

## The American Scream

Alkaline Trio

Well they tied that yellow ribbon round the oak tree.  
They've worn out all the prayer in their hearts.  
All along thought they were routing for the home team,  
As they're sent to the game and torn apart.

We twist this tourniquet upon the pipeline,  
That he carries all the pain in the world.  
As we blindly clap and cheer from the sidelines  
It's clear, on a losing streak from the very start.

And that's where they found me,  
In the cemetery.  
A smoking gun in my hand,  
Now I'm damned for the land of the free.  
Sing with me,  
The american scream.

They took that faded ribbon off the oak tree.  
They've worn out all the hope in their hearts.  
All along thought I was doing the right thing,  
Now I'm lying in a pool of my blood.

And that's where she found me,  
In the cemetery,  
A smoking gun in my hand,  
Now I'm damned for the land of the free.  
Sing with me.

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