

Angus Stone

"Decree"

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Step up and forfeit your frontal lobe
To the sexed up stroll of celebrity
Never mind that the nanoseconds in between
Are some of the darkest darkness that you've ever
seen
Keep your eye on my finger
And listen to the sound of my voice

Get your subliminal decree
And your false security
Be all that you can be
Be all that you can be

In hospitals and schools
Airports and banks and bars
Big ones on street corners
Little ones driving by in cars
And glowing through countless
Bedroom curtains at night
That 30k tone
And that pale blue light saying

Daddy knows best
Yes, this is the news
In 90 second segments officially produced
And aired again and again and again
By the little black and white pawns
Of the network yes men
While the stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent

And cancer, the great teacher
Has been opening schools
Downstream from every factory
Still, everywhere fools are
Squinting into microscopes
Researching cells
Trying to figure out a way
That we can all live in hell

Well, step back, look up

You'll see I'm dimming the sun
But you won't, will you?
Oh, that's a good little one

'cause daddy knows best
Yes, this is the news
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While the stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent

The stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent

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