

Dillinger Four

"The Great American Going Out Of Business Sale"

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We were raised to be just what we are in case you
didn't know
If I offered up to you some proof would you let your
anger show
Or would you let your mind to sleep kept warm by
simple novelties
A history that's really not your own
Is freedom just a privilege of hatred guaranteed
Is compassion just a second thought of hope brought
to it's knees
Can dignity see fit to work past all it doesn't want to
see?
Seven guns for degradation
Three cheers for cruel tradition
Red, white and black eyes forever
Somewhere south of respect tonight
This tension's wrapped up nice and tight
The static's felt but never makes a sound
A man finds nothing left to eat
Another sells his body for a place to sleep
As klansmen flood a conference hall downtown
This T.V. has the answers, let fashion have your eyes
This job is your achievement, this bible your pride
Can dignity see fit to try and fix what it knows fear can't
hide
Seven guns for degradation
Three cheers for cruel tradition
Red, white and black eyes forever
I think of a story my father told me about a fella he
knew in the army
The pentagon traded him checks for both his legs
"Fuck the States" was the last thing father heard he
had said
Still it's said that this war was won
Well, I refuse to be another dead nation's bastard son
I have eyes that see, I have a mind that thinks
I have a mouth that speaks and god damn it will
Because I've had enough of all this shit about
"making do" "Playing ball" "the way things are" and
"dealing with it"
Mixing pop and politics, he asks me what the use is
I'm not into making excuses

And I'll die the day I find I'm fucking useless

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