

AMERICAN DREAM

By Kathryn Lynn Shearman

Lead singer, Mother & The Boards

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Grew up with the so-called American dream
Mommy Daddy breaking their backs for a house and some cheese
Watched my folks sell their soul
So their kids could go to school

You put in forty years
And you think you're gonna get
A rest

Well guess what?
That dream fell through
Like so many others did too.

Haaaaaaaaa....ow wah-how?

Now we're fighting disease
While we pray on our knees
Hoping for a better tomorrow
..Or at least some money to borrow

Wha-ho, ahh....

Cause the market bottomed out
On a steady growing drought
So the small fish we flop around and about
But, we never get out.

Out of debt so high at
You would see it from the sky

Debt to cover the planet
From Bangkok to Manhattan

Why should anyone sell
What was Gaia, God given?
I mean your time, you're whole life
For itty bitty little slice
Of a pie that will kill you
If it gets one more bite.

How-oh....

[spoken]
So please put down that chess piece
Come live among the people
Don't manipulate your power

With your fabricated whiteness
Over estimated rightness
You're too ashamed to right this.

This absurd disrespect for humanity
That spews from your lips so freely

As if your undue privilege
Could excuse this sick pillage. Of an earth that is sacred
Beyond any humans hatred