

AM_RICA

Matisyahu

America
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I was on one track to my destination
Cross tracks found my meditation
Burn out negativity like radiation
Slave to the ways of an empty nation
Am rica
Give me the words to speak up

Am Rica
A miracle

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Slave to the page
Let your eyes raise
And become a slave to amazement
When the pavement below your feet
Changes
Choices
Which voices will you call?
Hoist up the flag and let the enemy fall
Moisten the sounds that I hear
Fear? I breath it in like the wind
Turn off the TV set
Turn on some beats that get
Me out a bed
Allow me to let this out my head
Get this lettuce in my head
Take the robe off next
The medical on my desk
I guess I'm just a guest
And this quest is long
So won't you bless my song

I guess the stamina stay strong
Back and forth like ping pong
I be up before the dawn
Try to write these wrongs
When Write these psalms
In the tradition of a king
Like Solomon
Hollow mon' have tried to raise the pen
Many follow them into oblivion

When they arrive there ain't nothin
Don't trade ya birthright for some stew again

Inflated egos risen off the pavement

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When write these psalms
In the tradition of a king
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