

These Burgers

The Moldy Peaches

When the world's got you down
Rainy Sundays, sunny town
Tropicana, canned foods
Botulism, damaged goods
See the hipsters in the park
Hair so styled, clothes so dark
Prefab molded hamburgers
I don't want a bite of yours

These burgers are crazy
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They don't like you, never will
They slip you the happy pill
Assimilation, so they think
Send you to the naughty shrink
You just tell him lies, lies
Paranoia, bugs and flies
You don't like them, never did
You don't like them, never did

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