

## Accidentally 4th Street (gloria)

The Echoing Green

Well, we're looking at the cover, spending all our time  
Just staring at the magazine  
Well, look who's on the cover wasting all our time  
Some psuedo-fascist hero machine  
Well, that's no space for a human being  
That man is not a hero or saint  
When somewhere in deepest America  
Grown men weep at the sound of his name  
So it goes...

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key  
The sun rose in the west today  
Accidents in the land of the free

Well I grew up where they showed you the body count  
In color on the dinner TV  
And I've been numbed so insensitive  
That all I can think about is you and me  
Children from the best homes they all have guns and butter  
They have their share of murder blue  
Well it's not such a wiggy-awesome-good-time  
When a shopping mall milita point their cannons at you  
So it goes....

Everyone believes in the stories 'bout the Cadillacs  
Everybody's got enough to eat  
And people always keep their eyes glued to the ground  
When a desperate man, he's gotta cling to the street  
And I swear to myself I will help them  
I will be an upstanding man  
But when I walk by and I hear them cry  
That money just sticks to my hand  
What's wrong with me!