

# 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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