

## **Social Code**

### **"Brother America"**

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Cause you know me I comfort thee  
Don't pick up that rock to throw at me  
A passive crown and a comforting sound  
Don't let you die or won't fall down

With a yellow streak of complexity  
My bro so big for all to see  
I talk you down with a warning sound  
Your little red pistol falls to the ground

We support our troops brother America  
Sleeping in a hollow suit with a camera

I'll find a tree and hide carefully  
If you want to fight don't lie to me  
Schoolyard hate to start the day  
You always find the need to separate

If you threaten me then it's too late  
Your only one person don't complicate  
He'll knock you up and slip slide your head  
Chance it one more time and he'll jump in

Grow up and find that you're on the line  
Heating things up at the drop of a dime  
I'm a peaceful boy with no guns to point  
I've come to you to help with my games and toys

My yellow streak of complexity  
And voice so big for all to see  
Calm you down with a warning sound  
Your little red pistol falls to the ground.

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