

Lawrence Arms, The "Kevin Costner's Casino"

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Hey Kevin,
Exploitation's nothing new,
Its perfect disguise is your head dress and authentic
moccasins,

You seemed just like a righteous man,
Exposing our great land for what is,
The ultimate grand larceny
But who would have thought that when you danced,
Dollar signs were in your eyes,
Above and beyond your large share in Hollywood

You were a wolf in sheep's clothing to a wolf and a
people
And your bad actions by far outweigh the good

The theoretical "oh, we fucked over native Americans"
Is no match for consciously stuffing your dick in
Reservations are already a pathetic compensation
As are the 'rights' we grudgingly give them

A casino could be the only way to rejuvenate collapsed
economies
Of reservation Indians
But are profits from casinos enough compensation
For the fact that we stuffed a huge nation of people
Into a few tiny towns and raped and murdered their
traditions,
Stole their land and beat them down?
The casinos are fucking corporate run,
And initial check for the use of sacred burial grounds
And the casino's fucking done
Giving back to the Indian
Except for janitor jobs and garbage by the ton

(1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8)

And old Kevin is his own conglomerate
Exploitation through a movie then through blackjack
and roulette
Don't attend or rent his shitty films,

'Cuz his killing at the box office is not the only thing he
has killed

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