

# The Underground Man

## Desaparecidos

You were calling out from the underground  
You had lots of big ideas but no one can hear them now  
They riddled you with guilt  
They tempted you with wealth  
They twisted all your words  
They made you hate yourself So now you do your schtick, a loyal patriot  
And you toe the party line even though it makes you sick  
They gave you talking points  
They taught you double-speak  
They forced you into war  
By saying you were weak They signed your checks til they had you in the bag  
They scared you blind then draped you in a flag  
Made you a man at Ft. Bragg You'll do good business as an apologist  
If you exaggerate their facts, if you perpetuate their myths  
They made activism trite  
They made honor optional  
They made propaganda news  
They made science radical

Songwriters

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