

# Nine Pound Hammer, Everything You Know Is W

Sittin' in the classroom, thumbin' through the pages of a white-washed history of well-fed caucasian  
Growin' up, wonderin' what's going on.

It makes you want to scream and shout, but they tell ya it's nothing to worry about,  
'cause the world always ends at your front lawn.

They build your life in an endless maze of ancient myths and worn cliches,  
Saying keep to yourself and quietly go along. Clean your plate, do as you're told,  
worship all that's bought and sold, til everything you know is wrong.

Breakfast with the conservative columnist who dreams his pen is John Wayne's fist  
He hammers the world into his narrow view

Laugh at those who don't belong, quoting patriotic sing-alongs

And wonders what this world is coming to

They place your life on a moral grid, God's own scorecard which they keep hid

Then pull out to condemn whenever needed.

Forced to judge life, and what it brings, by trivial materialistic things

Since the can't see the show from where they're seated..

MORE WORDS MISSING??????????