

## **Squad Five-O "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

