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
If you want real love
Consume internally

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