# American Dreams

**Papa Roach**

It feels like, American dreams caught on fire
We're tearing down the white picket fences
A soldier bleeds, and a soldier dies
Have you ever thought that war was a sickness
I'm a son of it, fucked up from it,
Casualty of my family 'cause of it
We dare to dream, or live to die
Reunited by the truth at the right time

Something's wrong here
Or so it seems
Cause I'm not sleeping in

American dreams,
American lies
We're trying to see through the smoke in our eyes
So give me the truth
Don't tell me your lies
Cause it's harder to breathe
When you're buried alive
by American dreams

With every bullet hole, there's a blood stain
Another family that's struggling to keep sane
Cause their neighborhood, ain't a safe place
Got us all wearing black every Sunday
and I'm growing numb to the violence
Sing along to the sounds of the sirens
We're trying to keep ourselves alive
But it's hard to get by when it feels like

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