

# Nightmare Of You, Heaven Runs On Oil

Such derision when you fled  
They bruised your lank shins while you were down  
Some kicked the crutches from under your arms  
You are one sorry story, a lost cause from conception  
Still I like you and your thinking mind

And it's like a good book reads  
Always question your country  
There's knives in their blue eyes  
So read up, and turn off the telly

And say you do  
Say you love us like I know you will  
And that our deaths won't be in vain  
Or in the name of gasoline

You then displaced to Paris, claiming your extra baggage  
Mashing the fancy of your relatives  
Nothing but tactfulness and peace  
Out door restaurants and coffee  
Books under your arm instead of crutches

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Always question your country  
There's knives in their blue eyes  
So read up, and turn off the telly  
I said read up, and turn off the telly

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The bombs ring, we all sing "Freedom at last!"  
The bombs ring, children scream "Freedom at last!"  
The bombs ring, we all sing "Freedom at last!"  
The bombs ring, "Freedom at last!"

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