

# Figures On A Beach, Accidentally 4th. St. (gloria)

Oh, well, well, well, well, well.  
Well, we're looking at the cover,  
We're spending all our time  
Just staring at the magazine.  
Well, look who's on the cover  
Wasting all our time,  
Some pseudo-fascist hero machine. Oh, oh.  
Well, that's no space for a human being.  
That man is not a hero or a saint.  
When somewhere in deepest America  
Grown men weep at the sound of his name.  
So it goes and it goes...

(Chorus)

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key.  
The sun rose in the west today;  
Accidents in the land of the free.  
Oh, well, well, well, well, well.  
Well, I grew up where they showed you the body count  
In color on your dinner T.V.  
And I've been numbed so insensitive  
That all I can think about is you and me.  
You know children from the best homes,  
They all have guns and butter,  
They have their share of murder blue.  
Well, it's not such a wiggy awesome good time  
When the shopping mall militia  
Point their cannons at you.  
So it goes...

(Chorus)

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key.  
The sun rose in the west today;  
Accidents in the land of the free.  
I love this world harder in my imagination  
Than my conscience should allow,  
But accidents do happen;  
Accidents will happen.  
Don't you dare to ask me how.  
Now everyone believed in  
The stories 'bout the Cadillacs;  
Everybody's got enough to eat. (Um-hmm.)  
And people always keep their eyes  
Glued to the ground  
When a desperate man,  
He's gotta cling to the streets.  
And I swear to myself I will help them,  
I will be an upstanding man.  
Well, when I walk by and I hear them cry  
That money just sticks to my hands.  
What's wrong with me?

(Chorus)

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key.  
The sun rose in the west today;  
Accidents in the land of the free.  
I love this world harder in my imagination  
Than my conscience should allow,  
But accidents do happen;  
Accidents will happen.  
Don't you dare to ask me how.  
On and on it goes...  
All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key.

The sun rose in the west today;  
Accidents in the land of the free.