# Wednesday Morning

## Macklemore

[Chorus]
Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wave, I'm glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change in the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell'uva a night[Verse 1]
Humanity is a privilege, we can't give in
When they build walls, we'll build bridges
This is resistance, we're resilient
When they spread hate, we shine brilliant
March by the millions 'til they hear the children
We found ourselves at a distance
Open up the jails and the overcrowded cells
When we oppress anyone, we oppress ourselves
Greatest gift I ever learned is helpin' someone else
You build, believe and build 'cause you forget about yourself
Service, purpose, work if you work it
Love everyone regardless of the God they worship
This isn't the Apocalypse
We can't address the hate until we acknowledge it
If Jesus was alive, would he let Mohamed in?
This isn't nature, my daughter hugs strangers
We teach fear and preach hatred
Put up a fence, scared to meet our neighbors
Think that if we let them in, they'll take advantage of us later
There's so much anger and this world is ours, raise her
My daughter, hope it's a dream when I wake up tomorrow[Chorus]
Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wave, I'm glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change in the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?

Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell'uva a night[Verse 2]
And we fight for the people that haven't had a voice
Fight for the first amendment, fight for freedom of choice
Fight for women's rights, if she does or doesn't care
We ride for all the Queer folk and fight for all the [?]
I'm not moving to Canada, not fleeing the nation
No time for apathy, no more tears and no complainin'
Gotta fight harder for the next four and what we're faced with
Got my daughter in my arms and he is not gonna raise her

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/