

Dri, Give My Taxes Back

They block out the landscape with giant signs
Covered with pretty girls and catchy lines
Put up fences and cement the ground
To dull my senses, keep the flowers down
I want 'em back
Spend my money on a race to space
Wasting my money, slapping my face
They've taken a peek over future's fence
Taken a peek at my expense
They've wasted human lives
And they've fucked up mine
I want it back
I'm not into the material scene
Polyester, polyethylene
At least give me a chance to say what I want
The more you waste, the more you want
I want 'em back
I want 'em back
I want 'em back
Give 'em back!