

Desaparecidos **"Mall Of America"**

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They say it's murder on your folk career
To make a rock record with the disappeared
We'll let the police helicopters pull stereos out of the
lake

There is not an image that I must defend
There are no art forms now just capitalism
So send the national guard to the mall of America

And they can dress dead bodies up in tight designer
jeans
Diesel Prada it looks good, it looks good, it looks good
Yeah it does

I'm gonna lie down with a common sound
I'm gonna bury my blues, so it's never found
I'm gonna learn to pay attention to the television sets

And if my sadness needs a catalyst
I'll just uncover my eyes so much stimulus
And at the shopping epicenter, I have an agoraphobic
fit

So buy a fountain soda, put some sugar on my tongue
I'll wake up and write some songs, with no soul
With no soul, with no soul

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