

Pro-Pain, Foul Taste of Freedom

young, dumb and helpless - in the states
you say you ain't got no money - i can relate
i lost my job and my house and my - piece of mind
we're in the deepest depression of - modern time

a thousand points of light shinin' - in my face
eyes are blinded by a can of replublican mace
shinin' seas of starving people are the - unemployed
stars and stripes are rubber checks - null and void

we are the red, white and blue that you bleed
we have the right to survive and succeed
worthless and weak is "be all you can be"
democracy leaves a foul taste of freedom in me

budget cuts and tax hikes - crush the land
of plenty, see the weak die by gods hand
if you're proud of your country then you're probably rich
but if you're fed up you better piss, moan and bitch
yankee doodle dickweed went to town
apple pie and chevrolet shot him down
a patriotic, fatheaded, sucker, freak
is proud to serve the country that had served him weak...