

Ambrosia, Angola

(Puerta-Pack)

I was living in Angola,
Reading in the paper
'Bout the new depression
Got the States upset

Still, I just can't see
How only one TV
And two slightly used cars
Causes such regrets

In this country such as ours,
If we had these things,
We would either be European
Or descend from kings

Oh! Sometimes, you know,
I hunger for more than food,
For more than the shelter
From the cold monsoons
I'd like swimmin' pools
And refrigerated air
And an extra room to spare
(No more ten to a room),
And a thinking color set
With a close-up zoom

But in this country such as ours,
If we had these things,
We'd be a U.N. delegation
Or a visiting queen

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

And you remember well
The day when old Wall Street fell
And do you fear it again?
Still there is one major difference
In just how we see some things
What you call poor we call prosperity

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Oh Living in Angola ...