

Here's your news report  
I'm your straight face for today  
Sorry if it's short  
But I have to get away  
And be sick  
First the powers that be  
Line their pockets with your bread  
And it's not too hard to see  
That you're worth more to them dead  
Don't you know the taxman  
Mourns you to the nearest bank  
You're news report  
You're news report  
And it's short, short, short  
I want to know why people die  
Because they've been forgotten  
It's you callin' fallin'  
And if you're young, son, you're the one  
To lead us into Hades  
And if you're shot dead, then you're called brave  
As they shove you down your grave  
And nothing is saved  
While you're growing fat  
Wiping gravy off your sleeve  
There's a child who like a rat  
Would cry and beg for what you leave  
Oh but you won't be deceived by what you fear  
And you can't be diseased by what you fear  
You're news report  
You're news report  
And it's short, short, short