

American Dream

Resurrection Band

The complexity of life is a label I must wear
Snarled visions of the dreamer condemned by his own dare
As a child I asked the questions but only for their sake
Believing there were answers become my one mistake, yeah

The holy morning paper slaps the steps of dawn
America's doors open, let's see what's going on
Confusion with our coffee, fear and frosted flakes
The dollar takes another dive, another bubble breaks, yeah

I shuffle offstage, a change of scene
The exposé of the American dream
Watergate burglars, comedy relief
Laugh at ideals, surviving our grief

It's fool's gold for gilded fools
Playing daily with twisted rules
Hail to the families in their TV rooms
Suicide, genocide, abortion, cartoons
Terrorism, violence, starving refugees
Conscience crucified, reality recedes
Nuclear tyrants, computerised plan
Holding hostage everyman

"It won't happen" - 1950
"It may happen" - 1965
It will happen, just don't think about it

From dust to dust, our lives fades away
We are the wind's empty sighing
Vanity, all is vanity
All but the cross, all but His dying (x2)