

## Truckers Are The Blood

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Don't know if I believe in god  
But sometimes I pray  
Because the way I was raised  
Keeps me afraid

A scientist that has to have his way  
I subsist of a steady diet of shame

I hope I can forgive me  
For having the nerve to exist  
I hope someone can help me  
Make some sense of this

I work a ten hour grave  
From nine to seven  
And I can't fall asleep  
Until eleven past eleven

There's no drug that I can take  
That will keep me from being awake  
Past my, past my bedtime

Truckers are the blood in the veins of the body of America  
States are the arms and the legs and the brains and the eyes

There's a disease spreading from organ to organ  
And you are the white blood cell that fixes the problem

You don't know your own power  
You don't know what you're worth  
You don't recognize your valor  
And until you do, nothing you do will matter