spit on the sinners  
While counting the bucks of advertising, they'll say  
This isn't for you and you know who you are  
So just do what you want 'cause I know that you can  
But I gotta be true to myself and to you  
So on with the song, I don't give a damn

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