

Immigrants & Hypocrites

Star Fucking Hipsters

We're all immigrants and hypocrites
delusionals and sycophants
we pretend to play a special part
and born in pain we fall apart
it's the same game with the same players
where dying dreams are strung on prayers
(it's) a never ending battle just to be

it's all put off 'til another day
we all get old and waste away
the lust for dollars make no sense
we squat the world or pay the rents
and when it's all been said and done
our joyless lives devoid of fun
I know it's all been said before
our nation's rotten to the core

fuck all flags and fuck all face
you're the garbage of the human race
change the color, change the name
the greedy fucks are all the same
and everywhere that you can go
there's always someone in control
fat faced, dollar signs for eyes
on starving nations they rely

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the arbitrary borders stand
a line of blood through stolen lands
that little flag upon your sleeve
shows off you're stupid and naive
or maybe you believe the lies
through beady ignoramus eyes
it's no surprise you're outta luck
your mama raised a stupid fuck
oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
we'll all sleep when we're dead
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
We'll all sleep/let's break it down

and somewhere beyond the thunder-dome
someday we just might find a home
autonomistic paradise
worth all the world without a price
and we can all be happy there
eat Soylent Green, breathe soylent air
and never rest our weary heads
we can all sleep when we're dead
yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
we can all sleep when we're dead

yeah, yeah, yeah yeah
we can all sleep when we're dead