

Avail, Pink Houses

There's a black man with a black cat
Living in a black neighbourhood
He's got an interstate runnin' through his front yard
You know, he think, that he's got it so good
And there's a woman in the kitchen cleanin' up the evening slop
And he looks at her and says: hey darling, I can remember when you could stop a clock

Oh but ain't that America for you and me
Ain't that America we're something to see baby
Ain't that America, home of the free
Little pink houses for you and me

Well there's a young man in a t-shirt
Listening to a rockin' rollin' station
He's got a greasy hair, greasy smile
He says: lord, this must be my destination
'cuz they told me, when I was younger
Boy, you're gonna be president
But just like everything else, those old crazy dreams
Just kinda came and went

Well there's people and more people
What do they know know know
Go to work in some high rise
And vacation down at the gulf of Mexico
Ohhh yeah
And there's winners, and there's losers
But they ain't no big deal
'cuz the simple man baby pays for the thrills,
The bills and the pills that kill