Against Me!, Baby, I'm An Anarchist!

Through the best of times
Through the worst of times
Through Nixon and through Bush
Do you remember '36?
We went our separate ways
You fought for Stalin
I fought for freedom
You believe in authority
I believe in myself
I'm a molotov cocktail
You're Dom Perignon
Baby, what's that confused look in your eyes?
What I'm trying to say is that
I burn down buildings
While you sit on a shelf inside of them
You call the cops
On the looters and pie-throwers
They call it class war
I call it co-conspirators

'Cause baby, I'm an anarchist
And you're a spineless liberal
We marched together for the eight-hour day
And held hands in the streets of Seattle
But when it came time to throw bricks
Through that Starbucks window
You left me all alone,
All alone...

You watched in awe
At the red, white and blue
On the Fourth of July
While those fireworks
Were exploding
I was burning that fucker
And stringing my black flag high
Eating the peanuts
That the parties have tossed you
In the back seat of your father's new Ford
You believe in the ballot
You believe in reform
You have faith in the elephant and jackass
And to you solidarity's a four-letter word
We're all hypocrites
But you're a patriot
You thought I was only joking
When I was screaming "Kill Whitey"!!
At the top of my lungs
At the cops in their cars
And the men in their suits
No, I won't take your hand
And marry the state

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