500 Channels

Choking Victim

500 channels of a day-dream stimulation
Helps me to resent my life and raise my expectations
Locked into re-runs, your memories repeating
And all your ideals seem so self defeatingFor you and yours, the Pepsi generation
And when you're discontent, you change the TV station
And when you hate your life, no qualities redeeming
A million brainwashed zombies will always be heard screamingAnd when there is no hope
I'll smoke some crack, I'll shoot some dope
When theres no enemies, I sit and stare at my TV
And in my ignorance, I'll be a slave and sycophantAnd in a perfect world devoid of all temptations
The good leftover crizack could unite the nations
But now the war machines are mapping our destructions
With poisons over flowing in the chemical seductionsAnd when there is no hope
I'll smoke some crack, I'll shoot some dope
When theres no enemies, I sit and stare at my TV
And in my ignorance, I'll be a slave and sycophantWith my credit and my bank, my mind will draw a blank
I'll block out history, and stare at my TV
For me there is no way
500 channels waste my life away, away

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