

Hands Held High

Linkin Park

Turn my mike up louder I got to say something
Light weights step to the side when we come in
Feel it in your chest the syllables get pumping
People on the street they panic and start running
Words on loose leaf sheet complete coming
I jump in my mind and summon the rhyme, I'm dumping
Healing the blind I promise to let the sun in
Sick of the dark ways we march to the drum and

Jump when they tell us that they wanna see jumping
Fuck that I wanna see some fists pumping
Risk something, take back what's yours
Say something that you know they might attack you for
Cause I'm sick of being treated like I have before
Like it's stupid standing for what I'm standing for
Like this war's really just a different brand of war
Like it doesn't cater the rich and abandon poor

Like they understand you in the back of the jet
When you can't put gas in your tank
These fuckers are laughing their way to the bank and cashing the check
Asking you to have compassion and have some respect
For a leader so nervous in an obvious way
Stuttering and mumbling for nightly news to replay
And the rest of the world watching at the end of the day
In their living room laughing like "what did he say?"