

Thievery Corporation, Amerimacka

Amerimacka
Miss Liberty turn inna Jezzabelle
All de dreams you go sell, de whole dem turn inna hell
Her bed of roses are filled with thorns
Her righteous robes are tattered and torn
If she had only stood for love
That would have been enough
She wouldnt have to hide her shame
If she had only stood for love
That would have been enough
But now shes burnt us all with her flames
Amerimacka
Oh what a beautiful life
Amerimacka
Is like licking honey off a knife
Amerimacka
Oh what a beautiful sight
Amerimacka
Oh what a beautiful life
The land of the free built on slavery
Our consciousness in captivity
The promise land is the liars den
Your culture of greed has got to end
Now were laying in the mud
Looking up above
Tear water just ah drop from the sky
They try to keep us in the mud
Separating us from love
But me nah go let dem conquer de I
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