

Marlon Brando, Porsches, Hondas and Me

Favez

He took a bored look at the cars
And sighed they're all the same these days
All cloned on some generic futuristic korean toy
All plodding down the road
From home to work to where you wish
When all you wish is to get there
In something worth a single stare

At least a glance
Of something that really counts
For one that really cares

He said listen to the radios
All blasting in the bars
What a db load of shit
We get from synthesized guitars
And that's when we're lucky
And we're spared the clasic eurobeat
Of some overtitted bimbo
Antaressing in the heat

And I swear if I could spare the spit
I'd lay one on your shiny suit or was it car
That the great man used in a song
That we wrote about the time things went wrong
And now we're living in a carnival world
We're sold us watching mirrors
Watching us getting old

He stood up in the restaurant
And said don't you people mind
This tv's out of focus
And there's a big green number nine
Across the face of marlon brando
As he's screaming out his lines
From a thousand bose tweeters
Line up like afiring squad

And it's our backs against the wall
And anytime one of us falls
Some moron takes his place
With a big fat smile on his big fat face
He likes the animation
He says, my fuel is adrenalin
It's not written in the constitution
That I'm not allowed to have some fun

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Oh give me something that really counts
For one that really cares