

White House

Bibi Bourelly

I'm scared for the birds
I'm scared for the bees
I'm scared for the earth
I'm scared for its trees
I'm scared that you're gonna drown
Mr. Fineman, the empire is falling down
What about all the daisies?
What about all the little Biggies?
What about all of the free CDs bumping
And all of the sneaker shops on 8th street?

I don't mind the rain, yeah
The rain is made for dancing
But I'm afraid of hurricanes
Bang, bang, da, dong, dong, banging

The kids can't play outside
The kids can't play outside
Oh, 'cause the lightning strikes too low
And the snipers hit too high
I'm not
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I'm not

Home is firemen, the devil in the White House
(Yeah, right now, yeah, right now)
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Home is firemen, the devil in the White House
(Yeah, right now, yeah, right now)
Home is firemen, the devil in the White House
Yeah, right now, yeah, right now

I'm scared for the wind
I'm scared for the sea
I'm scared for all of the little bitches like me
Who wanna follow their dreams
But all of the odds against them
Don't let it break your faith, baby girl
The misunderstood always change the world
I'm scared that the ones with vision won't
Ever be able to make no decisions

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