

# Final Fantasy, This Lamb Sells Condos

No hope for the village, no hope for the village  
There's a merchant in our midst and with a barrel fist  
He's coloured every surface, he's slapped up a portrait  
And yes, it is his own! He's gonna take your home!  
Have you seen our visitor? Look over the treetops!  
Newly conjured erections are making him a killing  
And Richmond Street is illing, so the graduates are willing  
To buy in to the pillage, now there's no hope for the village

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp

When he was a young man, he conjured up a firemare  
And burnt off both his eyebrows and half a head of hair  
And then as an apprentice, he took a Drowish mistress  
Who bestowed upon his youthfulness a sense of Champagne Chic  
His seduction, his seduction to the world of construction  
Now his mind will start to wander when he's not at his computer  
And his massive genitals refuse to co-operate  
No amount of therapy can hope to save his marriage

Prisoners, be silent, be silent and be sharp  
Can you hear them talking? Listen through the wall:

Nothing to do, nothing to do  
Living rent-free is boring me  
Got no use for my PE Degree  
Got no use for my pedigree

I feed you every morning and ask so little  
Hedi Slimane  
But you belittle all the work that I do  
And Agnes B  
When you take that walk without permission  
I'm not content  
I'm not defensive, I'm just saying this cause I love you  
I'm not content  
You know I hate it when your friends are in the pool  
Donna Karan  
Old money stinks, send those faggots back to Forest Hill  
And Kara Saun  
Contentment? What contentment? I am bald and impotent  
I'm not content  
Is that what it's about? Oh honey, honey, shut your mouth  
I'm not content