

Grievance Merchants

Drive-By Truckers

As long as there have been stories, lies, and airwaves
What makes a man a man's been right up front
In visions boys are sold of what it could be
Grievance when it ain't like what they thought
When money and respect seem to elude him
And being white alone don't make the ladies swoon
There's no shortage when it comes to hearin' voices
Tellin' him it's him that's done unto

Say his trouble with the ladies can't be his fault
After all, he's what it's natural they should want
There's just outside forces turnin' them against him
A conspiracy to water down his blood
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And it's all the fault of "it", or "them", or "they"
Give a boy a target for his grievance
And he might get it in his head they need to pay

Yeah, givin' boys targets for their grievance
And then mockin' those who bear the pain they cause
It takes a certain special kinda someone
To cash the check it brings and sleep at all
The demonizin' of the trouble-minded
With all the usual suspects on the scene
Merchants sellin' young men reclamation
Merchants sellin' old men back their dreams

Oh, in suspended disbelief and wishful thinkin'
Comes the vision of a special hell for cons
Who sell their marks the doubt it even happened
An eternity for every tear they mock
An eternity for every tear they mock
May the price of freedom finally be their own
May our thoughts and our prayers keep them company
As they wallow in their helplessness alone
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