

Miss Black America **"Miss Black America"**

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You used to be the life and soul
Now you practise and preach self-control
You're obsessed with privacy, but there's none
Six billion mobile phones
There's no escape -
Trust no-one

Shout it out
Until your blood runs cold
Shout it out
Until your lungs explode
Shout it out
I am Miss Black America
Shout it out
I am Miss Black America

What happened to your urge to destroy
And your mission to bring the noise?
Two young boys, wanking over atlases
Six billion empty heads
Death to the living dead

Shout it out
Until your blood runs cold
Shout it out
Until your lungs explode
Shout it out
I am Miss Black America
Shout it out
I am Miss Black America

Shout it out:
"They won't take us alive
We are beyond embarrassment
We want real lives
And we'll get them
Yes, you'll see"
So, shout it out
Shout a hard thing and a mean thing
Let the hatred flow free
Be an obscene thing

Be obscene

I am Miss Black America.

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