

Future Islands

"4 Sale"

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Ohh, beautiful America land of the free
Raped and wasted youth
If I had just one wish that I could give to you

I'd ask for you to serve me
As your finest dish, a fish du fillet
Take my bones and exploit my brain

What's not for sale you or me
In this so called society
Why do we bend on knees
To these corporate religions
Like zombies in a TV screen

Feels like life's jail with no key
When your alone got no money
But I'll never sell my soul
For your golden cage, of rape
Yeah, you call free

What do you got?
What do you need?
What's for sale?
We'll have the whole world singing

Where's the beauty in our lives?
Where's the love gone that we hide?
We sold ourselves on shelves
Now there's nothing left to sell

So buy a car and sell your wife
Feed kids Ritalin' to make 'em right
Keep mouths shut tight
They gotta learn how to fight right

I'm not sorry mother and all world over
I'll never be a part of your beautiful dream
At least I'm not lost in a sea of designer disease
Glad your pleased to be, I ain't dead yet you won't get
me

Dad you had it all figured out so right
Till mom crashed into a police car that one night
Got her face smashed, back cracked, she needed you
bad
You left her bleeding in the gutter

What do you got?
What do you need?
What's for sale?
We'll have the whole word singing

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Let's burn some dead presidents
On the white house door steps
I'll take that rag you call a flag
Soak up the blood of the innocent
Bush's skull and bones frat paid for Hitlers conquests

Brood for oil Iraq, Texas corporate sponsors
Can't you see through the mist
Of the brotherhoods iron fist
If we don't clear the smoke soon
We'll go until we don't exist

What do you got?
What do you need?
What's for sale?
We'll have the whole word singing

Where's the beauty in our lives
Where's the love gone that we hide
Sold ourselves on shelves
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So buy a car and sell your wife
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If I had just one wish that I could give to you

I'd ask for you to serve me
As your finest dish, a fish du fillet
Take my bones and exploit my brain

Express my images
Though all TV radio and sound waves
Give it a nice shiny finish to coat my rays
Make millions off of civilians to feed their empty space

So you can fuck me, rape me
Duct tape my face to a dollar bill and pay to hate me
America won't you please
Love me

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