

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