

## Patriot's Heart

American Music Club

If you wanna see something patriotic, there's a stripper  
He don't look that good, but he's got an all-American smile  
that fills his underwear with all the lonely dollars  
from all the lonely men who no one ever suffers  
who wait around this bar and spend all their lonely hours  
they're already gone - no one's running for cover  
the farther you run away, the more you have to hide in the dark  
white as the worm that crawls in the patriot's heart

It is so red, white and blue the way he works the bar  
selling his embraces like Mr. President or a fallen star  
he don't care babe if you're worldly or wise  
he's just looking for men with sins in their eyes  
and he always says the same thing, he says,  
"So, how you doin', baby? I'm your rod and your staff  
and for a tip, you can touch me.  
And after a few tequilas, I become something holy.  
And this crappy little bar with its sweating mirrors  
and its mildewed ceiling are more full of love,  
yeah, then even natural selection. And dollar for dollar, babe,  
it's a better bargain. The more you pay,  
the more I can break you all apart."  
And dollars pour like ashes from the patriot's heart.

Now he knows that your good time will kill him,  
but the thought of getting old, no it does not thrill him

He says, "Give me all your money and don't tell me what you're thinking.  
I'm the past you wasted, I'm the future you're obliterating."  
Oh, come on grandpa! Remind me what we're celebrating -  
that your heart finally dried up or that it finally stopped working?  
And how you make a dead man cum?  
You learned the undertaker's art and make 'em shine  
like the alcohol that preserves the patriot's heart.

We all want a patriot's heart  
Give me your patriot's heart

You can see him fade with the dawn in a pile of Washingtons  
His head is in a spin, he's happy to pass out again  
He would rather fade into the static than hear the violins  
that whine like old lovers who whine that they loved him  
He would rather laugh alone in the dark with the soft hands of heaven  
because they leave him alone with his entertainment system  
He does it for the money but he gives more than he's given  
He does it for the money but he gives more than he's given  
and it's only when he's naked that he feels his heart  
in the whorehouse desert of the patriot's heart.

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