

## America The Pitiful

Master

Oh pitiful for smoggy skies  
With amber lanes of waste  
With Dreadful mountain poverty's  
So many infants slain

America, America  
God shed his wrath on thee  
No livelihood, It's just not good  
From sea to blackened sea

Time ticks away, but still they play  
With plans of conquering  
The industry, they think they're free  
Toy soldiers of the damned

America, America  
God shed his death on thee  
No livelihood, it's just not good  
From sea to blackened sea

Oh Beautiful for spacious skies

With amber waves of grain  
With purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain

America, America  
God shed his grace on thee  
With crown thy hood and brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea