

Future History of the Broken Hearted

Stavesacre

You play the firing squad; I'll be the target
I'll just stand here broken-hearted and amazed
You are the angry mob, I hear you callin?
Your Straw-man Gallows swing with
hunger unrestrained

(Chorus)

You've raped my eyes wide open
Now it's easy to see (it's easy to see)
How you'd say I'm guilty of treason
So un-American
Just don't call me blind

Reach over cotton fields; look past the jungles
Post-cards from Wounded Knee and burning desert hells
So long as you can sleep clear of your conscience
Leave future history to those who write so well

(Chorus)

I swear my allegiance to the memory
The shadow
Of a nation that could have been
I swear my allegiance to the memory
The shadow
Of a nation that never was

(Chorus)