When I was small I used to stand With my hand on my heart And I would sing to you You were my son and my lover My father and my brother I believed in you It was so easy then

It was so easy then
But where are you now
It seems like you can't hear me anymore
Maybe you're just getting too old

But do you remember
201 years ago
When you were young
How strong you had become
Promising every one you sweet gift of freedom,
Now you know exactly who I am
I seem to tell you all the time
Now tell me some kind of truth about yourself
Your life should be as opena s mine
There are children dying for you
That doesn't sound like freedom to me
You keep lyin' about why they're dyin'
When they should be conceived in liberty

Show yourself
Show yourself to me
You're the one that told me
Remember
You told me I was born to be free
Open all your doors I want to see
All your doors and your keys
I want to see I want to hear you
All 88 keys yeah
Oh give it to me
Show yourself
Show yourself to me
I want to see tha stars and the stripes
That can make those things scream

Show yourself
Show yourself to me
Expose yourself I want to see your face
Come on give it to me
Show yourself
Show yourself to me
Are you RCA
Are you Standard Oil
Are you A.T.&T. I want to see
Give it to me if you got one
I want to see come on and show yourself
Who runs this? who runs this country?
Show me
Show yourself
Give it to me

Show yourself to me
I want to know I want to see
Give it to me show yourself
Show yourself to me
I want you know I want to see
Give it to me show yourself
Show yourself to me
Who runs it? who runs it around?
Show me show me show your face to me