

## 21 Baby

Sittin' on a corner with a beer in hand,  
Contemplatin' on the nation that's this here land.

Find a soapbox and a cup, I can swear and curse,  
But on the air I can't say Carlin's seven dirty words.  
Commandments in my school to keep me from sin,  
And make sure that I can't look at Twain's Huck Finn.  
You're not old enough for beer, let me take that from you, son.  
Shooting Arabs conquers fear, here's your shiny new gun.  
Send me away to prison for sparkin' up this joint.  
Give me a helping hand in makin' my fuckin' point.

I'm 21 Baby.  
Land of the Free.

You don't care about the lengths to which she might resort  
When you try to take away a woman's choice to abort.  
I can show your kid death on the TV all day,  
But I give him a free condom and you scream, "No way!"  
You'd be happy to call me One of Your People,  
As long as I stand underneath the right steeple.  
You'll join me, pledge allegiance to your beautiful flag,  
As long as I am not an immigrant or a fag.

I'm 21 Baby.  
Land of the Free.

Lie, cheat and steal's the American game,  
As long as your morals don't get in the way.