Electric Six, Making Progress

Love is nothing more than a stain on a dress Watching what 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 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

Will be a fine day for making progress