

What About Me?

Quicksilver Messenger Service

You poisoned my sweet water
You cut down my green trees
The food you fed my children
Was the cause of their disease
My world is slowly fallin' down
And the air's not good to breathe
And those of us who care enough
We have to do something
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Your newspapers, they just put you on
They never tell you the whole story
They just put your young ideas down
I was wonderin' could this be the end
Of your pride and glory?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
I work in your factory
I study in your schools
I fill your penitentiaries
And your military too
And I feel the future trembling
As the word is passed around
"If you stand up for what you do believe
Be prepared to be shot down"
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
And I feel like a stranger
In the land where I was born
And I live like an outlaw
An' I'm always on the run
An' I'm always getting busted
And I got to take a stand
I believe the revolution
Must be mighty close at hand
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
I smoke marijuana
But I can't get behind your wars
And most of what I do believe
Is against most of your laws
I'm a fugitive from injustice
But I'm goin' to be free
Cause your rules and regulations
They don't do the thing for me
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
And I feel like a stranger
In the land where I was born
And I live just like an outlaw
An' I'm always on the run

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