

Amazing Grace

Watsky

I used to think I was a Marxist
Now I go to less marches
It's not that I don't want to start shit
But I don't want to start shit
Unless it's where my heart sits

I don't keep a knife under my seat
To join the revolution and spill blood in the street
Rather have a discussion over a bottle of Bud
Or a puff on a blunt and then get something to eat

I used to ask strangers if they believed in a God
To see if we were peas in a pod
And if they didn't agree with me
Then I'd argue and try to be smarter
Thinking I'd hear people applaud

But I'm getting older
And I'm getting dumber
Or least I know less
Than I did when I was younger

I used to profess
Now I'm more pro-wonder
I used to fear death
Now I'm set to go under
No, fuck it, I still fear

This life is too top-tier
And it's like we just got here
We're more than an Uzi on a navy plane
Or Lazy Susan cruising on the gravy train
We're the tingle up your neck
When you see the sunset
Filter through the dust
As it settles on the Waves of Grain

Yes, the Waves of Grain on the stolen land
Theft is as American as a Cola can
Yeah, it was sold to Sam
Tell it to the mother of the little girl
On the trail of tears as she holds her hand

Damn it, this was built on something ugly
But with all my heart, man, I believe in this country
The beauty of our constitution
Have you read it lately?
I swear, it's really pretty lovely

It's really splendid
It's like our forefathers penned it
Inspired by some early Eminem shit
It's like they meant it
It's like they dreamt
That all the fences that divide us would eventually be mended-
Or rather torn down

So I don't think it's un-American at all
For us to ask for even more now
Let's talk it over, over more rounds...

What do you say?