Drunk Chicken / America

U2

America
America, I've given you all and now I'm nothing
America, two dollars and twenty-seven cents January 17, 1956
I can't stand my own mind
America, when will we end the human war
Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb
I don't feel good, don't bother me
I won't write my poem till I'm in my right mind
America, when will you be angelic
When will you take off your clothes
When will you look at yourself through the grave
When will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites
America, why are your libraries full of tears
America, when will you send your eggs to India
I'm sick of your insane demands
When can I go into the supermarket and buy what I need with my good looks
America, after all, it is you and I who are perfect, not the next world
Your machinery is too much for me
You made me want to be a saint
There must be some other way to settle this argument
Burroughs is in Tangiers
I don't think he'll come back, it's sinister
Are you being sinister or is this some form of practical joke
I'm trying to come to the point
I refuse to give up my obsession
America, stop pushing, I know what I'm doing
America, the plum blossoms are falling
I haven't read the newspapers for months
Everyday somebody goes on trial for murder
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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