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Say that you will carry the torch
Say that you will beat the winning drum
You'll be there when the saints roll in
With a back made of rubber, half made out of tin
How many times does
The snake crawl out of its skin?
You change your spots
But I will not
You say you'll put your trust in that old American flag
You say there is still no place like home
That you'll still go to war when your papers come
Surrender your nerve to a Gatling gun
Come back home maimed
Tell everyone you'll be happy
With the time you've got
But I will not
I will not follow
I will not follow
I will not follow
No
You say that you'll wear the colors, blue and grey
You say you'll wear the colors, black and red
You wear whichever color shines most, bright so
You can shine like Blake's eternal tiger in the night
You say that you will carry the torch
You say that you will beat the winning drum
You say that there is still no place like home
No place like home, sweet home
You say that everyone
Gotta change their spots
But I will not
No, I will not
I will not follow
I will not follow
I will not follow
I will not follow, no
No, I will not follow
I will not follow
No, I will not
I will not follow
Not follow any one
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I will not follow