

Moldy Peaches, The

"These Burgers"

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When the world's got you down
Rainy Sundays, sunny town
Tropicana, canned food
Botulism, damaged goods.

See the hipsters in the park
Hair so styled, clothes so dark
Prefab molded hamburgers,
I don't want a bite of yours!

These burgers are crazy.
These burgers are crazy.
These burgers are crazy.
These burgers are crazy.

They don't like you never will
Slip you the happy pill
Assimilation so they think
Send you to the naughty shrink

You just tell 'em lies lies
Paranoia bugs and flies
You don't like them never did
You don't like them never did

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