Lawrence Arms, The "Someday We're All Gonna Weight 400 Lbs"

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The girls, they don't love us anymore now, Because we wear black shirts and took a new vow You can have the whole world right in your home, To redefine and eliminate 'alone'

Our TV's do the jobs of a thousand violent cops Keep us inside While misinformation supplements our thoughts Our kids know just what they need; More monitors and screens And you tell us you can't take it anymore But you stay inside and order your food from the grocery store

Your pager,
Your cell phone,
Your laptop,
Your mobile home,
Your solo flex,
Your microwave,
Your Chinese take out/pizza days,
Your suburb,
Your SUV,
Your nursing home for your granny
Your problems have all disappeared
Technology betrays your fear

And if I'm lucky,
I'll never have to see another human being
Except the guys on my money,
The girls in my magazines,
The athletes on my TV screen,
The people who have sex with me via virtual reality

No garbage man no postman, No guy from 7-11, No store clerk, No soda jerk, Just my companions I plug in

A pyramid for a modern day pharaoh

The global village can be yours if your modem's not too slow
And I can thrive and don't even have to try
Download my ashes in my hard drive when I die

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