

Million Dead

"Bovine Spungiform Economics"

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The maternity ward
Where I was born
Was knocked down in the first Gulf War to build an
Airport
For housing Allied steel,
For upholding Allied ideals,
Like a stable petroleum price and consumer choice.

Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began.

Our few remaining parks
Are being smothered by cinemas,
And the requisite stock of car-parks (it's not the
Same).
And our children will rejoice
In unbridled freedom of choice
Of superstores and different brands of cultural decay.

Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began.

You only get out what you put in,
And all that we pay is credence sincere at the altars
Of competition and desire.
All choice and no need makes Jack a dull economist.

They're selling ad-space on the subway walls,
And privatizing the tenement halls,
Prophet and cause superseded by profit and loss.
They'd have Marshall's mustachiod face
Staring down from every public place
If they taught honest history in schools and people
Knew who he was.

Oh Lord won't you buy me any kind of car,
I've walked so very far away from where I began

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