

Squad Five-0

"Bye American"

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Who pumps your gas, cooks your meals, works your fields

Builds your skyscrapers, prints your newspapers, it's your next door neighbors

In the ghetto city, gated community,

In the hills of Appalachia or Beverly

Metropolitan, charlatan, American

Words don't mean shit and souls wear too thin

My faith is lost from the burning cross

To the "American owned and operated" swastika

There's no pursuit of happiness in a land that's void of love

Why should God bless America?

Who cleans your gutter and your sewer

And is gonna die sooner

Working fingers to the bone

Than in an office on the phone

Underestimated

Overlooked too long

Don't tell me nothing's wrong

It seems like all the good is gone

Who stokes the factory fires

Gets nothing to retire

75 and standing on a greasy fryer

Metropolitan, charlatan, American

Words don't mean shit and souls wear too thin

My faith is lost from the steeple to the cross

To the satellite evangelical thug

There's no concern for selflessness, just smother push and shove

Why should God bless America?

I'm a citizen of the world that was made

The maker's marks of soul on me they get over the shame

Oh mercy all my ways

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