

## Mall Of America

## Desaparecidos

They say it's murder on your folk career  
To make a rock record with the Disappeared  
We'll let the police helicopters  
Pull stereos out of the lake

There is not an image that I must defend  
There are no art forms now, just capitalism  
So send the National Guard to the Mall of America

And they can dress dead bodies up  
In tight designer jeans  
Diesel! Prada!!!  
It looks good. It looks good. Yeah, it does

I'm gonna lie down with the common sound  
I'm gonna bury my blues so it's never found  
I'm gonna learn to pay attention  
To the television sets

And if my sadness needs a catalyst  
I'll just uncover my eyes, so much stimulus  
And at the shopping epicenter  
I have an agoraphobic fit

So buy a fountain soda  
Put some sugar on my tongue  
I'll wake and write some songs with no soul  
With no soul