

Sesame Street, Garbage

Mr. Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potatoes,
He leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin.
The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it.
Throws it in a can with coffee grounds and sardine tins.
And the truck comes by on Friday, and carts it all away.
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the bay. Oh.....

Garbage, garbage, garbage....

We're filling up our seas with garbage (garbage, garbage...)
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the garbage (garbage, garbage.....)

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac, he winds it down the freeway track,
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon haze.
He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gases to the stars.
There it forms a seething cloud where it hangs for forty days.
And the sun beats down into it,
With an ultra-violet tongue.
Turns it into smog
And then it settles in our lungs oh...
Garbage (garbage, garbage.....)

We're filling up the skies with garbage.....

What will we do when there's nothing left to breathe
But garbage.....

Getting home and taking off his shoes, he settles with the evening news,
While the kids do homework with the TV in one ear.
While Superman for the thousandth time sells talking dolls and conquers crime,
Dutifully they learn the date of birth of Paul Revere.
And there's a piece in the paper about the mayor's middle name.
He gets it read in time to watch the All-Star Bingo game oh
Garbage, garbage, garbage.....
We're filling up our minds with garbage.....

What will we do when there's nothing left to read?
And there's nothing left to need?
And there's nothing left to watch?
And there's nothing left to touch?
And there's nothing left to walk about?
And nothing left to talk about?
Nothing left to see?
And nothing left to be but...
Garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage.....