

# Mourning in Amerika

Rise Against

Stand by to switch on, we fire on all pistons  
We're singing along but no one is listening  
From dusk until dawn we stay up to carry the flame  
And when it's all said and done in these alternate endings  
When nothing is left but the stragglers and empties  
We're sleeping it off just to wake up and start it again  
So burn the statues to the ground, it's time to lay your weapon  
s down  
Bound for glory on this train but there's a bridge out up ahead  
Noise cancel, drown the signal out  
Change channels, manufacture doubt  
When the only thing we'll fight for ever day  
Is a better seat on a crashing...  
Plain to see but hard to breathe  
The streets are full of tumbleweeds

And now it's morning in the streets of amerika  
But we don't go outside anymore  
The radio blasts hysteria, with a television sideways on the fl  
oor

Under moonlit skies and surveillance as we cheer from  
The stands in the stadiums on a jumbotron  
We all sing along to escape  
Once we were the lighthouse to the world's most desperate ships  
But what we became was a towering flame  
Leading the moth right into it  
Now we are waking up to the phone lines cut

Because it's morning in the streets of amerika  
And we don't go outside anymore  
The radio blasts hysteria, while the television's sideways on t  
he floor

With the teleprompter in our faces  
We don't even know what we're saying  
A car that's slowly crashing and we can't look away  
Parading to the edge of a cliff now and trying to  
Figure out how to get down while the night is fast approaching  
Will we even recognize our former lives in this artificial ligh  
t?

Morning in the streets of amerika  
And we don't go outside anymore  
There's something wrong with the stereo and the television's si  
deways  
We're mourning in the streets of amerika, mourning in the stree

ts of amerika

We're mourning in the streets of amerika, mourning in the stree

ts of amerika