

The Great American Going Out Of Business Sale

Dillinger Four

We were raised to be just what we are in case you didn't know
If I offered up to you some proof would you let your anger show
Or would you let your mind to sleep kept warm by simple novelties

A history that's really not your own
Is freedom just a privilege of hatred guaranteed
Is compassion just a second thought of hope brought to its knees

Can dignity see fit to work past all it doesn't want to see?

Seven guns for degradation

Three cheers for cruel tradition

Red, white and black eyes forever

Somewhere South of respect tonight

This tension's wrapped up nice and tight

The static's felt but never makes a sound

A man finds nothing left to eat

Another sells his body for a place to sleep

As Klansmen flood a conference hall downtown

This t.v. has the answers, let fashion have your eyes

This job is your achievement, this Bible is your pride

Can dignity see fit to try and fix what it knows fear can't hide

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I think of a story my father told me about a fella he knew in
The Army

The Pentagon traded him checks for both his legs

"Fuck the States" was the last that Father heard he had said

Still it's said that this war was won

Well I refuse to be just another dead nation's bastard son

I have eyes that see, I have a mind that thinks

I have a mouth that speaks and God damn it will

Because I've had enough of all this shir about "making do"

"Playing ball" "the way things are" and "dealing with it"

Mixing pop and politics he asks me what the use is

I'm not into making excuses

And I'll die the day I find I'm fucking useless.