

Rich People Can't Breed

Piebald

People to see places to go.
And then I ended up in Babylon.
"At the risk of sounding rude," she asked,
"Do you have any nice clothes?"
And me so smart I said something good.
"I got a suit and I wear it well."
Yeah, yeah, yeah - oh.

I am still wandering around the place you call your home.
I am still wondering about the things you call your own.

Too hot for the hot tub and too young to realize what is going on.
I wonder if you grow up here, are you stuck here for the rest of your life?
I can't believe the creatures that I see here,
they better look out for strange men like me.
If you can't look ugly what can you look.
Or better yet who can you look at.

I am still wandering around the place you call your home.
I am still wondering about the things you call your own.

No imperfections around here.
What makes it possible for there to be babes of Babylon.
Please don't become what you own.
I can't wait to see you when you're dreaming of this place.

Rich people can breed, not a lie.
Makes a good ending to the story.
No, no, no, no!