

Various Artists

"Like Sprewells On A Wheelchair - Dillinger Four"

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Not so jumpy now
Downtown
No talk of concerns or fear
We'll just hand over all our tax money
And b***h about nothing but the cost of cable and beer
Oh how easy it is sometimes
To get lost in the party lines
Are we cops of the free even over seas
Or will this them and us mentality ruin our eyes
This is a message from the malcontent
We refuse to buy we're heaven sent
With our gameface on
We were a U.N. no show-bullies from the get go
Then they hit us with this love it or leave it shit
Like a dog in a cage trained to beg than sit
If that's how it's gonna be
I'm not calling this home

Mine's a little voice
Shit, I thought that was the point
Born from a freedom never realized
With manifest destiny kept like a sign from the skies
All around the world
They're ignored and pissed
Staring back at us
Like we're spoiled little kids
And how have we proven them wrong
With Hollywood, police states, embargos and pop radio
songs

Chorus

We're the land of the free trial membership to crap
Where adults can't find world powers on a map
Where leaders run free with absconded power
Where a flag costs more than you make in an hour
Where I stand with so many but we're told we're alone
Where I work for a living but I never feel at home

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