

Bright Eyes "Clairaudients"

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Corporate or colonial
The movement is unstoppable
Like the body of a centerfold, it spreads
To the counter-culture copyright
Get your revolution at a lower price
Or make believe and throw the fight, play dead

It's exploding bags, aerosol cans
South bound buses, Peter Pan
They left it up to us again
I thought you knew the drill
It's kill or be killed

Future markets, holy wars
Been tried ten thousand times before
If you think that God is keeping score, hooray!
For the freedom-fighting simulcast
The imminent and the aftermath
You draw another bloody bath to drain

Like the polar icecaps, centrifuge
First snowman built at the end of June
He slicks his hair for the interview, his fifteen-minute
fame
Would you agree, times have changed?

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