

Coverdale/Page

"Flag Waver"

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I'm a master of hypocrisy
I'm the king crusader of democracy
I'm a trained killer but you vote for me
When it's campaign season, I'll say anything to please
them

I am a hypocrite
I Double Talk to fool the majority
Now I'm your evil leader right wing military chief
So fuck your educations and your hungry mouths to
feed
I've got to keep the war machine running
I am a hypocrite

But I'm a big flag waver
I am a big flag waver
I'm a good tax payer
I am a communist slayer
I'm the american dream

I lick the asses of the big corporations
Which rape the land through exploitation
Fuck those low-life central american nations
We must protect our capitalistic gratification
I am a top gun fighter, the american dream
I am the cream of the crop
I am a top gun fighter, the american dream
I'm a loaded gun

I'm the master of hypocrisy
The king crusader for democracy
I am a trained killer but you vote for me
I Double Talk to fool the majority
America, America, god she'd his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
America, America, ya brotherhood (ha, ha)
The people eat that shit right up
I'm a yankee doodle dandy, yankee doodle do or die
Ya, I'm a big flag waver, yes I'm a big flag waver
I'm a yankee doodle dandy, yankee doodle do or die
A first-rate nephew of my Uncle Sam, born on the 4th

of july
I'm a big flag waver

I'm a big flag waver
I am a big flag waver... yankee doodle do or die

I lick the asses of the corporations
For campaign contributions
I launched secret foreign assassinations
Took no blame for illegal covert operations

Capitalism... Chauvinism... Imperialism...
Consumerism... Paranoia... Patriotism...

Only a hypocrite can sell the american dream
I'm the hypocrite who's selling it to run my war machine
We might have to kill to satisfy our greed
To keep the economy humming, got to keep the war
machine running

I am a top gun fighter, the american dream
I am the cream of the crop
I am a top gun fighter, the american dream
I'm a like loaded gun

But I'm a big flag waver
I am a big flag waver
I'm a good tax payer
I am a communist slayer
I'm the american dream

Oh can you see by the dawns early light
When so proudly we hailed at the twilights last
gleaming
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perkous night
While the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air
And the rockets red glare... but our flag was still there...

Oh say, does that star-spangled banner still wave
For the land of the free where the home-less are
brave?

But I'm a big flag waver
I am a flag waver... the american dream

