

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