

Jack Erdie**"You Can't Get There From Here"**

Visit "[You Can't Get There From Here](http://MotoLyrics.com)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm in a dream I can't wake up from
My brain's alert but my body's numb
A monkey bangs a battle drum
Upon a doomsday podium
I try to scream. My voice won't come
As he bullies pandemonium
To the final hour.

The monkey trails a web o' strings
To monkey trainers in the wings
Whose skull & bones decoder rings
Flash chimp pickpockets into kings
The fat, Free-Market Diva sings
While missiles aim at everything
Except the golden tower.

How can a man who can't locate
One drop of oil in Texas state
Swagger through the White House gate
Thumb his nose at mankind's fate
With nobody to speculate
That dad said, "Think cocaine's a rush, son,
Wait till you try power!

"Coz if you're loyal, then my boy I'll
Show you where to find more oil than soil."
But who's afraid of some pampered coward?

Show no respect to any law
That calls for ya to stoop or crawl
While whores command the judgment hall
Where peons of payola scrawl
In stone what should be optional
To feed ya to the foaming jaws
Of monopoly masters.

The lords of hypocrisy
Legislate morality
Orchestrate brutality
Say, "Right by Might is Liberty,
All hail the war machinery

But if you wag that flag at me
You'll fly it at half-mast, sirs.

Every one's collectin' stuff.
Can't isolate our selves enough.
Tuning out. Turning tough.
Diamonds dying in the rough.
Afraid that, if we call the bluff,
We'll wear the terror tag
And drag our legs around in plaster.

Yes, it's hard to get enthused,
To leave the zombie zone to be abused.
Who's afraid to sleep through disaster?

From the moment you appear
It's one lifelong campaign to smear
Your confidence & make you fear
That it's a billion bucks from here
Up to where you can join your peers
& not be nerd or geek or queer
Or nervous, God forbid.

Gotta play ball to get paid
Gotta be cool to get laid
Watch the news to stay afraid
The propaganda hit parade
The cattle prod sparks in yer face
Pumping polish, gel & paste
To keep the natural you hid.

Yep, I seen it on tee vee
The chimpanzee can set ya free
From inferiority
BE ~ ALLTHATYOU CAN BE
A commerce-driven killing spree
Slaughter foreign families,
We'll pay your full tuition.

But let me say, loud & true
There ain't nothin' wrong with you
Who's afraid of that slippin' through, kid?

It's all about the kids, f'real
Shirley Temple sex appeal
Snake oil peddlers who deal
In images to make ya feel
Immortal. It's a cinch to steal
From them who never foot the bill.
It's all good, E-Z Money.

Girl'n'boy bands make ya hum
Already been chewed pabulum
Must-see tee vee ad nauseum
& rap cds that oughta come
With gangsta cards & bubble gum
A drone o' clones to keep ya numb
& keep ya shoppin', honey.

While them blessed with a vision gift
A tongue of truth, sharp & swift
To widen or to bridge the rift
Whitewash metaphors & shift
To neutral gear, content to drift
Right to the brink, then turn & wink like
"Ain't injustice funny?"

But if you hide the gift you've got
Down in the ground, you're bound to rot.
Who's afraid while the sky's still sunny?

Flag-eyed vultures spewing spit
Who've never known poverty's pit
On thrones of bloody plunder sit
Shriek: "Take mom off the welfare tit!"
Make her slave to benefit
The marrow-sucking syndicate
Orphans, man, who gives a shit?
They're raindrops in the ocean.

These leaches of humanity
Lip-service Christ, the sanctity
Of unborn life, of chastity
While date-raping democracy
Hand pick dictators, trash the seas
And cripple infants constantly
With psychopath devotion.

If life is just the bottom line
Don't act as if it blows yer mind
When bottom feeders're all ya find
Don't look up now, the hands of time
Are creeping close to midnight's chime
Too late, too late to grow a spine
Too late to change the motion.

When it flips, this eclipse
Gonna blow like an apocalypse
Who's afraid of one more explosion?

