

Beck – Broken train (1999)

The snipers are passed out
In the bushes again
I'm glad I got my suit dry-cleaned
Before the riots started
Cus there's only rehashed faces
On the bread line tonight
Soon you'll be a figment
Of some infamous line

Billionaires smile like weapons
Passing out platinum pensions
They're out of control
No one knows how low they'll go

(Hold on)
Take a ride on a broken train

Those bra burning deportees
At the service station
They know that beige
Is the color of resignation

We're out of control
No one knows how low we'll go

(Hold on)
Take a ride on a broken train

Shining like crystal tiaras
Ghettos and grey Rivas
This is the real me ladies
You won't find no shelter here

Tell me, what's your zip code baby
Did you ever let a cowboy sit on your lap?