

Bryan Adams & Mel C.

"Song for John Walker"

Visit "[Song for John Walker](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pedestrian]

There's a little Johnny Walker Lindh in every Meadow
Creek middle school
And when the rap tape grows up
Each wave topples at first wind before the self settles
in the body

[Dose & Why?]

The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states
The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states

[Dose]

We hold these truths to be self-evident
Once a-fuckin-gain we got a dollar model president
Carving his face up for the cover of the next new nickel
Combing every cotton coil of his inner white wig
Curling perfect sers to his own thin lips in the mirror
Working on his contripasto for stone
Oh yah whitey, you got empire guilt

[Why? & Dose]

We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men
We know John Walker, we know John Booth
Waste our days swatting this single song
At a long line of Yale and bones born old men

[Alias]

While the widows buy rubber grips to open bottles with
It's dreams with dusty dashboards and chipping paint
At least the animals have something to poison
themselves with
Director yelling "Cut!" on riot footage in the
background is faint

And at dusk the clanking of fork to plates syncs
Man of the house drowning out the chatter of
housewife
To yet another unmanned spyplane crash
Now televangelists have a basis for book sales
And the promise of effective prayers that get results
As well as God's insurance policy for guaranteed
divinity
Time to give the fallout shelters a makeover
Grab a pen and pad of paper and Ikea catalogue today

[Sole]

No matter what plastic you pray to or sponsorship you
kill for
Become a smart happy healthy pet rock if you can eat
like us
You'll make great soup and hot new imports for
domesticated devils
Don't worry, in thirty years we'll all be Johns and Sarahs

[Dose & Why?]

But the names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states
The names of prominent families
Carry no weight in foreign cities
And even the sons of senators
Receive no welcome outside the states

[Why?]

A flag stripes trying to tear free in heavy wind
And separate themselves from any unified composition
Oh, I heard the two parties split platforms at the turn of
the century
But I know I'm American by the coins I carry
And that's fucking scary
Blah blah blah blah blah blah
And even the worn wigged hard news anchors are un-
affected
And every psychic and small-time prophet is aloof
We've been injected to the point of immunity
It takes an f load of s to stimulate the
Desensitized tastebuds of the sugar-expecting
community
Till we can barely detect the weather man's insincerity
Their tongues are fast and free
Like a child's translucent un-braced teeth
A low relief long horn
On a roughneck's rawhide wallet
(Can I hear that, ah, last tongues are fast, you know)

[Dose]

Yeah America, you got it

[Passage]

The audio haunting promise provides for even the
smallest of sparrows

So long as the ghosts are clean and clearly showing
through you

I've been helpful, metal man bides his time

In the sands on Minus Island

Everything is fine, your heart is working properly

All my love and luck on the river Euphrates

[Passage & Sole]

Don't take no wooden nickels, kid

There's bikinis selling SUV's in the TV's in teepees

Time to look for Job, the dorks have hit the desert

The carbohydrate kings are back with fanny packs

And daisy-cutters strapping parachutes to Lunchables

To land on the lap of the new batch of bargain hunters

Now we're not saying anything cause we're not
supposed to

But like Blockbuster hamster gave the Black Panthers
cancer

I know what you're thinking, it's like drinking the ocean

But if you can fall in love in prison you can die a healthy
plant

[Dose]

He wanted Hammer pants, he joined the Taliban

He sought an absolute truth, the alpha cliché

But he got the omega and bucked

How many more humans will wear gun spit in their guts

Why, you can still smile on the cover of Life magazine

No matter how many bullets you take

Again we use the magnets poorly

Again we use the magnets poorly

Again we use the magnets poorly

Again we use the magnets like shit

What is it with all these men in their fifties

Wanting to win the world over like there's no tomorrow
already?

No matter what you do, G.W

There will be no dollar for you

Woe is the billionaire

Woe is the billionaire

No matter what you do, G.W

There will be no dollar for you

Woe is the billionaire

Give him a bomb to suck on

Visit [Bryan Adams & Mel C.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.