

Down in Suburbia

The Turtles

All they ever smoke is tobacco in Suburbia
All they ever smoke is tobacco in Suburbia
Everybody brags about
The way they done somebody out
Of money they have cleverly invested
Everyone is making friends
With other people just like them
And anyone who's different is detested

I come home and I lay me down (Suburbia)
I get a call to come downtown (Suburbia)
And go my brother's bail, he's been arrested (Suburbia, Suburbia)
For smilin' (Ahh)
And they ever smoke is tobacco in Suburbia

Nobody ever dresses sloppy in Suburbia, ha!
Nobody ever dresses sloppy in Suburbia
Mr. Brown wears herringbone
When stepping out with Mrs. Jones
To keep the local gossip hounds from staring
And Mr. Wilson combs his hair
To carry on his big affair
With Mrs. Smith, who by the way, never dresses daring

No one stabs his neighbor's back (Suburbia)
Or welches on his income tax (Suburbia)
Without sincere concern that he is wearing (Suburbia, Suburbia)
Proper styling (Ahh)
And nobody ever dresses sloppy in Suburbia

Nobody is ever un-American in Suburbia, ha!
Nobody is ever un-American in Suburbia
Everybody has a list
Of Negroes, Jews and communists
And checks it off before their daughter marries
Ginsberg is a socialist
He can't write poems like Edgar Guest
And Henry Miller's not in their library (too bad)

You disagree, they gonna knock you flat (Suburbia)
'Cause Reader's Digest tells them that (Suburbia)
Their life is a bowl of maraschino cherries (Suburbia, Suburbia)
Though bills are piling (Ahh)

Nobody is ever un-American in Suburbia
And nobody every dresses sloppy in Suburbia
And all they ever smoke is tobacco in Suburbia

Suh uh uh uh uh uh
Uh uh uh uh uh
Bur-bee-ah