Deal With the Devil

Lizzy Borden

Please clean your plate dear
The Lord above can see you
Don't you know people are starving in Korea
Alcohol and razor blades and poison and needles
Kindergarten people, they use them, they need them
The over-indulgent machines were their children
There wasn't a way down on Earth here to cool them
'Cause they looked just like humans
At Kresge's and Woolworth's
But decadent brains were at work to destroy
Brats in batallions were ruling the streets
Saying generation landslide
Closed the gap between them
And I laughed to myself at the men and the ladies
Who never conceived of us billion dollar babies
Militant mothers hiding in their basements
Using pots and pans as thier shields and their helmets
Molotov milk bottles heaved from pink high chairs
While Mother's Lib burned birth certificate papers
Dad gets his allowance from his sonny the dealer
Who's pubic to the world but involved in high finance
Sister's out till five doing banker's son's hours
But she owns a Maserati that's a gift from his father
Stopped at full speed at one hundred miles per hour
The Colgate invisible shield finally got 'em
But I laughed to myself at the men and the ladies
Who never conceived of us billion dollar babies

Songwriters
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