

Dead Milkmen, Dollar Signs in Her Eyes

She's been tripping over the flowers in her garden
The weeds are growing high
She dropped her laundry off at school
And hung her children on the clothesline to dry
She's throwing trash in her swimming pool
She's pouring chlorine on her lawn
You might think she needs a pair of glasses
But, no, my friend you're wrong
She cannot see the beauty in a tree
Or in the life that it supplies
This should not strike you as a mystery
For she has dollar signs in her eyes
She's crashing her car in an intersection
She did not see the light
She's walking round and round in a shopping mall
As if she had no sight
Dreams are only clouds
That form and dissipate
The sky is a highway for metal birds
And land is real estate
She does not understand her world depends
Upon a history of lies
She walks right by all her old high school friends
For she has dollar signs in her eyes
