

Garbage Day

Rare Americans

Do unto others, his mama taught
'Til she got shot in a parking lot
By a mad mad man, with a bad bad plan
Coming off duty, Afghanistan
Easily bought, own weapon of war
Like a pack of darts, local corner store
My daughter and son both asking for guns
"Protection daddy! The other grade ones"
He sleeps easy, despite the blood on his hands
He's a yellow-bellied coward with his head in the sand
His money is made, little too little I'm afraid
This man here only gives to be paid

Bang Bang!
Bang Bang!

Smile like you just got paid
Laugh like you just got laid
Wouldn't have it any other way
I'm a dog on garbage day
Garbage day
Garbage day

The coward with the crowned head
Balderdash's all damn day, like the truth is dead
He don't lie in his mind, he don't serve the tribe
He ain't the fella you wanna go to if you in a bind
He's a tanned talking mop, motor mouth won't stop
Gifted, he was driven, he was born to cut ribbons
He's the at bat, plutocrat, the people's aristocrat
We bought a cat in a sack and now we can't take it back

Bang Bang!
Bang Bang!

Smile like you just got paid
Laugh like you just got laid
Wouldn't have it any other way
I'm a dog on garbage day
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A-woo-oo, a-woo-oo, a-woo-oo, oo-oo
A-woo-oo, a-woo-oo, a-woo-oo, oo-oo
Garbage day
Garbage day