

## Young The Giant "Texas Tea"

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I'm waiting for the sun to rise  
So I can find my way back to Texas  
But oh it's still dark outside  
Cuz I can taste the fire on my lips

And so I say to lord I'm so tired of this mess  
But this nation still burns at night  
Our ribs the coal of progress

So hey, get away from here, old ghost  
We don't like your kind, soldier  
Defend this land and fight

The fields of corn they turn to dust  
Said the cross-eyed boy from Pawnee  
The old machines are laid to rest  
New England stars, they're lovely

And so I say to him, boy, have you seen men in these  
parts  
Hey hey yeah yeah  
Black gold swims under the dirt

So hey, get away from here, old ghost  
We don't like your kind, soldier  
Defend this land and fight

Oh oh ohâ€¦

Hey Hey Yah Yah!...

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