

# Babyland, Ramona Moraga

The geography of growing up  
As if isolation's not enough  
Just try to organize and rise above it  
Then you'll find out what it's all about  
This is not my community  
This is not what I represent  
Participation's breathing down my neck  
There's no way I'm giving in  
But still you're stuck living in ...

Ramona  
Where there's nothing more than meets the eye  
A peaceful lie for vat-grown teenage alcoholics  
Unchallenged by adversity  
Disjoint from history  
And pinned down by boredom  
In lowered trucks and concert shirts  
It's a great place for children and pets  
It's a rural cage with no need for walls  
The blind youth crawl insanely towards the nets  
In search of identity  
They're already condemned to  
Poorly planned pregnancies and vocations  
But you know what  
They don't want

(Welcome to Del Taco, may I take your order?)  
All the politics of growing up  
As if coping with it ain't enough  
You try to organize and rise above it  
Because you found out what it's all about (bullsh ...)  
This is not my community  
This is not what I represent  
Participation's breathing down my neck  
There's no way I'm giving in  
But still you're stuck living in ...

Moraga  
It won't let things change  
An upper-crust fairy tale for the popular and decent kids  
Ignorant of reality  
Handed everything from hatred to their G.T.I.  
Ganja, kegs and football games  
With the cops there to keep out all minorities  
A quiet fraud buried in the hills  
Where schooling means exclusivity, intolerance and hypocrisy  
And the sad thing is  
You better get used to it  
Because high school, it never ends  
Welcome to the system  
(You got a problem with me?)  
This is not our community  
This is not what we represent  
Participation ain't where it's at  
There's no way we're giving in  
Yet still we're stuck living in  
R.A.M.O.N.A. M.O.R.A.G.A.  
R.A.M.O.N.A. M.O.R.A.G.A.  
(Hey, where're ya from?)