

Painting the White House Black

40 Below Summer

Now stand atop your soapbox
And just tell us what we want to hear
And talk in circles
Until the words become unclear
We can afford to be hypnotised by design
To be left uncured
There is no hope for us

Further down the ladder
We fall and splatter
And gather the remains just to feed again

Why dont you tell me
What it's like to be a free man?
What it's like to have the whole damn world
In the centre of your motherfucking hand
So try and tell me of the American dream
Tell me what it's like to live inside a castle
Made of motherfucking sand

Now smile for the camera
And talk about your masterplan
That we must follow
Because the hour is at hand
We have no time to be patronised
By the eyes and the smile so pure

Pulling on the lever
You think you're clever
You bartered our beliefs just to be a king

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What it's like to have the whole damn world
In the centre of your motherfucking hand
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I can heal a world by killing you (2x)
I can fix a fucking world by killing you
I can heal the world by killing you
If you live by the now then you die by the strong
I can heal the world by killing you
Now this bullet is going straight fucking through
I can fix the fucking world by killing you
You decide who lives and dies, don't you?
I can heal the world by killing you
I'll cleanse the world, motherfucker
I can heal the world by killing you (2x)
I can fix the world by killing you
I can heal the world by killing you

Why dont you tell me
What it's like to be a dead man?
What it's like to have a motherfucking truck
In the centre of your motherfucking head

You tried to sell me
Like an American good man
Tell me what it's like to be another body
Buried deep under the scams of another politician