

Wasteland of the Free

by Iris Dement (1996)

C Am G C C
Living in the wasteland of the free

C G C C
We got preachers dealin' in politics and diamond mines
C G C C
And their speech is growing increasingly unkind

Am Am F F
They say they are Christ's disciples But they don't look like Jesus to me
C G C C
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got politicians runnin' races on corporate cash
Now don't tell me they don't turn around and kiss them people's ass
Now you may call me old-fashioned but that don't fit my picture of a true democracy
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got C E O's makin' two hundred times the workers pay
But they'll fight like hell against raising the minimum wage
And if you don't like it mister They'll ship your job 'cross the sea
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of free

F G C C
Living in the wasteland of the free
E E Am Am
Where the poor people are treated like the enemy
F C E Am
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones Sounds like some kind of Hitler
F G C C
remedy Living in the wasteland of the free

We got little kids with guns fighting inner-city wars
So, what do we do, we put these little kids behind prison doors
And we call ourselves the advanced civilisation
But that sounds like crap to me
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We got high school kids runnin' 'round in Calvin Klein and Guess
Who cannot pass a sixth grade reading test
But if you ask them, they can tell you the name of every crotch on MTV
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

We kill for oil then throw a party when we win
Some guy refuses to fight and we call that the sin
But he's standin' up for what he believes in
And that seems pretty damned American to me
And it feels like I am living in the wasteland of the free

Living in the wasteland of the free
Where the poor have now become the enemy
Let's blame our troubles on the weak ones
Sounds like some kind of Hitler remedy
Living in the wasteland of the free

F *G* *C* *C*
Whilst we sit gloating in our greatness
Justice is sinking to the bottom of the sea
Am *G* *C* *C*

Living in the wasteland of the free
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