

As I walk the streets of Cairo  
I empathize as I go  
And I feel ashamed  
Of the land from where I came

Where we think different people  
Are the ones that harbor evil  
But you gotta think harder  
Cause we're all the same

Stop fearing people  
Before you meet them  
And don't keep enemies  
Until you must defeat them

My country, love it or leave it  
That's shit and I don't believe it  
A decaying standard  
And it's begging for a change

Freedom is relative  
I feel relatively free where I live  
But down in Cairo  
Freedom is not ours to give

With our birds up high and their sons below  
You don't know where every bomb will blow  
With their sons below and our birds up high  
Are you made to be friends in heaven when  
You die?