

# Peanuts

## Sheila Nicholls

We were searching for some kind of love  
Will this human bowl ever be filled?  
When we're so distracted anyway  
Talking about eating peanuts for another dayAppalled by what I see  
As nothing less  
Than manufactured images of my happinessInsults all over work  
Humanity  
And corporations dictate who's a slave  
And who is freeWell, they said desire would design the market  
But if you have the money  
You can plant desire in peoples heads  
And make them believeThey need something that they don't  
People buy an image before they buy their food  
And if we keep selling based on people's insecurities  
We'll just make them bigger and perpetuate mass blindnessThey're leaving the movie theater, he wants a  
Hercules happy meal  
He wants a T-shirt, the sneakers and the sword  
He's only four but he's learned to consume 'til he's bored  
He's only four but he's learned to consume 'til he's boredAnd I amuse myself by thinking about a day that I  
might see  
Where every product that is sold reminded us to be  
Where the external consumption is merely temporaryIf you want real love  
If you want real love  
Consume internallyIf you want real love  
Consume internally  
Consume internally  
If you want real love  
Consume internally

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