

How to Make a Man / Grenade

Envy on the Coast

That's quite a mouthful
You didn't think I'd catch it
I haven't sold, haven't bought
And I'm not apologetic
But I'm American
My womb was shrink wrapped
Fell from the tree
Dropped like a child
And I've got a bad rap

No daisies in the barrels
No love lost
No plastering your peace signs everywhere
No daisies in the barrels
No white flag
We don't have a front line, we're all standing, gun in hand
No daisies in the barrels
We will be using our hands
No daisies in the barrels
Take your head out your hands
We will be using our fists to let you know we're mad

Wired your mouth shut
And they adjust the tension
Trouble maker
Would've snitched
To reduce the sentence

We produced you
We've become
Our violent fore fathers
Every man is equal with some fine print
And hidden clauses

Born with it or learned
You thinks it's such a shame
He better fix himself now and work through the pain
You've got me laughing over here
You say it's already been written
That he was born in fire and buried never to be risen

No daisies in the barrels
We will be using our hands
No daisies in the barrels
Take your head out your hands
We will be using our fists to let you know we're mad

No food 'til your hands are clean
'Til your hands are clean
You get nothing til' your hands are clean
You get nothing

No daisies in the barrels
(No love lost)
No daisies in the barrels
(No white flag)
No daisies in the barrels

We will be using our hands
No daisies in the barrels
Take your head out your hands
We will be using our fists to let you know we're mad