

# Juliette & The Licks, American boy

Here we go I got something to tell ya,  
The land of plenty is the land of privilege  
For your blue-eyed culture-deprived American boy  
You got your dicks in a twist and you're raising your fists  
But your argument has been bought and paid for  
American boy  
So flex that corporate muscle with your media circle-jerks  
While you sell out humanity  
ADHD OCD social anxiety  
It's money baby!  
Hey!  
You pushin' me  
Hey!  
I'm pushin' you  
No rhyme or reason  
Watch your television  
Hey!  
You pushin' me  
Hey!  
I'm pushin' you  
No rhyme or reason  
Watch your television  
Frat boys and military toys  
All I see is white noise  
With your pussy collection and your simple minds,  
I never knew tits could sell so many cars  
And you fuckin' debutantes with your skin flicks,  
What the fuck is the matter with you?  
Gloss up your lips, Show us your tits man  
All for your fifteen minutes of nothin'  
I just gotta laugh at you,  
I just gotta laugh man  
Man-made manufactured pussycats  
Hey don't fear me  
Don't fear me I'm the little woman