

# Decree

Ani DiFranco

Step up and forfeit your frontal lobe  
To the sexed up stroll of celebrity  
Never mind that the nanoseconds in between  
Are some of the darkest darkness that 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 30k 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  
That 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?  
Oh, that's a good little one

'cause daddy knows best  
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The stars are going out  
And the stripes are getting bent