NoMeansNo "Bruce's Diary"

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On the top floor, from my penthouse I survey what I rule
High rises
Thin curtains
All lights go out by two

No one ever sees me Yet I know all of you It's sort of like a small town When your whole lives are on my computer

Ah... Ah...

All the power, none of the stress So much better being hatchet man Than a henpecked attention-starved target Like the big man himself

Our goal is perpetual economic victory We play with you to amuse ourselves Our motives are personal Our motives are political Our motives are sexual I know

Hi Ho Hi Ho Hi Ho

The laws we make for others Don't apply to us We do what we want

A lethargic population is the key to our control Who'd rather watch someone's life on tv Than participate in their own Mentally they feel helpless Physically they just give up We priced the healthy food so high They can only buy soda pop

A house broken bee colony That goes home after 5 Too burnt and glazed to threaten us

With purpose in their lives

Ah... Ah...
Ha Ha Ha
We drug their snacks at work
Mix hormones in kids lunch at school
Don't be a pill, it's good for you

The men grow up muscular
Short tempered and kinda dumb
The women develop those outrageous curves
The kind you only used to see
In the movies and magazines
We banned and rounded up for ourselves
Hi-Ho
Hi-Ho
It's off to do our work you go

We melt you with acid rain Keep you poor for economic gain Convince you your biggest threat Is drugs and terrorists

They don't even have to be real Just find a face, make up a crime Run sensational headlines Works every time

The people must not realize
They are being manipulated
For them to be manipulated effectively

We give 'em things to worry about Buying clothes and losing weight Your lack of curiosity Is the key to our success

Your lack of curiosity is the key to our success Hi Ho
Hi Ho
Hi Ho
Life's so simple and happy
When everything's clear.

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