

Desaparecidos

"Survival Of The Fittest / It's A Jungle Out..."

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He hides in his suit like a snake in the grass
His sales pitch fork tongue hissed
Now the wolves wear their name tags they are hunting
in packs
Herding their prey up the aisles and back
They're smiling
Their teeth are showing
While the doctors and lawyers like vultures descend
They swoop down to the scene of the car accident
To pick the victims to pieces then
There is the sly fox makes his money
Telescamming notch babies
He says the end is near buy my policy
I'll make you young again
I'll make you young again
[wooh!!]
Take the cash from my hand
Hear the register sing
And the roar of the lion logo on the screen
He's hungry
I should buy some popcorn
So I exit the dark feeling blind in the sun
And the bobcats look tired they ate their fill of asphalt
Because we need more parking
With so many rows
Up at the pulpit rams and bugs
The news cameras capture guerilla warfare
Eagles into buildings crash
Landed despair is all that there is now
In a cubical cage that smells like a rat
Whose smile gets bigger along with your debt
Don't take it personal it's just business

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