

# Any Man In America

Blue October

Listen...

I only know spending time away  
I only know the truth is spoken  
Best when brutally, so honestly

I let you know you set the standards  
Lyrically for me  
One single middle finger saying  
Raise it up. My speech will always be free  
Like Martin Luther King, you had meaning to me  
Single handedly, saving music starving industry  
A hip hop legend with skin like invisible ink  
Like even though he was whiter than me  
He was the first to be colorless  
Speaking for all of us

And you let us into your family  
Mother, father, brother, sister, wife, daughter  
Damn, right in front of me.  
Just when I miss my daughter desperately,  
Your mockingbird put dents in me  
While touring press, and reliving my song "Hate Me"  
I was losing custody

I never even saw that shit  
How she played me, and planned and saw it fit  
To turn the trick that financially she would benefit  
My first and probably only Billboard hit  
Was going to pay for my two-year-old's college  
I should have hid that shit  
So she couldn't spend that shit  
It took twenty years of working just to earn that shit  
Now word for word I've listened, heard, and I'm done. Done.

No, you don't know. You act like you believe it  
That you're in control  
It's just your legal system though  
Ya, they don't think about it  
No, they don't care about it  
Now every man in America take back your control

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So I kept my business quiet just like my lawyer said  
And I tried to focus all my anger in my work instead  
I was succeeding and self-reliant, but inside my soul is dead  
I had to be the sole provider, but not allowed to be the dad  
Literally they took her from me  
Legally, they did, they did  
But I'm not a fucking book, so fuck your book in Lincoln I said

Ya fuck that judge, fuck the county, fuck your family too.

Ya, fuck everybody that took my baby girl, Blue

And I'm way too strong, I work my ass off all day long  
And I'm gone for months at a time,  
When you keep sitting there, and lying, bitching, "come back home."  
I hate you, hate you, god!  
And then you came back home,  
And filed for another fucking divorce

I'm sick of trying  
I'm sick of you instead 'cause  
I'm not sick, dope in my head

Any other man in America can get screwed just like me. Ya.

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You don't understand, probably never will  
Listen slowly, I'll let you know the deal  
Lying ass, play the judge with your crying ass  
Had your nose wide open when you saw the cash  
Grimy bitch, growing tired of you trying shit  
Women run the courts, men provide the chips  
Well, eat up, bitch. 'Til you've had enough, bitch  
But take my kids, you can kiss both my nuts, bitch

Telling lies, 'cause daddy's always on the road  
But you're the one fucking like a groupie at a show  
Money hungry, so you try and take my youngest from me  
You a dummy, honey. I'll chase you cross the country  
Bring your drama to your mama, and your mama's mama.  
Cause we all know, you're chasing after commas  
A couple checks, a few houses, and Gucci blouses  
You changing dicks like you changing outfits

Constitution's now-a-days got the daddy's losers  
While fathers getting fucked like prostitution

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Every man in America can lose control

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