## MACKLEMORE, Wednesday Morning

Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wavin', Glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change on the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell of a night

Humanity is a privilege, we can't give in When they build walls, we'll build bridges This is resistance, we're resilient When they spread hate, we shine brilliant March by the millions 'til they hear the children We found ourselves at a distance Open up the jails and the overcrowded cells When we oppress anyone, we oppress ourselves Greatest gift I ever learned is helpin' someone else You feel fully fulfilled 'cause you forget about yourself Service, purpose works if you work it Love everyone regardless of the God they worship This isn't the Apocalypse We can't address the hate 'til we acknowledge it If Jesus was alive, would he let Mohamed in? This isn't nature, my daughter hugs strangers We teach fear and preach hatred Put up a fence, scared to meet our neighbors Think that if we let them in, they'll take advantage of us later There's so much anger in this world as I raise her My daughter, hope it's a dream when I wake up tomorrow

Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wavin', Glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change on the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell of a night

And we fight for the people that haven't had a voice
Fight for the first amendment, fight for freedom of choice
Fight for women's rights, if she does or doesn't carry
We ride for all the Queer folk and fight for all to get married
I'm not moving to Canada, not fleeing the nation
No time for apathy, no more tears and no complainin'
Gotta fight harder for the next four and what we're faced with
Got my daughter in my arms and he is not gonna raise her

Bad taste, bad taste in my mouth
Glad wavin', Glad wavin' at a Patriots house
Lookin' for change on the couch
Mad world, mad world, that's what the TV said
Imagine tryna keep your head
While your daughter sleeps in bed
And when she wakes up, will the world be the same?
Will my girl be afraid in the home of the brave?
See I hope, I hope, that it's gon' be alright
But what a hell of a night