

Bobs**"Please Let Me Be Your Third World Country"**

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I was sensitive before it was in style

But that was never enough

Ever new philosophy that you'd adopt

Seemed to make sense to me too

When we tripped together I thought we were in love

When I saw colors, you saw pigs

Then you took me to the sit-in at the Pentagon

How you opened up my eyes

You got into knowing yourself

I got into knowing myself

Everything I did was

Everything you did

I always was one step behind

In my personal growth

When we pulled the last troops out of Vietnam

I thought you'd have more time for screwing

How could I have been so blind to women's rights and
such

There's always so much to be doing

It was so hard for me to give up wearing fur

But in my heart I feel much better

The whales are safe for now, but Nicaragua burns

I just can't share your concern any more

Just give some attention to me

The world is O.K., let it be

Just give some attention to me

Please let me be your third world country

And I'll be:

Politically Correct

Donate all your co-op dividends to me

Politically Correct

Hold a benefit for me, a benefit for me

Politically Correct

You and Jackson Browne can write a song for me

Politically Correct

Honk if you love me

Politically Correct

I'll build a wheelchair ramp to your heart

Politically Correct

I'm an endangered species, so save me

Politically Correct

I have 70,000 signatures demanding you go home

with me tonight

Politically Correct

Taste me, taste me, I'm organic!

Politically Correct

Take off your hats, this is the climax

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