Live, White, Discussion

I talk of freedom
you talk of the flag
I talk of revolution
you'd much rather brag
and as the decibels of this disenchanting discourse
continue to dampen the day

the coin flips again and again, and again, and again
as our sanity walks away
all this discussion though politically correct
is dead beyond destruction
though it leaves me quite erect

and as the final sunset rolls behind the earth
and the clock is finally dead
I'll look at you, you'll look at me
and we'll cry a lot
but this will be what we said
this will be what we said

Look where all this talking got us, baby.