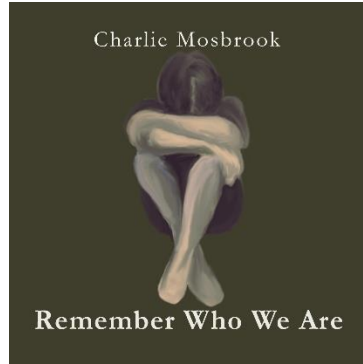


Remember Who We Are

Remember who we are
As we come from near and far
Women marching in the streets
and bent kneed athletes
We are refuges and dreamers
The Immigrants you blame
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are...
Remember who we are
We carry open scars
Forward in our wheelchairs
You cannot disregard us
As we block the halls of Congress
For the fear of a graveyard
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are...
We stood up to the Klansmen
And the Nazis just the same
And to a tone-deaf president
For whom the victim shares the blame
For a deadly act of terror to him it is just a game
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are...
We are scientists and teachers
Reporters on TV Investigators, lawyers
The facts are plain to see
The evidence is obvious
Don't look the other way
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are...
We know that all lives matter
But it doesn't seem that way
When the consequence of living
Is dying everyday...
If the motto of your force
Is self-service and neglect
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are...
The schools are filled with children
Who live with different rules
Drills and lockdowns put in place
Can't save them from these fools
As you pander to the worst in us
Young lives are laid to waste
We will come from near and far
Remember who we are



Nothing but A Dream

No one wants to lose their place in
line
Conceding all we had in better
times
The Fear is real of being left behind
So, struggle for position in this new
paradigm
(Chorus)
We gave up on the American dream

*Now we need a little cash and a simple scheme
To make it through the morning
Make it through the day, And the dark of night
In the USA
Took a knee to say he wasn't proud
Despite the boos of protest from the crowd
And The man who swore that he'd defend our
rights
Instead condemned the moment as a slight
And demanded that the boss's levy fines
Against anyone who dared to speak their mind
(Chorus)
I worry 'bout the damage that's been done
And the troubled waters further down the stream
Pull the ores, the worst is yet to come
I pray that this is nothing but a dream
Now my senator won't even take my call
When I try to tell him how I see it all
I need a doctor more than we need a wall
Lord knows I need a break, more than some
need it all
(Chorus)*

Abandoned Big Box Store

They are sleeping tonight near the border
In an abandoned big box store
In chain link cages with blankets for space
They sleep on linoleum floors
They came here seeking asylum
Then torn from the arms of their moms
They are sleeping tonight near the border
in an abandoned big box store

They came here from Honduras,
Guatemala and El Salvador
Their parents did what a parent would do
To escape brutal drug wars
They came here seeking asylum
Then torn from the arms their moms
who are sleeping tonight near the border
in an abandoned big box store

Congress does nothing, though they disapprove
For the press they will all shake their heads
But political threats trump moral regret
They protect their seats instead
Of families seeking asylum
Children torn from the arms of their moms
They are sleeping tonight near the border
in an abandoned big box store

The president blames the democrats
And demands that we build a wall
Or continue to separate mother and child
He could end this with one single call
he ramps up his rhetoric to rally his base
And enrage his deplorable core
they are sleeping tonight near the boarder
In an abandoned big box store

Will we stand up for these children?
Would you stand up for your own
if they were separated from you
For the crime of not having a home
They came here seeking asylum
Then torn from the arms of their moms
They are sleeping tonight near the border
in an abandoned big box store

Battle Of Topeka

Nathan sent a letter to his mother
From a re-enactment of the civil war
The south was losing again, running out of men
and provisions from a nearby liquor store
wearing grey will make a man grow bitter
Like a football fan in my home town last fall...
Starving for a win, they said let game begin
Today the south could win the war.
Preparing for an early sneak attack
General Lee was sipping from his flask
Rebels gathered in a line with blanks and rubber
knives
And advanced as they heard the cannon's roar
They shot the unsuspecting union soldiers
confused and overwhelmed the north gave up.
the Jayhawk regiment, failed to prevent
the southern army's bid to win the war
(Chorus)

*At the battle of Topeka
the south had won the war
But no battle flags or monuments were ever
restored
along the Kansas river, on the banks of the Kaw
There were rumors that the general had broken
laws*

*For the southern cause
Convinced that every human was born equal
Abe read from the Gettysburg regret
"We will know another birth, and not parish
from this earth"
On this day, the south has won the war
General Lee took in a round of golf
His victory seemed to Abe a little off
Lee boasted and bragged, Tweeted rude hashtags
Of the day that the south had won the war
Lee later ended up in handcuffs
When the police stopped him in the parking lot
Old Lee just saw blue, attacked the local cop
On the day that the south had won the war.
Well you know this story probably doesn't end
well
When the police ran the generals license plate
found a warrant or two, they dropped the other
shoe
On the day that the south had won the war
(Chorus)*

Winning isn't always all the matters
We're remembered for the way that we behave
The general was rude, the cop had a job to do
On the day that the south had won the war
Questions remain until this hour
Was there ever some deep conspiracy?
Was it all the little lies, that left him
compromised?
On the day that the south had won the war
(Chorus)
In a reenactment of the civil war



Sing Out

Sing out to the righteous and the holy
Any to the children that they may live
Sing out to the sinners her among us
Who have always sold you and I out
Sing out to the spirit he upon us
Lay down your man-made things
Open your arms and fly away
A great darkness has opened up my eyes
To a world That has always told me lies
Like a whisper or a Thunderous cry
I look somewhere deep inside my soul and I
know
I am your brother
I come from the same blood as you
you are my sister
We both come from the same root
Why don't we treat each other right
We treat each other like tools
I know we know our wrong from our right
Why do we keep on getting fooled
I am your brother
I come from the same blood as you
you are my sister
We both come from the same root
Sing out to the righteous and the holy
Any to the children that they may live
Sing out to the sinners her among us
Who have always sold you and I out
Sing out to the spirit he upon us
Lay down your man-made things
Open your arms and fly away

Under the bus

(Chorus)

He threw his first-born son

Under the bus

Cause he had nowhere to run

Under the bus

There is one thing you can trust

He's gonna do it to you,

Toss ya under the bus

He did it to his lawyer, he did it to his wife

Did it to his first-born son

He has done it all his life

He did it to his old friend Jeff for refusal to recuse

If you think that he has got your back

I bet that you're getting screwed

(Chorus)

He did it to the democrats

He did it to the judge

Did it to the FBI

Talk about a grudge

He did it to republicans

He did it to the press

He did it to the NFL

Just to cover up his mess

(Chorus)

He did it to the Mexicans

Did it to the brits

Did it to the Canadians

And every immigrant

He did it to the whole wide world

Except for a guy named Vlad

Makes your mind kind wonder

What that Russian had

(Chorus)

All Songs written by Charlie Mosbrook

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