

American Dream

We cross Hell and high water to come to this land
Just to leave our bodies floating down the Rio Grande.
Others die trying to cross the desert sand.

If the tables were turned I think you'd understand.
You want to give your children a reason to believe
--give them the promise and the hope of the American dream.

Now we're hunted by stars and vapor-trail stripes,
helicopter switchblade shadows and lights
of the All-seeing Eye on the dollar bill
that ties and binds the common will.

Still we try to keep the faith, we still try to believe
in the promise and the hope of the American dream.

From inside their suburban gated stockades,
they say they want to build a wall and send the rest of us away.

Got to keep the schools white and tighten up the rules.

Got to keep the grass short and clean the gene pool.

Man even if I could, I wouldn't want to understand
the paranoid delusions of the racist white man.

ICE took my family while I was at school
trying to keep my mind focused on grammar rules.
They kicked my world off its hinges along with the door.
And the indifferent sun painted bars on the floor
like poorly timed auguries of desolation
foretelling our rejection by an entire nation.

Now what would it mean for me to say I am

A 21st century American?

To measure time by the shadow of a falling tower?

Our future entrusted to wolves we've empowered?

See the herds grow thin and the wolves grow fat

Under the tower as it rocks and the blue sky cracks.

I don't want to lose my faith, but it gets harder to believe

In the promise and the hope of the American dream.