

## Compared to What

Roberta Flack

Love the lie and lie the love  
Hangin' on, with a push and shove  
Possession is the motivation  
that is hangin' up the God-damn nation  
Looks like we always end up in a rut (everybody now!)  
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what?

Slaughterhouse is killin' hogs  
Twisted children killin' frogs  
Poor dumb rednecks rollin' logs  
Tired old ladies kissin' dogs  
Hate the human, love that stinking mutt (I can't stand it!)  
Try to make it real - compared to what?

The President, he's got his war  
Folks don't know just what it's for  
Nobody gives us rhyme or reason  
Have one doubt, they call it treason  
We're chicken-feathers, all without one gut (God damn it!)  
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what? (Sock it to me, now)

Church on Sunday, sleep and nod  
Tryin' to duck the wrath of God  
Preacher's fillin' us with fright  
Tryin' to tell us what he thinks is right  
He really got to be some kind of nut (I can't use it!)  
Tryin' to make it real - compared to what?

Where's that bee and where's that honey?  
Where's my God and where's my money  
Unreal values, crass distortion  
Unwed mothers need abortion  
Kind of brings to mind ol' young King Tut (He did it now)  
Tried to make it real - compared to what?!