

Blessed be the ones who got it right  
For theirs is the monopoly  
On the only afterparty  
That's worth goin' to  
Peace be with the ones who see the light  
And charge the rest of us admission  
To somethin' that we're missin'  
They call critical

Am I comin' of age?  
Or goin' to waste?  
Or missing the point entirely?

What if God so loved  
Middle-class America  
That he sent his one and only gun  
To wage the war on drugs  
And whosoever stands  
Where the party line demands  
We'll get to say I told ya so  
When all of us are dead

Blessed be the kids who grew up quick  
Behind artificial fences  
And tranquilize offenses  
Like their parents do  
Peace be with the man who never quits  
Until he's havin' his first heart attack  
From an unexpected market crash at 42

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