

# American Dreams

## Papa Roach

It feels like, American Dreams caught on fire  
We're tearing down the white picket fences  
A soldier bleeds, and a soldier dies  
Have you ever thought that war was a sickness?  
I'm a son of it, fucked up from it  
Casualty of my family 'cause of it  
We dare to dream, or live to die  
Reunited by the truth at the right timeSomething's wrong here  
Or so it seems  
'Cause I'm not sleeping in  
American Dreams  
American lies  
We're trying to see through the smoke in our eyes  
So give me the truth  
Don't tell me your lies  
'Cause it's harder to breathe  
When you're buried alive  
By American DreamsWith every bullet hole, there's a blood stain  
Another family that's struggling to keep sane  
'Cause their neighborhood, ain't a safe place  
Got us all wearing black every Sunday  
And I'm growing numb to the violence  
Sing along to the sounds of the sirens  
We're trying to keep ourselves alive  
But it's hard to get by when it feels likeSomething's wrong here  
Or so it seems  
'Cause I'm not sleeping in  
American Dreams  
American lies  
We're trying to see through the smoke in our eyes  
So give me the truth  
Don't tell me your lies  
'Cause it's harder to breathe  
When you're buried alive  
By American Dreams

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