

# 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

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

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