There's No I In Team

Good Riddance

I can still remember times
Of prosperity while staring clear eyed
With broad strokes of promise
We coloured highlights of our future and
something we'll never get
Until we look back with sincere regret
Is our american dream subject to
collapse beneath their densityAnd we'll break before we bend
With tomorrow as yet undetermined
You can write your congressmen
And take your grievences to the highest level
To achieve a common end
To serve the bourgeois, the laissez-faireCitizens duty-bound so we play our part
If you kill the brain
Then you'll stop the heart
And we foster the illusion of a
Democratic archetype
Can we forge hope from this devastation
And bring about participation
To stem the apathetic tide
Now poised to wash us all awayAnd we break before we bend
With tomorrow as yet undetermined
We achieve such selfish ends
'Till we concern ourselves with the plight of others
you can write your congressmen
And fucking spit in the wind
For all the good it'll do you friend

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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