

# ALEX ADDAMS

FUCK YOU, MAKE ME!

When I grow, I'll carry the flame,  
with honor and truth, not profit or fame.  
I'll build a tower on values I trust,  
not on deception, not on dust.

When I grow, I'll lead with a voice,  
where dialogue matters, where freedom's a choice.  
Left, right, center. We may disagree,  
but open debate will keep us free.

But if they come to strip away,  
the rights that guard what I must say,  
My First Amendment is my shield,  
it's not for sale, it will not yield.

And in that fight, my words won't sway,  
no bribe, no threat can make me stray.  
I'll echo John Oliver's battle plea:  
"Fuck you, make me!"  
Let it be.

Fuck you, make me!  
I won't fall, free speech stands above it all.  
Fuck you, make me! Hear my call!  
This is the right that crowns us all.

When I grow, I'll look in the glass,  
proud of the path, the storms I pass.  
No wealth can buy what the poor still seek,  
no gold can silence the right to speak.

When I grow, I'll fight for the ground,  
for every lost and voiceless sound.  
Society's core is not for sale,  
without these rights, we surely fail.

Fuck you!  
I won't fall, free speech stands above it all.  
Fuck you, make me! Hear my call!  
This is the right that crowns us all.

No profit is worth what the people need,  
no kingdom survives if the voiceless bleed.  
No law can erase what the truth became,  
no tyrant can bury the human flame.

Fuck you!  
I won't fall, free speech stands above it all.  
Fuck you, make me! Hear my call!  
This is the right that crowns us all.