

Thea Gilmore, Land Of The Free

They're piling bodies up on the plains
All of the strangers with so many claims and
All that hope served as a warning
Now they're falling like dominoes on a late December morning
And stack up the dead and just leave them
It proves we've got the last word in patriotism
And send the live ones to some western reservation
They've got the wrong coloured skin and ideas above their station

I'm singing holy homeland
While a nation is choking
You smile and say you know we said land of the free?
Yeah, well we were just joking

This land is your land
With one roll of the dice and one guiltless command
Now you're sitting watching TV
Accepting moral direction from a crank pshrink with an impressive CV
Your new god is your video screen
Washed up, spun out by an American dream,
Only memories of ghosts that patrol this place
And this land, your land is a terminal case

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Who am I to criticise
From a country with no problems about selling one another
I guess we all have our dirty ink stains on the history books
In the pages, on the cover
And at dawn storm clouds disappear the future brings all hope and glory
Ghost dancers rise 500 years
Like there will never be another end to this story

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