Rez Band, 80,000 Underground

"Bones beneath the shovel's blade," that's what the radio said, Years ago, a payoff made built a mall on top of the dead.

Eighty thousand underground, Eighty thousand; not a sound, Eighty thousand nameless souls; brothers, sisters of us all.

A mother in her cotton dress, A little baby taken in distress, A hobo with a kindly face, There was a daughter of a southern slave.

Eighty thousand underground, Eighty thousand; not a sound, Eighty thousand nameless souls; brothers, sisters of us all.

Bulging wallets, empty hearts, The walking dead push shopping carts, What price human dignity? Betrayed because of poverty.

Eighty thousand underground, Eighty thousand; not a sound, Eighty thousand nameless sou

Eighty thousand nameless souls; brothers, sisters of us all,

Eighty thousand underground, Eighty thousand; not a sound,

Eighty thousand nameless souls; brothers, sisters of us all,

Eighty thousand...underground, Eighty thousand...not a sound,

Eighty thousand, Eighty thousand,

Eighty thousand underground.