

# Hunters & Collectors, We The People

Sitting in the shelter  
Head between your knees  
Can't afford the struggle  
Can't afford to sleep  
Got my gas mask on  
Hey I'm laughing like there's no tomorrow

All care no responsibility is taken for the  
Heap of garbage on the side of the road  
Got my back door covered but the beast is on the loose again.

We the people who live next door  
We are the ones you can feel through the floor

Back in the good old days  
You paid a penny to the preacher  
A pound of flesh to keep the planet alive  
Pass around the pie  
We're going to suck on this supper together

We got religion  
We got the guns  
We got the power to put out the sun  
Come on everybody  
Don't you know that you can dream forever

We the people who live next door  
We are the ones you can feel through the floor  
We got the power  
But oh we are weak  
We are brave in our silence  
But we are too scared to seek  
We will carry the impossible load  
While our leaders weep by the side of the road

We've been dreaming so long  
We've been taken so far from where we belong

We the people  
We the people who live next door  
We are the ones you can feel through the floor  
We are powerful  
But oh we are weak  
We are brave in our silence  
But we are too scared to seek  
We will carry the impossible load  
While our leaders weep like children on the side of the road