

Miss Black America "Montana"

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We thought big 'cause we felt little
And scared the future would leave us behind
We would find joy through acquisition
Those happy days could not be yours or mine
Until

We got it all
Faster than a rabbit gets fucked
But
Inside we're still us

We acted cheap to gather riches
We took the American Dream to bed
And woke up impotent with sickness
The weight of all the world rests on our empty
Heads

We got it all
What the hell do they mean when they say
"You know, daaaaahling,
"Somethings got to give"?

What they don't know
Cannot hurt them
We must tell them
We must tell them.

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