

# MACKLEMORE, Wednesday Morning

Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth  
Glad wavin', Glad wavin' at a Patriots house  
Lookin' for change on the couch  
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said  
Imagine tryna keep your head  
While your daughter sleeps in bed  
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?  
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?  
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright  
But what a hell of a night

Humanity is a privilege, we can't give in  
When they build walls, we'll build bridges  
This is resistance, we're resilient  
When they spread hate, we shine brilliant  
March by the millions 'til they hear the children  
We found ourselves at a distance  
Open up the jails and the overcrowded cells  
When we oppress anyone, we oppress ourselves  
Greatest gift I ever learned is helpin' someone else  
You feel fully fulfilled 'cause you forget about yourself  
Service, purpose works if you work it  
Love everyone regardless of the God they worship  
This isn't the Apocalypse  
We can't address the hate 'til we acknowledge it  
If Jesus was alive, would he let Mohamed in?  
This isn't nature, my daughter hugs strangers  
We teach fear and preach hatred  
Put up a fence, scared to meet our neighbors  
Think that if we let them in, they'll take advantage of us later  
There's so much anger in this world as I raise her  
My daughter, hope it's a dream when I wake up tomorrow

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And we fight for the people that haven't had a voice  
Fight for the first amendment, fight for freedom of choice  
Fight for women's rights, if she does or doesn't carry  
We ride for all the Queer folk and fight for all to get married  
I'm not moving to Canada, not fleeing the nation  
No time for apathy, no more tears and no complainin'  
Gotta fight harder for the next four and what we're faced with  
Got my daughter in my arms and he is not gonna raise her

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