

Craftsman houses, cul-de-sacs
Nativities on the lawn
Paper planes, and soccer games
And stay-at-home moms
Neighborhood watches over safe school zones
Born on third with a ticket punched for home

Do you feel like
Do you feel like lashing out?
Black paint on the yellow brick road
Shrapnel in the undertow
Do you feel like lashing out?

Fertilize the greener grass
Throw an Amazon parade
Little cardboard kingdoms
To keep the emptiness at bay
Little boxes made of ticky-tacky
And fair trade fancy cars
Stare right through the blue light
And throw a filter on the scars

Do you feel like
Do you feel like lashing out?
Black paint on the yellow brick road
Shrapnel in the undertow
Do you feel like lashing out?

All the pretty people build a wall with a picket fence
They stay late at the office and pick a vice for lent
Mother's little helper to medicate the stress
Picture perfect parapets in towns we'll just forget

Do you feel like
Do you feel like lashing out?
Black paint on the yellow brick road
Shrapnel in the undertow
Do you feel like
Do you feel like lashing out?

Claw hammer coming at a nail
You got your heart on a cat-o-nine tails swinging round
Do you feel like lashing out?

It would be water into wine
To turn these lemons into lemonade
I want to be god for a day

It would be water into wine
To turn these lemons into lemonade
I want to be god for a day
I want to be god for a day