

Truckers Are The Blood

Andrew Jackson Jihad

Don't know if I believe in god
But sometimes I pray
Because the way I was raised
Keeps me afraid

A scientist that has to have his way
I subsist of a steady diet of shame

I hope I can forgive me
For having the nerve to exist
I hope someone can help me
Make some sense of this

I work a ten hour grave
From nine to seven
And I can't fall asleep
Until eleven past eleven

There's no drug that I can take
That will keep me from being awake
Past my, past my bedtime

Truckers are the blood in the veins of the body of America
States are the arms and the legs and the brains and the eyes

There's a disease spreading from organ to organ
And you are the white blood cell that fixes the problem

You don't know your own power
You don't know what you're worth
You don't recognize your valor
And until you do, nothing you do will matter