

American SURVIVOR

• MATT MAYER •

VERSE 1

one, two, three to the four to the
five I'm alive which mean I got a reason for
getting up out of bed cause the Comforter on my side
so I throw the covers off pop up right
thank God I got a zest for life
cause I remember the days when I wasn't as lucky
stuck in the covers from heavy nights ugh
Stuck in the mud like every night
thinking this can't be life
But little did I know that a big domino effect was comin'
that I could not avoid if I tried but why would I
who in their right mind turns down hittin' the lotto?
So I took them winnings but didn't hit vacation
I went to the basement and started
plotting scheming all evening bought raw materials needed to
build a vehicle I believe 'll disperse the wealth I've been given freely
to the people that need it, that's why I'm seated
on this ride Chinook rollin' me and the pilot vibin' so he
take it down to the lowest lowlies, hit the ground and we creepin' slowly, ugh
but keep it low key while the vultures napping we snatching
nappin' them cultural captives that have had a bad habit of
gettin' too comfortable in their natural habitat while the hyenas laugh it up but
while they busy laughing I'm busy strappin' as many prisoners
missing in action on my back is I can drag out this dessert land that's
left in parched missing the mark fellow best friends dead in arms left to rot
I get overwhelmed by the smell of death it hits my chest
I drop to both knees in this bloody mud can't help but reflect
that we got this red ground in common, that was me before I found out I'm an

CHORUS 1

A-M-E-R-I Can Survivor and this here my land,
my stake, my plot, with a lot at stake so I'ma perch my flag
high atop so all can see this right here the land of the free.. yeah

VERSE 2

and there's plenty of lots left after the conquest
new land expanded and a brand-new Congress
declared war on everything that rob us of our
God-given right to pursue progress
And protect against the overt cultural focus
only on what you can accomplish
and protest the pressure upon us
to go for broke solely to project flawlessness

(cont'd)

and this impossible standard towers over like a giant on this
ginormous platform that we've all helped form,
build, and polish with our invested dollars
and on it he sits so proudly puffin that thick cigar of success
so often we, get used to the smell unaware,
not knowin' that sweet aroma filled with deadly toxins
Uh infesting our oxygen mixed into an invisible wind
that's in ya system since ya mom birthed ya in this world
nostrils filled with the hostile purpose for self D-E-P-E-N-D-E-N-C-E
seeping seeking leaking through the weak seams of the flesh
started in the Garden then creeped to the west
Hit full steam in the west when all of our crazy loco motives
mixed with big business ambitious for the chokehold
and hold up, they saw no cap on capitalizing on our emotions
and so they proceeded industrial revolutionizing the culture
and so the smoke stacks rose up, puffing up on that black dust
to the max from the manufacturers who knew we'd purchase their packages
to mask our unhappiness but
the more they producing, the more we consuming,
the more we consuming we fueling the war for our affections as humans
cause when it refuse to fulfill we just end up more fumin'
material warfare in the air, polluting everywhere
better strap on a gas mask wearin' that battle gear,
welcome to the American atmosphere.

CHORUS 2

But I'm an A-M-E-R-I Can Survivor and this my land,
I'm not a hired hand, I'm a fighter man,
cause the time at hand for the rise of the lion hearts,
and the run of the humble beasts,
and we will never dine apart if we love this country.

