

## RED & BLUE STROBES

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*Written and submitted to my Songwriting class at WVU. Taught by Tom Burge.  
First release. Light proofreading only to preserve the integrity of when it was written.*

America, the great, what is our fate?  
A land where we care more about the vape than women getting raped.  
Where a mother can disown her child because of their lover.  
Should I find cover—From the bombs headed our way?  
Every governor is saying it's okay. College costs an arm and a leg.  
Please don't make me beg for the day when African Americans  
aren't afraid. When can we survive on the minimum wage?

When I can express the love in my heart that doesn't  
result in a hate crime, care to chime in on the hypocrisy?  
The leaders here act like they can't see our hearts  
as they bleed. The crippling debt  
surrounds me—and you're the president? Oh, please,  
how could you help this great land 'tis of thee?  
Bombing nations that can't breathe.  
You're nothing more than a bully to me.

So tell me, America, the great home of the free,  
is this how it'll be? Two wars are going on, one of them  
on our own lawn. But don't get me wrong, if you disagree,  
You're free to grab a gun and murder me.  
I say what I believe, and your president won't heed  
to warnings about gun control. Oh, how does he live  
with that on his soul? Trump has no self-control;  
he's just worried about Español.

He won you over with this, his "ace in the hole."  
America embraced his role, how disgraceful!  
America, land of the free, doesn't care for me,  
especially if you are LGBT. Oh, you don't believe?  
Ask the other ethnicities about the cruelties  
they see, or the privileges they don't receive.  
So dear America, the great, don't subject us to this fate  
It's time to be the change on a worldwide range.  
Let's show them that we're not deranged now,  
Wouldn't that be insanity to be what we sent out to be?  
The land of the free, home of the brave.