

North Pole

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You were born
into this world that never gave you
much to take from and to save
yourself, just tricks of all kind.
And this land
with it's history so heavy
you would develop scoliosis
right around the age of mine.

You're a North Pole,
just a North Pole.
Quickly tell me now that you want me
ain't that the only thing left to do?
Wanna crush and burn,
move over, now it's my turn.
From our fathers
and fathers of our fathers
proudly historically screwed.

Dying in the living room
to the music from America
so proudly universal,
that they like to call it soul.
Oh what to do with
all of this potential...

Once my uncle had a tank
now he's a tanker of the highest rank.

I'm a North Pole...

Oh how I love this town,
on day my love will
burn it to the ground...