

21st Century Breakdown

Green Day

Born into Nixon I was raised in hell
A welfare child where the teamsters dwelled
The last one born, the first one to run
My town was blind from refinery sun

My generation is zero
I never made it as a working class hero

21st century breakdown
I once was lost but never was found
I think I am losing what's left of my mind
To the 20th century deadline

I was made of poison and blood
Condemnation is what I understood
Video games to the tower's fall
Homeland security could kill us all

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We are the class of 13
Born in the era of humility
We are the desperate in the decline
Raised by the bastards of 1969

My name is no one
The long lost son
Born on the 4th of July

Raised in an era of heroes and cons
That left me for dead or alive

I am a nation
A worker of pride
My debt to the status quo

The scars on my hands
And the means to an end
Is all that I have to show

I swallowed my pride
And I choked on my faith
I've given my heart and my soul
I've broken my fingers
And lied through my teeth
The pillar of damage control

I've been to the edge
And I've thrown the bouquet
Of flowers left over the grave
I sat in the waiting room

Wasting my time
And waiting for judgement day

I praise liberty
The "Freedom to obey"
Is the song that strangles me
Don't cross the line

Dream, America dream,
I can't ever sleep
From the light's early dawn