

Ani DiFranco "Serpentine"

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Pavlov hits me with more bad news every time I answer
the phone
so I play and I sing and I just let it ring,
all day when I'm at home

a defacto choice of
macro-microcosmic melancholy
but baby any way you slice it,
I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone

yeah the goons have gone global
and the CEO's are shredding files
and the democrans and the republicrats
are flashing their toothy smiles

and Uncle Tom is posing for a photo-op with the oval
office klan
and Uncle Sam is riggin' cockfights in the promised
land
and that knife you stuck in my back is still there
it pinches a little when I sigh and moan
and these days I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the
time alone

cause all the wrong people have the power of
suggestion
and the freedom of the press is meaningless if nobody
asks the question
I mean causation by definition is such a complex
compilation of factors
that to even try to say why is to oversimplify
that's a far cry, isn't it dear, from acting like you're the
only one there
unrepentantly self-centered and unfair

enter all suckers scrambling for the truth
exit mr. eye-contact who took his flirt and flew the coup
but whatever, no matter, no fishin trips, no fishin
cause mamma's officially out of commission

and did I mention in there somewhere
did I mention somewhere in there

that I traded Babe Ruth,
yes I traded the only player
that was bigger than the game
and I can't even tell you why,
cause you'd think I'm insane.
and that's the truth

and the music industry mafia is pimping girl power
sniping off sharp-shooter singles from their styrofoam
towers,
and hip-hop is tied up in the back room with a logo
stuffed in its mouth
cause the master's tools will never dismantle the
master's house

but then, I'm getting away from myself
as I get closer and closer home
and the difference between you and me baby
is I get fucked up when I'm alone

and I must admit today
that my inner pessimist seems to have gotten the best
of me
we start out sugared up on kool aid and manifest
destiny
and then we memorize all the presidents names like
little trained monkeys
and we spit into the world so many spinny-eyed TV
junkies
incapable of unraveling the military-industrial mystery
pre-emptively passified with history book history
and I've been around the world now and I can see this
about America

the mind control is deep here, man
the myopia is steep here, man

and behold those who try to expose the reality
really try to realize democracy
are shot with rubber bullets and gassed off the streets
while the global power brokers are kept clean and
discreet
behind a wall
behind a moat
and that is all
that's all
that's all she wrote

and my heart beats an s-s-s o-o-o s-s-s
cause folks just really couldn't care-care-care less-less-
less

as long as every day is superbowl sunday
and larger than life women in lingerie are pouting at us
from every bus stop
she loves me, she loves me not
she loves me, she loves me not
she loves me, she loves me not

and "big government should not stand between a man
and his money"
i mean, "what's good for business is good for the
country"
our children still take that lie like communion,
the same old line the Confederacy used on the Union

conjugate liberty into libertarian
and medicated associated with deregulation
privitization
we won't even know we're slaves on a corporate
plantation

somebody say hallelujah,
somebody say damnation,
cause the profit system follows the path of least
resistance
and the path of least resistance is what makes the river
crooked
makes it serpentine
capitalism is the devil's wet dream

so just give me my Judy Garland drugs and let me get
back to work
cause the Empire State Building is the tallest building in
New York
and I have always got the feeling
you just like to hear it fall off your tongue

but I remember my name in your mouth
and I don't think I was done hearing it close to my ear
on a whisper's way to a moan

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