

D.R.I. "Give My Taxes Back"

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They block out the landscape with giant signs
Covered with pretty girls and catchy lines
Put up fences and cement the ground
To dull my senses, keep the flowers down
I want 'em back
Spend my money on a race to space
Wasting my money, slapping my face
They've taken a peek over future's fence
Taken a peek at my expense

They've wasted human lives
And they've fucked up mine
I want it back
I'm not into the material scene
Polyester, polyethylene
At least give me a chance to say what I want
The more you waste, the more you want
I want 'em back
I want 'em back
I want 'em back
Give 'em back!

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