

## Coalition

Tricky

The revolution will be televised in Iran  
And the Holy Koran  
You can go on to the Internet, log in to your local war  
You can read your paper  
Receive a mental scar  
Get your happy meal in your happy car  
You can make more money, more money  
But still here you are  
You can hate, hate 'til you waste away  
You could come back tomorrow  
Jesus is not here today  
He's gone missing  
Lost in this place called religion  
I'm a Muslim, I'm a Jew  
I'm a conquest clan, I'm nigger too  
Wait for the crash, we're not built to last  
Won't you go on and on  
Like Duracell  
Durex, no effects, yeah  
Sex on a sale  
You can read and read  
Until your eyes fucking bleed  
Either you give or you like to receive  
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You can go on to the Internet, log in to your local war  
You can read your paper  
Receive a mental scar  
Get your happy meal in your happy car  
You can make more money, more money  
But still here you are  
And still here you are  
More money, more money  
You can get killed by friendly fire  
You could get killed by friendly fire  
You could get killed by friendly fire  
You can get killed by friendly fire  
I wanna be the Pope, I'm no hope  
I'm a desire  
You can do what you like  
Competition is none  
You can get it, come get it  
Yeah, here you come  
You can watch Clark Gable, honey, cable  
You can build and build  
Yeah, take MySpace  
You can digest, digest  
You never see me place  
I've been here, I've been there  
I'll be your teddy, teddy bear  
I don't care, I won't share  
By the way, what sex are you?  
If you're a man, be a man  
But if you wanna be a woman  
I guess you do, do what you can, can  
You say you like girls, girls  
So why you're with boys?

And when I talk, talk, talk  
Just becomes noise  
When I'm surrounded by people  
How come I'm still lonely?  
I guess, it's my ego  
Thinks it's one and only  
I guess, it's my ego  
I guess, it's my ego, yeah, yeah  
I guess, I guess it's my ego, yeah, yeah  
I guess, I guess, I guess it's my ego, yeah, yeah  
I guess, I guess, I guess it's my ego, yeah, yeah  
Thinks it's one and only, yeah, yeah  
Do we go on and on?  
When I talk, talk  
Just becomes noise, noise  
How can I be surrounded by people  
And still be lonely?