

Vacation, The "Trash"

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It's in the starstruck evening news...trash.
It's in the junk that you call food...trash.
Well, what you are is what you eat...trash.
It's coming out when I hear you speak.

Dimestore, baby, ain't built to last.
American made, I want it fast.
Use me up and throw me away,
You only want a pretty face.

(chorus):
You did it for the cash...trash!
Yeah, you did it for the cash...trash!

And magazines that smell like sex...trash.
And everything at the cineplex...trash.
It sucks you in, but it's just a trick...trash.
'Cuz in the end it'll make you sick.

Dimestore, baby, ain't built to last.
American made and I want it fast.
Use me up and throw me away,
You only want my pretty face.
You did it for the cash...trash!

(chorus 2x)

Aww, can't you hear them fat cats laughin' at ya?

Executives lead expensive lives...selling trash.
With lucky hookers that they call wives...fucking trash
And though you live up in malibu...trash
You know you're only one step removed from poor
white trash.

(chorus out)

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