Hole in One

Desaparecidos

The man at the bank said, oh let's not talk percentage
Fourteen hour day and still have two mortgages
We'll start for aid gave you an ad campaign
It didn't helpYou took your family and joined in the urban sprawl
You can't see the stars as well but you're near the mall
You stand no more in line at some convenient store
It is way too longUsed to work your land fed thousands of mouth
Now you eat their shit for the money now
You emptied your heart to fill your bank accountWell I should talk I'm just the same
Buy my records down at the corporate chain
I tell myself I shouldn't be ashamed
But I amAdolescence made her an activist
Now she is the one who does all the lecturing
They got their eighteen holes, should have told them
To dig one more, your dream is deadWon't eat their food or wear their clothes
Always wants to know where her money goes
But will shell it out for filling up her noseSo run it up, I'll run my mouth
Never mind the shit that I sing about
Because I'd sell myself to buy a fucking houseTwelve thousand square foot, four car garage
Tennis court, swimming pool in the back yard
I know it can seem like a lot
That's why I pay someone to clean it upGonna clean it up, my big house

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