225

Metalshit

She stares at the screen, at the little words of green
Tries to remember what to do next
There's a trace of frustration that crosses her face
Searching through the keys she should pressBut I would help her if I only know how
But these things are a mystery to me too
And it seems to the corporate eyes they are watching
She fears for her job and the moments they are passing
I stare at her name tag and I think to myself
Both you and I, we never asked for any of thisLet's take a walk up past the chemical works
Where the sky turns green at night
We'll talk about not getting away from here
Some different kind of lifeBut even in the freshest mountain air
Oh, the jet fighters practice overhead
And they're drilling these hills for uranium deposits
And they'll bury the waste for our children to inherit
Though this is all done for our own benefit
I swear we never asked for any of thisWell, this golden age of communication
Means everyone just talks at the same time
And liberty just means the freedom to exploit
Any weakness that you can findTurn off the TV just for a while
Let us whisper to each other instead
And we'll hope that the corporate ears do not listen
Lest we find ourselves committing some kind of treason
And filed in the tapes without rhyme, without reason
While they tell us that it's all for our own protectionI swear we never asked for any of this
Oh, I swear we never asked, not for any of this
Oh, I swear we never asked for any of this
Oh, I swear we never asked for any of this
Oh, I swear

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