

Anti-flag

"The Bright Lights Of America"

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16 year old girl, in a hollow carved out place
Just looking for some prettiness,
But the cuts in her arm don't paint for her a very
pretty view
In her mind, she dreams that she is, far away, from

The bright lights of America, life and death in a sold
out America,
To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell
souls,
The bright lights of America, life and death in a sold
out America,
To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell
souls,

A concrete city hell (City hell)
Suburbs that never end (Just like an ocean)
One parent lives in each of them, passed back and
forth
He huffs glue to escape their bitter homes,
He's just one, of desperate ranks, who can't break
free from,

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I just want you to know,
There are warehouses full of fucked up kids like you
and me
(Can't find a way)
So many lost in stride, caught in an endless fight
To leave this empty ugly place, I'm leaving you at
sea!

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