

Ungowa!

Victims Family

Wake up to the nagging of the clock radio and the sick world news
starts to pour and flow. Got yer murders, rapes and stabbings, and yer
child abuse, some guy's trying to tell you how to clean yer tooth.

Drive to work make yer way trough the billboard maze, try to catch
yer breath in the smog and haze, there's signs to sell you sex and drugs
to ease the pain and more TV shows to numb yer dead brain.

Read the paper, catch the latest body count score, turn the page and
find out 'bouth Zsa Zsa Gabor. Look down and see another pantyhose
ad, flip the page and find out why Johnny can't add.

Everything's the same when you see it on TV.
So why the heck should you even listen to me?

United States of
Generica.

Drive home, listen to the gab gab gab, evening news makes it all seem
so drab, acid rain into a cat food commercial, every day's just another
boring rehearsal.

Eat a TV dinner from a microwave oven. Geraldo's got a satanic
witchcraft coven sponsored by Lysol to keep you germ-free.

Why the heck should you even listen to me?

See the half-naked girl for the TV tease. AIDS is the ultimate media
disease. It's got sex and death and drugs to keep the ratings high.

Change the channel, belch and fart and don't ask why.
Never expect the whole story.

'cause everything's the same when you see it on TV.

UNGOWA!

Kiss the wife goodnight and dream of endless hysteria. Welcome my
friends to the United States of Generica.

UNGOWA!

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