

# Paid to Get Excited

Butch Walker

And the sky is falling upwards  
On a summer desert night  
While kids in school are forced  
To sing the battle hymns just right  
Extras paid to get excited  
On the TV screen  
So doped up on diversions  
That they don't know what it means  
To be free to hate the ones you hate  
Free to love the ones you love  
Free to like the land you live on  
Not the one who leads  
All I'm sayin  
Dig the grave you lay in  
After all, you make the call  
Hang up before it's too late  
Make sure to give your full attention  
Smile the best you can  
Watch this hand give peace sign  
While the other chokes a man  
'Cause he wants to love another man  
They'll tell you that it's bad  
Some book that set the moral codes  
Is glamorized in ads  
So be free to hate the ones you hate  
Free to love the ones you love  
Free to like the land you live on  
Not the one who leads  
All I'm sayin  
Dig the grave you lay in  
After all, you make the call  
Hang up before it's too late  
And the back flipping, spike-haired preachers preaching  
Through their headset mics  
Saying, "God is the new Elvis  
And he's gonna rock tonight  
So just sip on that new energy drink  
Although it tastes like shit  
'Cause a pretty TV couple says  
They can't live without it  
Free to hate the ones you hate  
Free to love the ones you love  
Free to like the land you live on  
Not the one who leads  
All I'm sayin  
Dig the grave you lay in  
After all, you make the call  
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Free to hate the ones you hate  
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Not the one who leadsAll I'm sayin  
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