

Butch Walker, Paid To Get Excited

And the sky is falling upwards
On a summer desert night
While kids in school are forced to sing
The battle hymns just right
And the extras paid to get excited
On the tv screen
So doped up on diversion
That they don't know what it means
To be free to hate the ones you hate
Free to love the ones you love
Free to like the land you live on
Not the one who leads
All i'm sayin', dig the grave you lay in
After all, you make the call
Hang up before it's too late
Make sure to give your full attention

Smile the best you can
Watch this hand give peace sign
While the other chokes a man
'cause he wants to love another man
They'll tell you that its bad
'cause some book that set the moral codes
Is glamourized in ads
And the backflipping, spike-haired preachers
Preaching through their headset mics
Saying god is the new elvis and
He's "gonna rock tonight"
So just sip on that new energy drink
Although it tastes like shit
'cause a pretty t.v. couple
Says they cant live without it