

March March

Dixie Chicks

March, march to my own drum
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Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
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Brenda's packing heat 'cause she don't like Mondays
Underpaid teacher policing the hallways
Print yourself a weapon and take it to the gun range
(Ah, cut the shit)
(You ain't goin' to the gun range)

Standing with Emma and our sons and daughters
Watchin' our youth have to solve our problems
I'll follow them so who's comin' with me
(Half of you love me)
(Half already hate me)

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Tell the ol' boys in the white bread lobby
What they can and can't do with their bodies
Temperatures are rising, cities are sinkin'
(Ah, cut the shit)
(You know your city is sinkin')
Lies are truth and truth is fiction
Everybody's talkin'
Who's gonna listen?
What the hell happened in Helsinki?

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