

## Anchors Away

Five Iron Frenzy

An idea dies, in the same slight way  
That we lose track of the facts  
Slowly, unseen, slipping silently  
Through some fabricated cracks  
And now the freedom of the press  
Has turned to freedom to impress  
Perfect hair, sells product well  
Like suffocating, sickly smells  
The make-up smears, like false pastels  
Like glossy, sugarcoated, shells

Tune in, tune out, goodbye, goodnight  
They're buying you with fear and lies  
Turn it off until it's right  
That's the news, that's all, goodnight  
Turn it off until it's right  
That's the news, that's all, goodnight

The advertising dollars buy  
The right to stifle antonyms  
To sterilize the truth with fiction  
So we can sing their corporate hymns  
And all of us were cowed and bought it  
Hardly anybody got it  
While mergers made their spires grow taller  
What they let you know grew smaller  
And we were scared, or too bemused  
And so we still turned on the news

Are you afraid yet?  
They want you to be  
It will keep you coming back  
You are a loyal customer  
Are you afraid yet?  
You should be