

## Desaparecidos "Hole In One"

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The man at the bank said, oh let's not talk percentage  
Fourteen hour day and still have two mortgages  
We'll start for aid gave you an ad campaign  
It didn't help

You took your family and joined in the urban sprawl  
You can't see the stars as well but you're near the mall  
You stand no more in line at some convenient store  
It is way too long

Used to work your land fed thousands of mouth  
Now you eat their shit for the money now  
You emptied your heart to fill your bank account

Well I should talk I'm just the same  
Buy my records down at the corporate chain  
I tell myself I shouldn't be ashamed  
But I am

Adolescence made her an activist  
Now she is the one who does all the lecturing  
They got their eighteen holes, should have told them  
To dig one more, your dream is dead

Won't eat their food or wear their clothes  
Always wants to know where her money goes  
But will shell it out for filling up her nose

So run it up, I'll run my mouth  
Never mind the shit that I sing about  
Because I'd sell myself to buy a fucking house

Twelve thousand square foot, four car garage  
Tennis court, swimming pool in the back yard  
I know it can seem like a lot  
That's why I pay someone to clean it up

Gonna clean it up, my big house

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