Disgrace

Jets to Brazil

When you drive a nail through all that's good,
the carpenter becomes the wood.
If my concentration sounds like wreckage,
it's 'cause I got a new feeling every thirty seconds.
We put a monkey up in space and I know exactly how he felt.
Looking at the latticework of stars, missing his brothers back home.
Too much for a postcard.
Mercy, have we gone too far?
Who put all these criminals in charge?
Did they win, or just hold all the cards?
I'm leaving my place in LA, I'm gonna live in my car.
Surgery girls, from the USO.
Flown farm fresh, pure as snow.
Hand me that flask.
I just can't take it.
She had the eyes of my mom but she was turning me on.
Now I'm fading.
I got duct tape all around my heart.
I got a satellite dish to julienne my mind.
Two-hundred channels,
nothing's on but those network news can make your eyes see blonde.
Mercy, have we lost our way?
Did we come down the ladder from the apes?
Oh, those lonely apes.
Will the beard of the prophet be assuaged?
I was putting my shit in the car when the copters came.
They put a monkey in the white house and his uncle in the movies.
Now the real monkey wants a re-count.
He just couldn't believe they were his own family with those values.
Mercy, pick up your guitar.
We'll need a lot of heroes for this war.
Pick up your guitar.
"Will the last band please bring the flag?"
'cause no one's rocking the boat
and some kids here said they wanna dance.

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