

Placebo, Blue American

I wrote this novel just for you
It sounds pretentious but it's true
I wrote this novel just for you
That's why it's vulgar
That's why it's blue
And I say, thank you
And I say, thank you

I wrote this novel just for Mom
For all the mommy things she's done
For all the times she showed me wrong
For all the time she sang god's song
And I say thank you Mom
Hello Mom
Thank you Mom
Hi Mom

I read a book about Uncle Tom
Where a whitey bastard made a bomb
But now Ebonics rule our song
Those motherfuckers got it wrong
And I ask
Who is uncle Tom?
Who is uncle Tom?
Who is uncle Tom?
You are

I read a book about the self
Said I should get expensive help
Go fix my head
Create some wealth
Put my neurosis on the shelf
But I don't care for myself
I don't care for myself
I don't care for myself
I don't care

I wrote this novel just for you
I'm so pretentious, yes it's true
I wrote this novel just for you
Just for you
Just for you