

Craig's Brother, Prince Of America

Living a life, without any future
Just unending appetite, for petty amusement
And you with your woes
Youe food on the table
Youe cash in your pocket
So why are you crying
Prince of America, hay does your tears run so rampantly
Are you not satisfied, in your world without context?
Where everything's trivial, and nothing has meaning
Not even the throne you're heir to
Prince of the world
So much to see, so much information
The people in Kosovo, the villages burning
It all entertainment, quickly forgotten
It doesn't make any sense to me
So why are you crying
How could you know which rung you stand on?
You never had to make the climb
You never thought to look beneath you
Ignoring the throne you're heir to
Prince of the world Prince of America