

Bovine Spungiform Economics

Million Dead

The maternity ward
where I was born
was knocked down in the first Gulf War to build an airport
for housing Allied steel,
for upholding Allied ideals,
like a stable petroleum price and consumer choice
Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began
Our few remaining parks
are being smothered by cinemas,
and the requisite stock of car-parks (it's not the same)
And our children will rejoice
in unbridled freedom of choice
of superstores and different brands of cultural decay
Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began
You only get out what you put in,
and all that we pay is credence sincere at the altars of competition and desire
All choice and no need makes Jack a dull economist
They're selling ad-space on the subway walls,
and privatizing the tenement halls,
prophet and cause superseded by profit and loss
They'd have Marshall's mustachiod face
staring down from every public place
if they taught honest history in schools and people knew who he was
Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began

Songwriters

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RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIA

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