

Trees, Homefront

I've been unmade
enslaved by a wage
in the U.S.A.
They'll rob me in my grave
I.W.W.
What's it mean to you
Wobblies wobble but they don't
fall down
Back home on the homefront
I'm back home on the homefront
Battered
Back home on the homefront
I must embrace my pain
before I go insane
I'm punching holes
in my walls
I raise my fist in a flame of pain
I raise my fist for Justice
I feel unmade
I feel betrayed
in the U.S.A.
I'm an unmade man
UNMADE
I'm an unmade man