

411**"The Persuaded"**Visit "[The Persuaded](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He won't know Adorno
He's an adult with an adult
You can buy your way into his head

He was never better
Wearing sneakers and a sweater
Made by 12-year-olds sweating in Shenzhen

He says,
Let's drive, drive, drive
Till we burn, burn, burn,
We can choke on it later on tonight
And we'll fumble with the planet
Dry the river and then damn it
Just persuade me that everything's all right.

This was his reality
He says the stupid love equality
And he's never seen a car he didn't like

On code like a reptilian
Pays Rapaille another billion
From your cortex to the page is just a hike.

So
Let's drive, drive, drive
Till we burn, burn, burn,
We can choke on it later tonight
And we'll fumble with the planet
Dry the river, then we'll damn it
Just persuade me that everything's all right.

Because things... we've got to have our things.

We're not persuaded by the Omnicom
We're not persuaded we're the only ones
We're not persuaded by hegemony
We're not persuaded we were ever free

Is that your conscience, or are you alone?
Is that Noam Chomsky on the telephone?

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