

Sam Is Your Leader

GBH

Bring me your poor, give me your weak,
'cos I can make strong, the man who can't speak.
I'm out on my own in the field of life,
harvesting souls for your children and wife.

Sam is your leader,
the eagle has flown.
He's making mountains,
out of skin and bone.
Sam is your leader,
the eagle is here.
I'd like to hate you ..
but I love you dear.

A nation of nations where wisdom are pearls,
the lip of anger is starting to curl.
The immigrants rally, hand on their hearts,
bearing the load that's stacked on the cart.

In the Tinsel Town country where a cowboy is king,
a fortified pheonix takes to the wing.
Defending old glory and turning invader,
Liberties torch is a hand held Grenada.