

Tune Yards, My Country

My country, 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
How come I cannot see my future within your arms
Your love it turns me down
Into the underground
My country bleeding me
I will not stay in your arms

Not yet, yet, yet
No, not yet, yet, yet
No, not yet, yet
No, not yet, yet
/2x

At the Salvation Army making us all stand in a line
While mommy and daddy make up and try to make up their minds
Oh the shame I felt when those histories mention my name
If only I could forget, but memory's my favorite thing

We cannot have it
Well, what am I supposed to say to those others
'So sorry, but you only took half a chance
Now it's over and they're walkin' all over you'

We cannot have it
Well then why is there juice dripping under your chin
When they have nothing, why do you have something
When they have nothing

The worst thing about living a lie
Is just wondering when they'll find out

I got me, you've got you
That's one plus one plus two
I never told you what to do
And then you put me in some box

I've got you, you've got me
Like a baby's got (?)
I told myself I'd have to check islands
If I was gonna get over your shit

We cannot have it
Well then what do you want me to say to those others
Oh yes, there's a place for you
But that place is underneath the cushion of my behind

We cannot have it
Well then why did you say so
With my eyes open, how can I be happy
With my eyes open

If nothing of this is ours,
How will I ever know when something's mine

My country, tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
How come I cannot see it

My country, tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty, yeah

My country, tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty

How come I cannot see a future within your arms

The worst thing about living a lie
Is just wondering when they'll find out