

The Mad Conductor "Soulless Experience"

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I used to call people on the phone and leave messages
While eating lettuceless sans meat sandwiches
And then I married into fortune and riches
Divorced and took a portion of the porcelain dishes

And like a lazy bastard how I sat around
Waiting for a world renowned businessman to track me
down
Sure enough one day when I was rockin' my rhyme
A famous record producer happened to be walkin' by
He said: "hey kid I really like what I hear,
How you like to make a million a year"
Hell to the yeah, where do I got to sign
"right here on this dotted line"

So we thought up a shtick and archisted politics
Cause we knew all the young punk chicks would
swallow it
And if they did all the dudes would follow suit
And that to us meant a whole lotta loot
So I re-worded old Sex Pistols lyrics sheets
And we sold 9 billion copies in the first week it was
released
Our popularity increased when an ordained priest
spoke against us in the streets
Of course he was hired by the label to hype us up
Cause whatever adults hate the kids want to buy it up
And whatever kids put on, the parents say to shut off
And they turn around and buy stock, whenever labels
might stock
The most guileless, styleless cause there ain't no other
child who gets whatever he wants
And that means fat cream, for these class addled
crack fiends
There's more riding in the back seat

So after 5 years of touring every street, earth, jail
With these ordinary t-shirt sales
I began to recognize the real root of the problem
It wasn't the branches it was the trunk gone rotten
As we the citizens denizens of everything crumbled
within ourselves to meet a deadly end

Self pity, self hate, and self involvement help us
support,
Belate the snowball we're falling
Heres an avalanche spawned on our own crooked
ground
There is no they to blame, keep ourselves lookin down
I'm not sayin there's no group of greedy men
I'm aware of who they are our society is breeding them
Out of necessity to feed our own gluttonous hunger
We forcing our minds into comfortless slumber
Don't need to cut off the branches we need to uproot
the tree
And plant a new seed to make advances
Check it out, to remove the defective product from off
the self
We got to consult the manufacturer within ourselves

I woke up my band broke up I cut the cable
And then I beat to death the owner of the label
Began preaching my new ideas, although I was
reaching not many an ear
All those kids formed bands of their own copying the
same thing I copied five years ago
The chord progression and the style of dressing
To clean this mess it'll take many a lesson
My goals not to crush this empire of evil
It's to merge on this network and inspire the people
There's no more hypocrisy anywhere the there is in the
punk scene
My man jesse told yall back in 87 still peace is unseen

Yo, yo, yo the mainstream wants to keeps us
unorganized
So that their records can poison the important minds of
the children
Growing up dumb blind and deaf till they're mentally
dead
And there aint no one left to save em

I don't listen to no chump ass indie rock
I listen to big band jazz and do the lindy hop
My name is MC devlin, no last known address
The most dangerous mind to be hard pressed to catch

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