

Making Progress

Electric Six

Love is nothing more than a stain on a dress
Watching things you sold being purchased for less
Euthanasia that's easy to ingest
And they call this making progress
If you take a billion plus a little finesse
And dreamy Yale boys cashing in on their "success"
Then you take a bath in Uncle Sam's treasure chest
That equals making progress
Meanwhile I am drowning in an ocean of stress
Analyzing data for a sure, sure bet
An affordable commodity that I can invest
Your love
Your sweet, sweet love I guess
Baby, baby it would be the best
If we got together tonight and regressed
It's not like we'd be de-evolving
And the world wouldn't stop revolving
We could forget the problems no one's solving
Surely I jest
And you're not listening anyway
Where we go from here baby is anybody's guess
So repress your insecurities and take off that dress
Cause the day we realize no one can clean up this mess
Will be a fine day for making progress