

American Tradition

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He wants to lift weights like a fighter
We put the medals on the wall
Lost in the room of starving vultures
Gold trophies, he got em all

He wants to be just like his father
We play the knife game on the table
I bleed to death, it doesn't matter
'Cause my baby he's still the winner

He holds me in his arms but it's no good
Things don't go like they should

Sleep on the carpet through the night
We're living off a TV dinner
Hanging me up by his gold chain
He used to be a hockey player

I used to be a figure skater
Cutting my leg with the blade
In the blue and red arena
Trying to pretend we're the same