

Well, traffic is kind of bad
They're widening Easy Street to fit more S.U.V.s
They're planting baby trees
To grow to shady peaks
A little shelter from the sun
Or the upper tax bracket
Here on the cul-de-sac, we are not giving back
Until the community repents

Because we can't afford to be generous
There are closing costs and a narrow margin
So go earn your degree and we'll take you out to lunch
You can work for us but you have to eat 'em all up

One more mouthful and we will be happy then

Out west they are moving dirt
To make a greater Omaha
Another franchise sold so there are even more restaurants per capita
And they have all got a drive-through
I mean, who's got time to dine?
Although the floors are clean and the color scheme
It compliments me every time

So no one starves in this cattle town
The semis pass making squealing sounds
And it's all you can eat and they will never get enough
They'll be feeding us. They'll be feeding on us

One more mouthful and they will be happy then

All those golden fields, lovely empty space
They're building drug stores now until none remains
I have been driving now for one hundred blocks
Saw fifty Kum and Go's, sixty parking lots

One more mouthful and I'm sure they will be happy then
Just one more. Just one more