

# 21st Century Breakdown

Green Day

Born into Nixon I was raised in hell  
A welfare child where the teamsters dwelled  
The last one born, the first one to run  
My town was blind from refinery sun

My generation is zero  
I never made it as a working class hero

21st century breakdown  
I once was lost but never was found  
I think I am losing what's left of my mind  
To the 20th century deadline

I was made of poison and blood  
Condemnation is what I understood  
Video games to the tower's fall  
Homeland security could kill us all

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21st century breakdown  
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We are the class of 13  
Born in the era of humility  
We are the desperate in the decline  
Raised by the bastards of 1969

My name is no one  
The long lost son  
Born on the 4th of July

Raised in an era of heroes and cons  
That left me for dead or alive

I am a nation  
A worker of pride  
My debt to the status quo

The scars on my hands  
And the means to an end  
Is all that I have to show

I swallowed my pride  
And I choked on my faith  
I've given my heart and my soul  
I've broken my fingers  
And lied through my teeth  
The pillar of damage control

I've been to the edge  
And I've thrown the bouquet  
Of flowers left over the grave  
I sat in the waiting room

Wasting my time  
And waiting for judgement day

I praise liberty  
The "Freedom to obey"  
Is the song that strangles me  
Don't cross the line

Dream, America dream,  
I can't ever sleep  
From the light's early dawn