

Figures On A Beach "Accidentally 4th Street"

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Well we're looking at the cover,
We're spending all our time
Just staring at the magazine

Well, look who's on the cover,
wasting all our time...
some pseudo-fascist hero-machine

Well, that's no space for a human being
That man is not a hero or saint.
When somewhere in deepest America,
Grown men weep at the sound of his name
So it goes, and it goes...

All the girls named Gloria
Sing sweetly out of key.
The sun rose in the west today,
accidents in the land of the free...

Well I grew up where they showed you the body count
In color on your dinner TV
And I've been numbed so insensitive
That all I can think about is You and Me
You know, children from the best homes
They all have guns n' butter

They have their share of murder blue
Well it's not such a wiggly-awesome good time
When the shopping-mall militia point their cannons at
you..
So it goes..

All the girls named Gloria
Sing sweetly out of key
The sun rose in the west today
Accidents in the land of the free
I love this world harder in my imagination
Than my conscience should allow
But accidents do happen, accidents will happen
Don't you dare to ask me how.

All the girls named Gloria

Sing sweetly out of key
The sun rose in the west today
Accidents in the land of the free
I love this world harder in my imagination
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But accidents do happen, accidents will happen
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