

Lost In America

Crack the Sky

Here's Mr White, he's an executive
Here's Mrs White, she's an executive
Just like him
They drive a white Seville with bullet-proof glass
So they don't get killed when they're
Buying their cocain
Stuffing it up their noses
Showing their children why we're

Lost In America, lost In America
Living in circles like we're dreaming

Here's Capt'n Tom, he's with the CIA
He keeps us safe and sound from foreign enemy
He sells them guns and bombs and secret plans
So they can run when he finally gets caught
Living in Mexico
Writing a book about how we're

Lost In America, lost In America
Living in circles like we're dreaming

Here's Jimmy-Jeff-Bob, he's with the NRA
He likes to keep his guns around the house
Just in case
Sundays he visits his son who's doing time for
Shooting someone
And we quietly stand by
Thoughtfully close our eyes
Fall on our knees and cry that we're

Lost In America, lost In America
Living in circles like we're dreaming