

# Dillinger Four, The Great American Going Out Of

We were raised to be just what we are  
In case you didn't know  
If I offered up to you some proof  
Would you let your anger show?  
Or would you put your mind to sleep  
Kept warm by simple novelties  
And a history that's really not your own?  
Is freedom just a privilege of hatred, guaranteed?  
Is compassion just a second thought of hope brought to its knees?  
Can dignity see fit to work past all it doesn't want to see?

Seven guns for degradation  
Three cheers for cruel tradition  
Red, white and black eyes forever

Somewhere South of respect tonight  
This tension's wrapped up nice and tight  
The static's felt but never makes a sound  
A man finds nothing left to eat  
Another sells his body for a place to sleep  
As Klansmen flood a conference hall downtown  
This T.V. has the answers, let fashion have your eyes  
This job is your achievement, this Bible is your pride  
Can dignity see fit to try and fix what it knows fear can't hide?

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I think of a story my father told me  
About a fella he knew in the Army  
The Pentagon traded him checks for both his legs  
"Fuck the States" was the last thing Father heard he had said  
Still it's said that this war was won  
Well, I refuse to be just another dead nation's bastard son

I have eyes that see  
I have a mind that thinks  
I have a mouth that speaks  
And Goddamn, it will  
Because I've had enough of all this shit  
About "Making do" and "Playing ball"  
"The way things are" and "Dealin' with it"  
Mixing pop and politics  
He asks me what the use is  
I'm not into making excuses  
And I'll die the day I find them fucking useless