Decree

Ani Difranco

Step up and forfeit
Your frontal lobe
To the sexed up strobe
Of celebrity
Never mind that
The nanoseconds in between
Are some of the darkest darkness
You've ever seen
Keep your eye on my finger
And listen to the sound of my voice
Get your subliminal decree
And your false security
Be all that you can be
Be all that you can be
In hospitals and schools
Airports and banks and bars
Big ones on street corners
Little ones driving by in cars
And glowing through countless
Bedroom curtains at night
That 20k tone
And that pale blue light
Saying, Daddy knows best
Yes, this is the news
In 90 second segments
Officially produced
And aired again
And again and again
By the little black and white pawns
Of the network 'Yes' men
While the stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent
And cancer, the great teacher
Has been opening schools
Downstream from every factory
Still, everywhere fools
Are squinting into microscopes
Researching cells
Trying to figure out a way

We can all live in hell
Well, step back, look up
You'll see I'm dimming the sun
But you won't, will you?
No, that's a good little one
'Cuz Daddy knows best
Yeah, this is the news
In 90 second segments
Officially produced
And aired again
And again and again
By the little black and white pawns
Of the network 'Yes' men
While the stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent
The stars are going out
And the stripes are getting bent

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