

# Bridge and Tunnel, White-Collar Crime Scene

So where the fuck is our pride tonight?

Are we just blank slates born at the end of an arms race?

We're the heirs to the chokeholds, chokeholds put on other necks.

So listen as we pluck the strings to a flagpole, a flagpole

The flagpole to this sleeper cell we've inherited.

The flagpole to this sleeper cell.

We sing these songs on stolen ground and ride up north on the highway

That Robert Moses pushed through the Bronx in the nineteen fifties.

A casino or new tenement house, so we don't ever have to think about

How we never seem to be the ones caught in the crosshairs.

We let out a sigh of relief as the gas prices go down,

And turn our headphones up to ignore the wrecking ball sound.

You got damn damn good at sleeping with the lights on,

And we got damn damn good at reaping the benefits.

We ignore the unjust overtures that chime.

We sing these songs on stolen ground and ride up north on the highway

That Robert Moses pushed through the Bronx in the nineteen fifties.

A casino or new tenement house, so we don't ever have to think about

How we never seem to be the ones caught in the crosshairs.

Caught in the crosshairs.

Caught in the crosshairs.

Grease or wrench, subversion or acquiescence,

Are we just blank slates born at the end of an arms race?

So where the fuck is our pride tonight?