

181-1000

We're going to be tourists

We're going to travel to distant lands  
A month on the road without any plans  
Eating and sleeping our only cause  
Bow in worship to the pause

We're going to sleep when the sun goes down  
Become a fixture in every small town  
Drink tequila and smoke some cigs  
Marvel at our humble digs

But no matter how hard we try to fit in  
The ugly American's cynical spin  
We'll still be strangers in that place  
Transparently hoping that you'll embrace

We're going to be tourists  
Wherever we go  
Alien creatures  
Who think they know  
All that's important  
All that you need  
Self righteous pundits  
Watching you bleed

We're going to be tourists  
Leeches with cash  
critiquing your values  
And then off we'll dash  
To the next landmark  
To take in the sights  
Leaving you hoping  
We're on the next flight