

## Hostage Life

# "This Song Was Written By Committee Or We Simply Feed These Figures Into The Melodiotron And, Voila,"

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alright, alright, call this meeting to order  
all eyes on the video recorder  
oh, for the love of christ, who has the remote?  
never mind, watch and listen, then we'll exchange  
notes  
well, this swing isn't sexy enough  
let's face it, these numbers suck  
we sell them handsome pawns to live like kings  
the barcode talks  
the red line sings,  
"alright!"  
we're constructing icons for the suckers tonight  
we're not trying to make art, we're making a living  
working with a new factory rhythm  
dance, you robots, dance  
play, you robots, play  
and we'll fill in the rest  
na-na-na-na, la-la-la-la, hey, hey  
well, this swing isn't sexy enough  
let's face it, these numbers suck  
we need lean bodies with stunning features if we're  
ever going to raise this creature  
if the body's choice we obscure the voice  
inoffensive text, we feed the eyeballs sex  
dance, you robots, dance  
your hero has no control  
auditioned to play the role  
we write the script and you adopt it and every single  
day of your life is a holiday now

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