

Cliks, The "SUV"

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The world is changing,
not for the better.
It is unraveling,
just like a sweater.

I saw a picture in a magazine,
CIA, father, son, the monarchy.
They say there's threat to the democracy.
They're fucking liars.
They're fucking liars.

Even my heroes drive SUVs.
Even my heroes drive SUVs.
What can I do to make my own ends meet?
I'm selling out.

Now every time I turn my TV on,
I hear them playing all my favorite songs.
Corporate seduction of my memories.
Now it's a jingle.

And now the war becomes our new sitcom.
Can't pay no terror eating from their palms.
The price of oil's going through the roof,
but we're still buying.
Yeah we're still driving.
Yeah we're still buying.
Yeah, we're still driving.

Even my heroes drive SUVs
Even my heroes drive SUVs.
What can I do to make my own ends meet?
I'm selling out.
I'm selling out.
I'm selling out.

I'm selling out.

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