

Dereconstructed

Lee Bains III & The Glory Fires

We were raised on ancient truths,
And ugly old lies.
But I learned how to say a firm "No sir,"
Looking in them old yellow eyes.
Looking in them old hateful eyes. We were whooped with the Good Book,
Wound up shamed, sorry and worse.
But I yearned to burn the wrath out of every chapter,
And water the love in every verse.
Water the love in every verse. Dereconstructed.
Dereconstructed, y'all. They wanted meth labs and mobile homes.
They wanted moonlight and magnolias.
We gave them songs about taking your own damn stand
In spite of those who'd define and control you.
Dereconstructed.
Dereconstructed, y'all.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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