

Dumbfounded, downtrodden and dejected
Crestfallen, grief-stricken and exhausted
Trapped in my room while the house was burnin'
To the motherfuckin' ground

I saw the sign but it was misleading
I fought the law, but the law was cheating
Screaming for help, but somebody keeps on
Telling me to settle down

Please be honest, tell me was it you?

Clerk at the midwestern service station
Striped uniform, giggling at catch phrases
Look in her eyes we're up to something
Oh, it doesn't matter now

Man in a crossover with his family
Sketched in decals on the window smiling
Driving parallel in the lane beside me
Oh, it doesn't matter now
But please be honest
Tell me was it you?
I won't hate you
I just need to know
Please be honest
Tell me was it you?

At first he thought it was the undertow
But he was dragged to the bottom of the lake
By a couple of kids saying, "it's a joke"
Though he didn't know any of their names
As they held him down, the crowd got loud
And they cheered when they thought he had escaped
When the anchor needed something for the 10 o'clock
What could they say?
Oh what else could they say?

They said
"Well, you promised us the stars
And now we're tired and bored."

(Et tu, USA
Et tu, et tu, USA)