

## These Burgers

## The Moldy Peaches

When the world's got you down  
Rainy Sundays, sunny town  
Tropicana, canned foods  
Botulism, damaged goods  
See the hipsters in the park  
Hair so styled, clothes so dark  
Prefab molded hamburgers  
I don't want a bite of yours

These burgers are crazy  
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They don't like you, never will  
They slip you the happy pill  
Assimilation, so they think  
Send you to the naughty shrink  
You just tell him lies, lies  
Paranoia, bugs and flies  
You don't like them, never did  
You don't like them, never did

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