

Arcade Fire, The "Dear Slim"

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Dear Slim,

My favorite icon put the bong and the knife down

I'm sick of the songs about strapping your mom and
your ex-wife down

To a nuclear bomb and dropping them on Saddam

Killing all the muses you use in almost all of your songs

Except those songs about Slim the Hip-Hoppian God

They make it seem you don't respect rappers like
Biggie and Pac

Who if it weren't for them you be out of a job

Or flipping burgers with Ronald McDonald and not
leading your mob

But the Blob's offensive, run and jumping the fences

And burying politicians in pop culture trenches

Dude, have some humility, oops responsibility,
oops accountability, oops I said humility

Your face has covered worse magazines

than the artists and politicians you've mocked on every
CD release

Ooh, how cool; you've proved you lack tact in your
songs

In fact, you've grown up to act just like your mom

If y'all represent the truth and America's youth

Act like a leader we could actually use

You're a celebrity now, oh no, look what you did
You're America's role model but deny that you're it
Come on, come on, let's stand together as one
I ain't yelling about selling my soul, going to hell and
back for platinum
Or gold to show the world is a gullible globe
Although, I can't respect the coalition of politicians
signing petitions
Fearing Eminem's mission to bitch
When it's his right to taunt if he wants to fight
Even if you're frightened of what he might want to write
You're sworn to defend men, who offend men
Just because you believe in the first amendment
Even if it's illogical angst and vengeance
So defend your senses, but cleanse your dirty lenses
The law's written to both conservatives and leftists
It says Vanilla Ice Preservatives can be sexist
If y'all represent the truth and America's youth
Act like the leaders we could actually use
You're politicians now, oh no, look what you did
You're America's role models but deny art from our
kids
Come on, come on, let's stand together as one
Censoring, the denial of actual words or factual things
declared obscene
But molesting archdiocese, disease,
dead people in the streets from shooting sprees,
epidemics

Paramedics clearing debris here and overseas aren't
banned from TV

But yell shit, goddamn, or fuck hear three individual
bleeps

A word's a word, let it be heard and learned

It's not the individual words but the order that hurts

Come on, come on, let's stand together as one

Come on, come on, stop threatening to censor our
thoughts

And you'll get the response you want from now on

Come on, come on

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