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 diseaseMy world is slowly fallin' down
And the airs not good to breathe
And those of us who care enough
We have to do somethingOh, 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 tooAnd 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 runAn I'm always getting busted
And I got to take a stand
I believe the revolution
Must be mighty close at handOh, oh, what you gonna do about me?
Oh, oh, what you gonna do about me?I smoke marijuana
But I cant get behind your wars
And most of what I do believe
Is against most of your lawsI'm a fugitive from injustice
But I'm goin' to be free
Cause your rules and regulations
They don't do the thing for meOh, 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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