

## White Houses

Eric Burdon

White houses in neat little rows  
Contrasting against the sky  
Tumbled down black shacks over the tracks  
Children so hungry they could cry  
The chrome, the steel, the metal dream  
Leaving the teepee to rot  
The escapist young mind, left behind  
Saving dimes for community pot

You better get straight  
Better, better get straight  
I feel you better get straight right now  
Better get straight babe

They're crying out for love  
All the time  
But they fail to see the neighbors eyes  
The TV is on, 6 o clock news  
And channels in full colored lies  
The company meets, the president speaks  
He's young but his bones creak  
Young girl dresses for the highschool dance  
And the guy next door is dying for a beat

Get straight  
You better, yes you better get straight babe  
Did you hear what I said?  
I said to you, that you, you better get straight

They put a bible in a drawer  
Of the motel room  
And it's crying out to be read  
But it stays right there, collecting dust  
No one understands what's being said  
Lovers make love in country boxes  
What will tomorrow bring?  
They've been told that it's wrong  
But they don't give a damn  
Soon another life it will bring

You better get straight babe  
Yeah, you better get straight baby