

Echoing Green, The "Accidentally 4th Street"

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Well, we're looking at the cover, spending all our time
Just staring at the magazine
Well, look who's on the cover wasting all our time
Some psuedo-fascist hero machine
Well, that's no space for a human being
That man is not a hero or saint
When somewhere in deepest America
Grown men weep at the sound of his name
So it goes...

All the girls named Gloria
Sing sweetly out of key
The sun rose in the west today
Accidents in the land of the free

Well I grew up where they showed you the body count
In color on the dinner TV
And I've been numbed so insensitive
That all I can think about is you and me
Children from the best homes they all have guns and
butter
They have their share of murder blue
Well it's not such a wiggly-awesome-good-time
When a shopping mall milita point their cannons at you
So it goes....

Everyone believes in the stories 'bout the Cadillacs
Everybody's got enough to eat
And people always keep their eyes glued to the ground
When a desperate man, he's gotta cling to the street
And I swear to myself I will help them
I will be an upstanding man
But when I walk by and I hear them cry
That money just sticks to my hand
What's wrong with me!

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