

St. Simon 3, Playground Bully

Born from the barrel of a gun
Don't you recognize your own son?
Reared on a diet of hysteria
In the heart of America

Just for him, don't know about you
When he bleeds, he bleeds red, white, and blue
'Cause when the bombs hit he swelled with pride
But it turns out he'd just hemorrhaged inside

It's not easy being the playground bully
And it's not fair, but does anybody care?

This is where he makes his stand
With finger on the trigger and head in the sand
And we know he can't win and yet
We paid for blood and that's what we'll get

And sad to say it is no surprise when
he makes the same mistakes over and over again
And if you care to know why, well, it's no mystery
History has shown we learn nothing from history

Now that the money's all been spent
And he can't afford to stay ignorant
His time is up and I'm guessing
We're gonna teach him a lesson