

## Symptom

### *Epistle to the Citizens of the United States of America*

Bush is just a symptom of the ignorant citizens  
Who elected him, a simpleton in a crib full of infants  
As if a woman afraid of intercourse married an impotent  
Man, and the cycle begins again...

Your president's a reflection of your national temperament  
So it's no wonder you're sensitive, but I'm tryin' to make sense of this  
'Cause if he really did cheat to win *both* elections  
Even with no deception he would've been a close second  
So there's really no consensus, just a polarized electorate  
With both sides protected by their own misconceptions  
So many well-intentioned souls with loaded weapons  
Arms control begins at home! It's no question  
Why the twenty-first century has been a disgrace  
It's 'cause the United States keeps shooting its friends in the face  
The money wasted on wars could be spent in better ways  
But the president gets away with "whatever it takes"  
Maybe it's just a phase in the democratic process  
A population with an apathetic consciousness  
Is gonna end up with some bastards in office  
At least until the problem is solved by the same people who caused it

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It's no wonder your president's as dense as a fence post  
It's a direct result of those who neglected to vote  
Oh, you don't think so? Come on, look at the trends  
John Kerry had to pretend that he couldn't speak French  
And if everyone resents intelligent women and men  
Then you're never gonna get another Jefferson  
But the consequence of your indifference goes beyond borders  
'Cause now the burden of peace rests on a neo-con's shoulders  
And the war goes on, even without Saddam's orders  
It's a melting pot of brown, yellow, black and blonde soldiers  
And the bombs over Baghdad have tags attached  
That read: "Courtesy of American Non-Voters"  
And as Iraq smolders, there's trouble at home  
And now the president sits on a crumbling throne  
And every piece that falls off is a stumbling stone

Until he's left in the rubble alone

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This is just a little message from your neighbours to the North  
You know, the ones you impersonate when you visit foreign shores  
'Cause they spit in your face whenever you step outside your borders  
Universal outrage when your president signs orders  
You've got this huge economy, beautiful music and comedy  
And some of the worst abuses of democracy on earth  
I hear your bombs and rockets burst, and all I've got is words  
But I've also got supporters and American friends  
Determined to make sure this age of arrogance ends  
So they'll never have to apologize embarrassed again  
When they discuss themselves; relax, bloody hell  
My great grandmother was a Southern Belle, plus I've got California cousins  
That I love as well, but your government's a tougher sell  
As you can tell I've got a thing for rap, so thanks for that  
But you can have your tanks back, and the next chance  
You yanks have to change tracks, for God's sake, act!

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Don't let it

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