Ramona Moraga

Babyland

As if isolation's not enough
Just try to organize and rise above it
Then you'll find out what it's all about
This is not my community
This is not what I represent
Participation's breathing down my neck
There's no way I'm giving in
But still you're stuck living in ...
Ramona
Where there's nothing more than meets the eye
A peaceful lie for vat-grown teenage alcoholics
Unchallenged by adversity
Disjoint from history
And pinned down by boredom
In lowered trucks and concert shirts
It's a great place for children and pets
It's a rural cage with no need for walls
The blind youth crawl insanely towards the nets
In search of identity
They're already condemned to
Poorly planned pregnancies and vocations
But you know what
They don't want
(Welcome to Del Taco, may I take your order?)
All the politics of growing up
As if coping with it ain't enough
You try to organize and rise above it
Because you found out what it's all about (bullsh ...)
This is not my community
This is not what I represent
Participation's breathing down my neck
There's no way I'm giving in
But still you're stuck living in ...
Moraga
It won't let things change
An upper-crust fairy tale for the popular and decent kids
Ignorant of reality
Handed everything from hatred to their G.T.I.
Ganja, kegs and football games

With the cops there to keep out all minorities
A quiet fraud buried in the hills
Where schooling means exclusivity, intolerance and hypocrisy
And the sad thing is
You better get used to it
Because high school, it never ends
Welcome to the system
(You got a problem with me?)
This is not our community
This is not what we represent
Participation ain't where it's at
There's no way we're giving in
Yet still we're stuck living in
R.A.M.O.N.A. M.O.R.A.G.A.
R.A.M.O.N.A. M.O.R.A.G.A.
(Hey, where're ya from?)

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