

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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