

2. America and the Soul

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I can barely breathe beneath the weight of these
These things that I have purchased with my soul
And yet I still believe these things can make me free
From all that weighs the poor man's spirit down

You'd rather play a game that costs your very life to simply play
You'd rather sell your soul to america than to take a chance on me

I do not have a soul trapped somewhere in my body
I am a soul, I'm carrying my skin
And I will not be mastered by
The want for more of all that I
Have yet to make or steal or buy my darling

Some dreams are far too small to hold the soul
Like "My life, my land, my money, my family, my country."