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.

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