

# 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