

Franks Enemy, New York Hate Of Mind

We go about our business
Statistics on our side
We wear our flags
Filled with national pride
Babies in their cribs
Envy of the world
Jet plane circling above
It's passed I am sure
Magazines in the mail
And nothing else
Saw a film at the mall
Still doing well
At least two counties away
At least for today
My eye's peeled anyway
keeping muggers away

Everything seems so blind
New York hate of mind

Go to work
Show my card at the gate
Face on the wall
That disappeared on the date
His Spanish was perfect
So they say
Looking for the envelope
With his fake name
I'm an okay dad
I must explain
Not everything's clear
Evil often gets its way
While we ail from the sickness
We try hard to forget
Such a blessed existence
We may realize it yet

Everything seems so blind
New York hate of mind