

Artificial Life

Operation Ivy

He's got a song about some love that's gone away.
Sometimes his eyes shed tiny teardrops when he plays.
His touching ballads are just sitting there to buy.
They call it music, but it seems more like a lie.
Artificial life in the market place.
Epic ballads by the musical whores.
Life is boring so project theirs on to yours.
Hear the anthems of the Pepsi Generation.
See the martyrs of our spiritual degradation.
Artificial life in the market place.
American culture disneyland freakshow,
Screen in your living room,
A window for your tomb.
If you can't compare the world sitting there
Repress your insecurities, watch and escape.
Give me artificial, give me superficial,
Give me a commercial life that can't be bought.
This I say to you, what I say is true:
Emotions aren't a product to sell and cannot be consumed.
Coming attraction, it's coming real soon,
Prince is having brunch with Pat Boone.
Want to know where all the bullshit goes,
it goes down the sewer to be disposed.

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