

# What About Me

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

You poisoned my sweet water.  
You cut down my green trees.  
The food you fed my children  
Was the cause of their disease.

My world is slowly fallin' down  
And the airs not good to breathe.  
And those of us who care enough,  
We have to do something.....

Oh... oh What you gonna do about me?  
Oh... oh What you gonna do about me?

Your newspapers,  
They just put you on.  
They never tell you  
The whole story.

They just put your  
Young ideas down.  
I was wonderin' could this be the end  
Of your pride and glory?

I work in your factory.  
I study in your schools.  
I fill your penitentiaries.  
And your military too!

And I feel the future trembling,  
As the word is passed around.  
"If you stand up for what you do believe,  
Be prepared to be shot down."

And I feel like a stranger  
In the land where I was born  
And I live like an outlaw.  
An' I'm always on the run...

An I'm always getting busted  
And I got to take a stand....  
I believe the revolution  
Must be mighty close at hand...

I smoke marijuana  
But I can't get behind your wars.  
And most of what I do believe  
Is against most of your laws

I'm a fugitive from injustice  
But I'm goin' to be free.  
Cause your rules and regulations  
They don't do the thing for me

And I feel like a stranger  
In the land where I was born  
And I live just like an outlaw.  
An' I'm always on the run.