

Mall Of America

Desaparecidos

They say it's murder on your folk career
To make a rock record with the Disappeared
We'll let the police helicopters
Pull stereos out of the lake

There is not an image that I must defend
There are no art forms now, just capitalism
So send the National Guard to the Mall of America

And they can dress dead bodies up
In tight designer jeans
Diesel! Prada!!!
It looks good. It looks good. Yeah, it does

I'm gonna lie down with the common sound
I'm gonna bury my blues so it's never found
I'm gonna learn to pay attention
To the television sets

And if my sadness needs a catalyst
I'll just uncover my eyes, so much stimulus
And at the shopping epicenter
I have an agoraphobic fit

So buy a fountain soda
Put some sugar on my tongue
I'll wake and write some songs with no soul
With no soul