Wal-Mart

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Your sons and daughters will have a fit At the mountains of plastic shit Chinese prisoners will sweat and bleed And you'll get all the stuff you need Walton's children profits reap Buying low and selling cheap And what happens to mom and pop Turn the key and close the shop Say goodbye to your city, it's shutting down *Wal-Mart is coming to town* There goes the local department store See the diner shut it's door No more neighbors you can meet More ghosts than people on the street No more jobs with living pay Sam Walton took it all away Beneath fluorescent lights they'll work you bare The lucky ones can get on welfare Forget your children's cap and gown *Wal-Mart is coming to town*