

Hands

"Election Night Special"

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In game-show purgatory, we're all just dying for a
laugh
Watch your boy practice presidential looks, top of his
Class
What's darker, streets or airwaves pregnant with
rumors
Of rewards?
If you're terminally bored, fall in behind the motorcade
And lock your doors
Mother Money, your dreams came true today
Slaughterhouse
Country offers up her favorite son
Who cares why anything gets done, get something
done!
A moral gerrymander?
I could have laughed 'til I was sore, now I'm too busy

Bracing for the dark side of the holiday they're saving
For
Mother Money, your dreams came true today
United we stand for unity, believe and believe in
Believability, so don't touch the machinery, and don't
Lean on the scenery
Get used to waiting, if what you're after's laughing last
At least here laughter's endlessly broadcast
Get what you see, all mask behind the masks behind
the
Masks for Mother Money

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