

## Stray Bullets

### "America"

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Well I never was a fan of the way you move.  
It's a little to slick, it's a little to smooth.  
Talking circles like a needle through a locked groove  
that's your spin.  
And I never much cared for your state of affairs  
How the most gotta pay 'cause the few won't share.  
Open eyes and despise is the cross I bear, as witness  
to your sins.

America dreams and I wake up screaming.  
America lies and I think you know.  
America schemes making deals with demons.  
America dies and I told you so.

Well I never was a fan of the way you move.  
It's a little to slick it's a little to smooth.  
Talking circles through a locked groove that's you trick.  
And I never put trust in the greed and the lust  
And the way you don't bleed when the factories bust  
like a knife to the throat  
It cuts me to the quick

America dreams and I wake up screaming.  
America lies and I think you know.  
America schemes making deals with demons.  
America dies and I told you so.

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