

D For Democracy (scour The House)

Spirit of the West

You with the jaundiced eyes, drunk on your own reflection
Propped up with desks and flags, 8 chairs short of
Perfection
Lines drawn here, there and everywhere
None of your own volition
Unrecognized you pace your shadow
Stripped of all your definition
Scour the house, flip the wig,
Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me
You've been abused and cheated,
Shat on you're beyond defeated
Those who rise stand in your name,
Then treat you roughly once they're seated
Your pen in one, their sword in the other
Satisfied the blessing is given
In god they trust only their way one way
Afraid of the other isms
Scour the house, flip the wig,
Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me
The grass is always greener
Under western skies
But your Norman Rockwell nation
Is being choked by weeds and vines
Look here the old grey mare
She ain't what she used to be
Look here the old grey mayor
He's all he's cracked up to be
Scour the house, flip the wig,
Shake the tree, until your whereabouts are known to me