

Those Anarcho Punks Are Mysterious...

Against Me!

We're all presidents,
We're all congressmen,
We're all cops
In waiting.

We're the workers of the world.
There is the elite and the dispossessed
And it's only about survival,
Who has skill to play the game
For all it's worth,
Reaching out for a scary kind of perfection.

Let's try to keep
As much emotion out of this
As possible.

Let's try not to remember any names.
We'll do it for our country,
For our people,
For a moral vision.

United, we'll make them remember
Our history,
Or how we like to be told...
How we like to be told,

And we rock,
Because it's us against them.

We found our own reasons to sing,
And it's so much less confusing
When lines are drawn like that,
When people are either consumers or revolutionaries,
Enemies or friends hanging on the fringes
Of the cogs in the system.

It's just about knowing where everyone stands.
All of a sudden,
People start talking about guns,
Talking like they're going to war
'Cause they found something to die for.

Start taking back what they stole;
Sure beats every other option,
But does it make a difference how we get it?
Well, do you really fucking get it?