

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 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.