

Snake Oil

Arcwelder

(s macdonald)

I've an appointment today with a cultural slave to the snakepit called the music biz
So I'm hanging around just to meet this clown who lies and says the pleasure is his

He seems to think I'll be impressed by the hair upon his chest

'cause his shirt's unbuttoned down to his navel

He begins to decree that the problem is me

I want out of here as soon as I'm able[chorus]

Snake oil man

He draws a line in the sand

And he dares you to cross it

'cause he knows that you won't

Take it all away

Sell it for gain

Take away everything

And you can never have it again He praises to excess the current success of a new band past the million mark

That was two years ago and he should have known that today nobody knows who they are

His ideals revolve around how we should kneel down

And give service to his symbol of power

I've got myself in a jam 'cause I don't know where I am

I've had enough of this waste of an hour[chorus] The uphill climb

Is not worth the time

How can he sleep at night

Power is a crime[chorus]

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