

Hole In One

Desaparecidos

The man at the bank said, "Oh lets not talk percentages"
You work a fourteen hour day and still have two mortgages
You asked the state for aid
And they gave you an ad campaign, that didn't help

So you took your family and joined in the urban sprawl
Now you can't see the stars as well, but you're near the mall
You don't know where you stand no more
In line at some convenient store
That is way too long

You used to work your land, fed thousands of mouths
Now you eat their shit for the money now
You emptied your heart to fill your bank account
Well I should talk I'm just the same
Buy my records down at the corporate chain
I tell myself I shouldn't be ashamed
But I am!

Adolescence made her an activist
Now she is the one who does all the lecturing
They got eighteen holes
You should have told them to dig one more
The dream is dead

Won't eat their food or wear their clothes
She always wants to know where her money goes
But will shell it out for filling up her nose
So run it up I'll run my mouth
But never mind the shit
That I sing about because I'd sell myself to buy a fucking house
Twelve thousand square foot four car garage
Tennis court and swimming pool in the back yard
I know it can seem like a lot
But that is why I pay someone to clean it up

We'll clean it up
My big house!