

MACKLEMORE, Wednesday Morning

Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wavin', Glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change on the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell of a night

Humanity is a privilege, we can't give in
When they build walls, we'll build bridges
This is resistance, we're resilient
When they spread hate, we shine brilliant
March by the millions 'til they hear the children
We found ourselves at a distance
Open up the jails and the overcrowded cells
When we oppress anyone, we oppress ourselves
Greatest gift I ever learned is helpin' someone else
You feel fully fulfilled 'cause you forget about yourself
Service, purpose works if you work it
Love everyone regardless of the God they worship
This isn't the Apocalypse
We can't address the hate 'til we acknowledge it
If Jesus was alive, would he let Mohamed in?
This isn't nature, my daughter hugs strangers
We teach fear and preach hatred
Put up a fence, scared to meet our neighbors
Think that if we let them in, they'll take advantage of us later
There's so much anger in this world as I raise her
My daughter, hope it's a dream when I wake up tomorrow

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And we fight for the people that haven't had a voice
Fight for the first amendment, fight for freedom of choice
Fight for women's rights, if she does or doesn't carry
We ride for all the Queer folk and fight for all to get married
I'm not moving to Canada, not fleeing the nation
No time for apathy, no more tears and no complainin'
Gotta fight harder for the next four and what we're faced with
Got my daughter in my arms and he is not gonna raise her

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