

Jello Biafra

"Burgers Of Wrath"

Visit "[Burgers Of Wrath](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Crossing the land
On vacation
Saw lots of families
So much like ours
All they got left
Piled in their cars
Can't get those desperate faces
Off our minds

But now we're stuck
On that same road
Company shipped our jobs
To Mexico
Soup is good food
You made a good meal
But don't blame us
Blame the Japanese

Seasons of rust
Age of decline
Make cars that fall apart
People get wise
More sour grapes that never
Turn into wine
Just Burgers of wrath

Reached the Northwest
There's nothing left
Forest strip-mined away
The fish are dead
Executives
Twist things around
Got people they wiped out
All blaming owls

The ranger says she hates to
As she kicks us out
Our 30 days are up
At this campground
Tourist yell, "Get a job!"
There's none around
Just burgers of wrath

Par for the course
We're on the streets
Whole family begging change
In fog city
New job don't mean
Roof over our heads
Can't save enough
For first and last months rent

Try not to snap
Don't hit the kids
It's bad enough
Growing up like this
A storage space
Guard shines a light
We huddle in our locker
Quiet as mice

Just like mice

We've even got
Tuberculosis on the rise
Thousand more banks fail
Yet, the crisis is denied
President says, "Sacrifice..."
There's no new deal this time

Just burgers of wrath
More burgers of wrath

Visit [Jello Biafra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.