Ani Difranco "Decree"

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Step up and forfeit Your frontal lobe To the sexed up strobe Of celebrity

Never mind that
The nanoseconds in between
Are some of the darkest darkness
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 20k 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 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? No, that's a good little one

'Cuz Daddy knows best Yeah, 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 The stars are going out And the stripes are getting bent

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