

Progress

Pedro the Lion

Here we have our dust free dining set
We guarentee it won't collect a spec
Freeing up the children to instead
Grow into your molding
Heed more of your scolding
Go early to their new self-making beds
It seems like you'd be tired of losing face
Like you'd want to put the children in their place
The more you have to tell them to do their chores
The more you run the risk of being ignored
If you're lucky they'll turn out as good as you
You tell them that they're good kids
But you know that it's not true
Your father drank a little
You're on liver number two
Progress has a way of feigning ease
Convenient new inventions bait the tease
For, though it is impossible to cure
A husband bent on cheating
The oxygen's depleting
A child who's always bragging
A wife's persistent nagging
We're equipped to live as though it were
If you're lucky they'll turn out as good as you
You tell them that they're good kids
But you know that it's not true
Your fatehr drank a little
You're on liver number two

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