

Mary Chapin Carpenter, On With The Song

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

This isn't for the ones who blindly follow
Jingoistic bumper stickers tellin' you
To love it or leave it and you'd better love Jesus
And get out of the way of the Red, White, and Blue

This isn't for the ones who buy their six-packs
At the 7-Eleven where the clerk makes change
Whose accent makes clear (he) sure ain't from here
They call him a camel jockey instead of his name

[Chorus:]

No, this is for the ones who stand their ground
When the lines in the sand get deeper
When the whole world seems to be upside down
And (the) shots bein' taken get cheaper, cheaper

This isn't for the ones who would gladly swallow
Everything their leader would have them know
Bowin' and kissin' while the truth goes missin'
"Bring it on," he crows, puttin' on his big show

This isn't for the man who can't count the bodies
Can't comfort the families, can't say when he's wrong
Playin' "I'm the decider," like some sort of Messiah
While another day passes and a hundred souls gone

[Chorus]

This is for the ones that I see above me
Three little stars in a great big sky
Light for the world and hope for the weary
They try

This isn't for the ones with their radio signal
Callin' for bonfires and boycotts, they rave
Exhorting their listeners to spit on the sinners
While countin' the bucks of advertising, they'll say

[Tag Chorus:]

This isn't for you and you know who you are
Just do what you want 'cause I know that you can
But I gotta be true to myself and to you
So on with the song, I don't give a damn