

# Figures On A Beach, Accidentally 4th Street

Well we're looking at the cover,  
We're spending all our time  
Just staring at the magazine

Well, look who's on the cover,  
wasting all our time...  
some pseudo-fascist hero-machine

Well, that's no space for a human being  
That man is not a hero or saint.  
When somewhere in deepest America,  
Grown men weep at the sound of his name  
So it goes, and it goes...

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key.  
The sun rose in the west today,  
accidents in the land of the free...

Well I grew up where they showed you the body count  
In color on your dinner TV  
And I've been numbed so insensitive  
That all I can think about is You and Me  
You know, children from the best homes  
They all have guns n' butter  
They have their share of murder blue  
Well it's not such a wiggly-awesome good time  
When the shopping-mall militia point their cannons at you..  
So it goes..

All the girls named Gloria  
Sing sweetly out of key  
The sun rose in the west today  
Accidents in the land of the free  
I love this world harder in my imagination  
Than my conscience should allow  
But accidents do happen, accidents will happen  
Don't you dare to ask me how.

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