

The Triumph Of Trash

John Wesley Harding

I sing of the triumph of trash
The rise to success of hard cash
The birth of annihilation
The end of my patience
I sing of the triumph of trash

Trash is the product of greed
Selfishness planted the seed
Everybody knows
Money makes it grow
Trash is the product of greed

Trash needs nostalgia to breathe
It brings a familiar relief
Deja vu is all that matters
Unless we predicted it, it never happened
Trash needs nostalgia to breathe

Trash is at once high and low
It panders to the worst parts of both
We're so pleased we're in agreement
Our heads in clouds, our feet in cement
Trash is at once high and low

Hope is left out in the cold
Looking for pieces of gold
Our refuse has no limits
She tries to live in it
Hope is left out in the cold

I sing of the triumph of trash
The past is a grate full of ash
No morals and no sinners
So there's no losers and no winner
And I sing of the triumph of trash