

# American Idle

## Much the Same

As the tears welled up in my eyes, something hit me that tore me up inside  
Misled, deceived, we all turned out backs on those we should respect and send back home  
This is not a game that anyone should play  
Blood spills on the ground and all our hands are dripping now I can't wipe them clean, I somehow feel  
responsible  
In a time of disarray I wrote it off and said this feeling will fade away  
But to my dismay, I still feel responsible  
I didn't take my duty seriously and now this feeling won't go away  
It won't go away "In time everything will be alright, he's no better than the other guy"  
Shame on me! The apathetic American they want me to be  
I'm a bad cliché that too many of us portray  
Blood spills on the ground and all our hands are dripping now I won't make the same mistake again  
I'll learn to speak my mind  
I'm never going down without a fight

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