

Lost In America

Edwin McCain

Well I made a small fortune sellin used cars
And it's buried out back in a cookie jar
I raise a toast to Senior Escobar
For givin me a pot to piss in

Well I ran a little scam until '92
Now I hang around here for somethin to do
And I just keep talkin till I'm blue
To any one who'll listen

Yes, we're lost in America
And this land we're so proud of
We got the cars, the girls, the money, the drugs
To get you out of your rut
Yes, we're lost in America

She got a brand new lease on an Escalade
And a bumper sticker bout a whale to save
And she's burnin up gas like they gave it away
At least her kid's on the honor roll

She got a handful of pills to improve her mood
Liposuction, big, fake boobs
She got a Mexican maid that brings the food
To the birdcage made of gold

I'm droppin out
And I'm quittin this game
Yes, I'm washin my feet, turn off my phone
Changin my name, hittin the road
Don't really know where I'm gonna go
But I'm gettin the hell out of here
In America