

The Forms "Ignoreland"

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(by R.E.M.)

These bastards stole their power from the victims of
the Us v. Them years,
Wrecking all things virtuous and true.
The undermining social democratic downhill slide into
abysmal
Lost lamb off the precipice into the trickle down runoff
pool.
They hypnotised the summer, Nineteen seventy-nine.
Marched into the capital brooding duplicitous, wicked
and able, media-ready,
Heartless, and labelled. Super U.S. citizen, super
achiever,
Mega ultra power dosing. Relax.
Defense, defense, defense, defense. Yeah, yeah,
yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ignoreland. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Ignoreland.

The information nation took their clues from all the
sound-bite gluttons.
Nineteen eighty, eighty-four, eighty-eight, ninety-two
too, too.
How to be what you can be, jump jam junking your
energies.
How to walk in dignity with throw-up on your shoes
They amplified the autumn, Nineteen seventy-nine.
Calculate the capital, up the republic my skinny ass.
T.V. tells a million lies. The paper's terrified to report
Anything that isn't handed on a presidential spoon,
I'm just profoundly frustrated by all this. So, fuck you,
man. (Fuck 'm)
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ignoreland. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Ignoreland.

If they weren't there we would have created them.
Maybe, it's true,
But I'm resentful all the same. Someone's got to take
the blame.
I know that this is vitriol. No solution, spleen-venting,
But I feel better having screamed. Don't you?

They desecrated winter, Nineteen seventy-nine.
Capital collateral. Brooding duplicitous, wicked and
able, media-ready,
Heartless, and labelled. Super U.S. citizen, super
achiever,
Mega ultra power dosing. Relax.
Defense, defense, defense, defense. Yeah, yeah,
yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ignoreland. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
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Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ignoreland. Yeah, yeah, yeah

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