

Salad, Ugly Fashion Town

Well it's an ugly fashion town
And I don't want to get you down
But it's an ugly place to live

The boys and girls look so serene
In their professionally torn jeans
But their smiles are insincere

Well it's an ugly fashion town
And the people who mill around
Seem to share a vacant stare
As they walk across the village square

There's a marina and a mall
Where you can see them on the pull
In their silken padded shirts

The chimneys bellow grisly smoke
And the freeways are choked
It's such an ugly place to live

There's a marina and a mall
Where you can see them on the pull
In their floral pleated skirts

Well it's an ugly fashion town
And I don't want to settle down
I'm getting the first train west
I can almost feel the sweet clean air
Returning to my chest