

Kissinger

"Urbia"

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Cruisin the mall life.
Front pocket full of green, shoppin for a wife
I bought a food-court stare
With corndog sighs and lemonade hair

She was a girl with credit card dreams
Of precious gold coast means,
Silent plastic screams
Then she said

Oh are you looking for Urbia?
Oh are you not so happy here?
Oh are you looking for Urbia?
Oh I hear it's great this time
It's great this time of year.

Cruisin the salle de bains
I fired up to wash my hands
Bumped into a red-eyed dude
He had a peach fuzz stash, and hair like the Nuge

Misconceptions brought him here
He said I lost my job, and nobody cares
Smokey, Trans-Am dreams.
Then I said

Ah are you looking for Urbia?
Ah are you not so happy hear?
Ah are you looking for Urbia?
Ah I hear it's great this time
It's great this time of year.

And you never thought he could be pretty enough for
You, with his hawk's nose and peacock's hair, until he
Saw a sign that said, "Don't Despair, We've Got Your
Flair." So he went in there and stared at a pair of
Jeans he'd only seen on the cover of your favorite
Magazine. And a bleach blond servant brought a
matching
Shirt and socks and belt and fly new walks. And as he
Left, I caught a glimpse of the dude, and I have to

Say, well, he was prettier than you. I know it sounds
Absurd, but understand, I was ready for the world.

And I've been trying to call you
Let's go to the mall
And I've been trying to call you, call you,
Yeah
And I've been trying to call you
Let's go to the mall
And I've been trying to call you, call you,
Yeah

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