

# Foster The People, Are You what you want to be

I woke up on Champs-Élysées to the D'Annotatejembe of Ghana  
A fine lady from Belize said "You got the spirit of a Fela"  
A young one dripping make-up put her hands out to holla  
I gave her what I got but couldn't handle her broken heart  
The right words in the hands of dissidents with the fire  
Will rip apart the marrow from the bone of the liars  
Well I'm afraid of saying too much and ending a martyr  
But even more so I'm afraid to face god and say I was a coward

[Chorus]

Will all these things I wait for revelation  
These things make me want to duck for cover  
With all these things I wait for revolution  
These things ask the biggest question to me  
And it's are you what you want to be  
So are you what you want to be?

[Verse 2]

The war machines will put out both its hands for a dollar  
It's drinking at the table with the chrome hand guerrillas  
The young ones dripping make-up lift her leg up to holla  
I told her what she's got should be protected in the arms of love  
The right things in the hands of dissidents with the fire  
Will rip apart the marrow from the bone of the liars  
Well I'm afraid of saying too much and ending a martyr  
But even more so I'm afraid to face god and say I was a coward

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Are you what you want to be  
So are you what you want to be? [x3]