

Rez Band, American Dream

The complexity of life is a label I must wear,
Snarled visions of the dreamer condemned by his own dare,
As a child I asked the questions, but only for their sake,
Believing there were answers become my one mistake, yeah.

The holy morning paper slaps the steps of dawn,
America's doors open - let's see what's going on,
Confusion with our coffee, fear and frosted flakes,
The dollar takes another dive, another bubble breaks, yeah.

A shuttle offstage, a change of scene,
The expos of the American dream,
Watergate burglars, comedy relief,
Laugh at ideals, surviving our grief.

It's fool's gold for gilded fools,
Playing gaily with twisted rules,
Hail to the families in their TV rooms,
Suicide, genocide, abortion, cartoons,
Terrorism, violence, starving refugees,
Conscience crucified, reality recedes,
Nuclear tyrants, computerised plan holding hostage everyman.

"It won't happen" - 1950,
"It may happen" - 1965,
It will happen, just don't think about it.

From dust to dust, our lives fades away,
We are the wind's empty sighing,
Vanity, all is vanity - all but the cross, all but his dying,
All but the cross, all but his dying.