

# 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 your 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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