

Whip\$ And Chain\$

Flobots

Strange fruit I roll up in my Ford Taurus
Emissions won't pass like Gandalf at Moria
Way out of order, should be pulled over
Pulled out garage, lost side-view mirror
Credit card, final fantasy breaks the limit
I just paid, just brakes to break my lemon
Didn't make enough juice for my pessimism
So I'm not forgiven 'til my debts forgiven
So I skim off the top, convertible roofs
Thinking Spanish green sounds like the truth
Got it on lock jaw to the tip of the tooth
Way I floss, no dental insurance to boot
But my chain hangs low, I could double-dutch
Keep my eyes to the floor so don't stumble much
I shine bright at night from all the carrots
'Cause it's not who you are but who you're wear
Stay sportin' lashes from the old Massa's
Clasps on the neck says, 'Property Of The Masses'
And what's under the chassis?
Block is gentrified while the governor's classic
Don't know who the boss is
Do I hold the power or am I powered like horses?
Whip is blowin' out my back like I'm exhausted
Pipes blowin' more fire than Pentecost
Who killed Jimmy Tidmore?
Why and what's the reason for?
Who starts homicidal wars?
Rich man, poor man, either, or?
Who shows us what we need?
Who's got the bread for the luxuries?
Who told us that it's ingrained?
We who hold these whips and chains
If there's no lock, who needs a key?
When did we stop being free?
I see things vis-a-vis a sea change
Full fathom, five people became
Remain deep beneath chains
We pay into easing these pains
'Cause the history is difficult

Wish the results could be flipped like reciprocals
Allow me to remunerate aloud the typical
Rude awakenings of the drowsy consumer base
Bass boom will make the crowd sing
Synchronize to the poop that they're espousing
And syncopate to the stupid, take a thousand
Sinning like every excuse they make is valid
Simon Williams, I, Wonder Man
Just how did our oil get under their sand?
And how did our homes get onto their land?
And how did our foes get guns in their hands?
Conflict diamonds, child labor tennis shoes
Genocide energy, gentrified gin and juice
Slave trade banks, rape-based internet movies
What's a straight-laced simpleton to do?
With a strange fate twist and fame
Except talk shit and name off a list of gains
But do you realize I'd find my lips in flames
If I ever took pride in these whips and chains?
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Who holds these, who holds these
Who holds these traps and surfaces?
We want it, they own it
So we're going half-berserk for it
Well, let's take it, let's take it
Let's take it back before cassettes
Pepsi cans and packs of Percocet
1910, all the factory workers said
Yes, we can demand a weekend
If we can get the man to weaken
So if you're ready then send a beacon
To be continued and to begin
We can't be content to steep in
The anesthesia invisible hands
Of phantoms depend on
Your fantasies have been poisoned
But we've got the panacea
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