

Social Code, Brother America

Cause you know me I comfort thee
Don't pick up that rock to throw at me
A passive crown and a comforting sound
Don't let you die or won't fall down

With a yellow streak of complexity
My bro so big for all to see
I talk you down with a warning sound
Your little red pistol falls to the ground

We support our troops brother America
Sleeping in a hollow suit with a camera

I'll find a tree and hide carefully
If you want to fight don't lie to me
Schoolyard hate to start the day
You always find the need to separate

If you threaten me then it's too late
Your only one person don't complicate
He'll knock you up and slip slide your head
Chance it one more time and he'll jump in

Grow up and find that you're on the line
Heating things up at the drop of a dime
I'm a peaceful boy with no guns to point
I've come to you to help with my games and toys

My yellow streak of complexity
And voice so big for all to see
Calm you down with a warning sound
Your little red pistol falls to the ground.