

# 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