

F. U.

Sebastian Bach

One, two, three, four!

You got it comin' to ya
Let's make it perfectly clear
Don't let the bastards rule ya
Or sell you out in fear

Across the great divide
I'd like to take a shot
The will to survive
A generation's caught

And if it weren't for suffering, we'd not know how to bleed
Rely upon ourselves to siphon out the greed
One thing is for certain, we can't keep on pissing on this world no more

Cast into the shadows
Educate on what's real
Cast out you fakers
Love your haters

Time is runnin' out
While he's castin' doubt
Upon our very future
Down for the count

The lies, so obscene
But this is not a dream
This is reality television TV

I don't think we're capable of takin' any more
'Cause who knows what is next or what is in store?
If we don't wake up too late
Look into the child and see their fate

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(Fake you) Why don't you fake yourself?
(Fake you) Go fake yourself
(Fake you) Go arrest yourself
(Fake you) At the bequest of yourself
(Fake you) State of Address yourself
Fake you!

We're gonna make it great
Take you for a sucker
Home of the brave
Pledge to the mother
We're gonna make it great
Take you for a sucker
Home of the brave
Pledge to the mother

You can't fake the news
You can't fake the hate
You can't fake the fire
Can't fake the race

And one thing is for certain, we don't get a second chance
We cannot afford to pay your circumstance
The cost of braggadocious?
Welcome to the end of us

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