

# Crack The Sky, Lost In America

Here's Mr White, he's an executive  
Here's Mrs White, she's an executive  
Just like him  
They drive a white Seville with bullet-proof glass  
So they don't get killed when they're  
Buying their cocain  
Stuffing it up their noses  
Showing their children why we're

Chorus:  
Lost In America, lost In America  
Living in circles like we're dreaming

Here's Capt'n Tom, he's with the CIA  
He keeps us safe and sound from foreign enemy  
He sells them guns and bombs and secret plans  
So they can run when he finally gets caught  
Living in Mexico  
Writing a book about how we're

Chorus

Here's Jimmy-Jeff-Bob, he's with the NRA  
He likes to keep his guns around the house  
Just in case  
Sundays he visits his son who's doing time for  
Shooting someone  
And we quietly stand by  
Thoughtfully close our eyes  
Fall on our knees and cry that we're

Chorus