

Rage Against The Machine

"Had To Be Playin On The Jukebox"

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It had to be flashin like the daily double
It had to be playin on tv
It had to be loud mouthed on the comedy hour
It had to be announced over loud speakers
The cia and mafia are in cahoots
It had to be said in old ladies' language
It had to be said in american headlines

Kennedy stretched and smiled and got
Double crossed by lowlife goons and agents
Rich bankers with criminal connections
Dope pushers in cia working with dope pushers
From cuba working with a big time
Syndicate from tampa, florida

And it had to be said with a big mouth
It had to be moaned over factory foghorns
It had to be chattered on car radio news broadcasts
It had to be screamed in the kitchen
It had to be yelled in the basement where uncles were
fighting
It had to be howled on the streets by newsboys to bus
conductors
It had to be foghorned into new york harbor
It had to echo onto hard hats
It had to turn up the volume in university ballrooms
It had to be written in library books, footnoted
It had to be in the headlines of the times and the mind
It had to be barked on tv
It had to be heard in alleys through ballroom doors
It had to be played on wire services
It had to be bells ringing
Comedians stopped dead in the middle of a joke in las
vegas

It had to be fbi chief j. edgar hoover and frank costello
syndicate
Mouthpiece meeting in central park, new york
weekends,
Reported time magazine
It had to be the mafia and the cia together starting war
on cuba,

Bay of pigs and poison assassination headlines
It had to be dope cops in the mafia
Who sold all their heroin in america
It had to be the fbi and organized crime working
together
In cahoots against the commies
It had to be ringing on multinational cash registers
World-wide laundry for organized criminal money
It had to be the cia and the mafia and the fbi together
They were bigger than nixon
And they were bigger than war

It had to be a large room full of murder
It had to be a mounted ass a solid mass of rage
A red hot pen
A scream in the back of the throat
It had to be a kid that can breathe
It had to be in rockefeller's mouth
It had to be central intelligence, the family, all of this,
the agency mafia
It had to be organized crime

One big set of gangs working together in cahoots
Hitmen

Murderers everywhere
The secret
The drunk
The brutal
The dirty rich
On top of a slag heap of prisons
Industrial cancer
Plutonium smog
Garbage cities
Grandmas' bed soft from father's resentment

It had to be the rulers
They wanted law and order
And they got rich on wanting protection for the status
quo
They wanted junkies
They wanted attica
They wanted kent state
They wanted war in indochina
It had to be the cia and the mafia and the fbi
Multinational capitalists
Strong armed squads
Private detective agencies for the rich
And their armies and navies and their air force
bombing planes

It had to be capitalism
The vortex of this rage
This competition
Man to man
The horses head in a capitalist's bed
The cuban turf
It rumbles in hitmen
And gang wars across oceans
Bombing cambodia settled the score when soviet pilots
Manned egyptian fighter planes
Chile's red democracy
Bumped off with white house pots and pans
A warning to mediterranean governments
The secret police have been embraced for decades

The nkpd and cia keep each other's secrets
The ogbu and dia never hit their own
The kgb and the fbi are one mind
Brute force and full of money
Brute force, world-wide, and full of money
Brute force, world-wide, and full of money
Brute force, world-wide, and full of money
Brute force, world-wide, and full of money
It had to be rich and it had to be powerful
They had to murder in indonesia 500000
They had to murder in indochina 2000000
They had to murder in czechoslovakia
They had to murder in chile
They had to murder in russia

And they had to murder in america

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