

## U.S. Bombs

### "Rockets"

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Look out from your TV  
Magazines you read  
It's a paranoia  
Nice new house ya need  
Taught in school with a broken rule  
Teach ya bout the money pit  
Recluse in wealthy pools  
drowning me quick  
Your fantasy's, your gonna sink  
The rocket ship is on the brink  
Dreaming about your hippie hit  
Parader magazines  
A waste in time, your killing mine  
You call this a free country  
Free to be a bum industry  
Suburban greed  
You want everything  
Bourgeoisie is gonna rot  
Stuffed inside a snob  
Bored with the people here  
A plastic bubble there

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