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!