

Rodriguez

"This Is Not a Song, It's an Outburst: or The Establishment's Blues"

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The mayor hides the crime rate,
council woman hesitates,
Public gets irate, but forgets the vote date.
Weatherman complaining, predicted sun, it's raining.
Everyone's protesting, boyfriend keeps suggesting,
you're not like all of the rest.

Garbage ain't collected, women ain't protected.
Politicians using, people they're abusing.
The mafia's getting bigger, like pollution in the river.
And you tell me that this is where it's at.

Woke up this morning with an ache in my head,
I splashed on my clothes as I spilled out of bed,
I opened the window to listen to the news,
but all I heard was the Establishment's Blues.

Gun sales are soaring, housewives find life boring.
Divorce the only answer, smoking causes cancer,
this system's gonna fall soon, to an angry young tune,
and that's a concrete cold fact.

The pope digs population, freedom from taxation.
Teeny Bops are uptight, drinking at a stoplight.
Miniskirt is flirting, I can't stop so I'm hurting.
Spinster sells her hopeless chest.

Adultery plays the kitchen, bigot cops non-fiction.
The little man gets shafted, sons and monies drafted.
Living by a time piece, new war in the Far East.
Can you pass the Rorschach test?

It's a hassle, it's an educated guess.
Well, frankly, I couldn't care less.

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