

# Serpentine

Ani DiFranco

Pavlov hits me with more bad news every time I answer the phone  
so I play and I sing and I just let it ring,  
all day when I'm at home

A defacto choice of  
macro-microcosmic melancholy  
but baby any way you slice it,  
I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone

Yeah the goons have gone global  
and the CEO's are shredding files  
and the democrans and the republicrats  
are flashing their toothy smiles

And Uncle Tom is posing for a photo-op with the oval office klan  
and Uncle Sam is riggin' cockfights in the promised land  
and that knife you stuck in my back is still there  
it pinches a little when I sigh and moan  
and these days I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone

Cause all the wrong people have the power of suggestion  
and the freedom of the press is meaningless if nobody asks the question  
I mean causation by definition is such a complex compilation of factors  
that to even try to say why is to oversimplify  
that's a far cry, isn't it dear, from acting like you're the only one there  
unrepentantly self-centered and unfair

Enter all suckers scrambling for the truth  
exit mr. eye-contact who took his flirt and flew the coup  
but whatever, no matter, no fishin trips, no fishin  
cause momma's officially out of commission

And did I mention in there somewhere  
did I mention somewhere in there  
that I traded Babe Ruth,  
yes I traded the only player  
that was bigger than the game  
and I can't even tell you why,  
cause you'd think I'm insane.  
and that's the truth

And the music industry mafia is pimping girl power  
sniping off sharp-shooter singles from their styrofoam towers,  
and hip-hop is tied up in the back room with a logo stuffed in its mouth  
cause the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house

But then, I'm getting away from myself  
as I get closer and closer home  
and the difference between you and me baby  
is I get fucked up when I'm alone

And I must admit today  
that my inner pessimist seems to have gotten the best of me  
we start out sugared up on kool aid and manifest destiny  
and then we memorize all the presidents names like little trained monkeys  
and we spit into the world so many spinny-eyed TV junkies

Incapable of unraveling the military-industrial mystery  
pre-emptively passified with history book history  
and I've been around the world now and I can see this about America

The mind control is deep here, man  
the myopia is steep here, man

And behold those who try to expose the reality  
really try to realize democracy  
are shot with rubber bullets and gassed off the streets  
while the global power brokers are kept clean and discreet  
behind a wall  
behind a moat  
and that is all  
that's all  
that's all she wrote

And my heart beats an s-s-s o-o-o s-s-s  
cause folks just really couldn't care-care-care less-less-less  
as long as every day is superbowl sunday  
and larger than life women in lingerie are pouting at us from every bus stop  
she loves me, she loves me not  
she loves me, she loves me not  
she loves me, she loves me not

And "big government should not stand between a man and his money"  
I mean, "what's good for business is good for the country"  
our children still take that lie like communion,  
the same old line the Confederacy used on the Union

Conjugate liberty into libertarian  
and medicated associated with deregulation privitization  
we won't even know we're slaves on a corporate plantation

Somebody say hallelujah,  
somebody say damnation,  
cause the profit system follows the path of least resistance  
and the path of least resistance is what makes the river crooked  
makes it serpentine  
capitalism is the devil's wet dream

So just give me my Judy garland drugs and let me get back to work  
cause the empire state building is the tallest building in New York  
and I have always got the feeling  
you just like to hear it fall off your tongue

But I remember my name in your mouth  
and I don't think I was done hearing it close to my ear  
on a whisper's way to a moan

Pavlov hits me with more bad news every time I answer the phone  
so I play and I sing and just let it ring,  
all day when I'm at home

A defacto choice of  
macro-microcosmic melancholy  
but baby any way you slice it,  
I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone