

SR-71, Politically Correct

Well I don't mean to piss you off
With things I might say
So when I try to shut my mouth
They come out anyway
So when I speak my mind
That's when we connect
Yeah, but that's not
Politically correct

Your head's so filled with thought
You can't use your imagination
Like a sky so filled of stars
You can't find a constellation
And everyone's so sensitive
To any bad vibrations
You're so impressing
While we're regressing

Cause I don't mean to piss you off
With things I might say
When I try to shut my mouth
They come out anyway

There's nothing I believe in more
Than my own insignificance
So why does everybody think
My words can make a difference

I just don't have time to think up
Every social consequence
Just keep on talking
And you keep applauding

And I don't mean to piss you off
With things I might say
But when I try to shut my mouth
They come out anyway
And if you spoke you mind
You might feel more connected
Until you stand
Politically corrected

You lean a little to the left or the right but
You can only see who's on your side
You look a little like a deer in the headlights
A little blind and hypnotized
So you conform with the best of intentions
Change comes from inside
Cause after all that's what this country was founded on
Do nothing different just fall in line

Tell me
What happened
To make us
So afraid that
You couldn't
Make a Mel Brooks movie today
I saw "Blazing Saddles" yesterday

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