

Bruce's Diary

Jello Biafra

On the top floor, from my penthouse
I survey what I rule
High rises
Thin curtains
All lights go out by two

No one ever sees me
Yet I know all of you
It's sort of like a small town
When your whole lives are on my computer

Ah... Ah...
All the power, none of the stress
So much better being hatchet man
Than a henpecked attention-starved target
Like the big man himself

Our goal is perpetual economic victory
We play with you to amuse ourselves
Our motives are personal
Our motives are political
Our motives are sexual
I know

Hi Ho Hi Ho Hi Ho

The laws we make for others
Don't apply to us
We do what we want

A lethargic population
Is the key to our control
Who'd rather watch someone's life on TV
Than participate in their own
Mentally they feel helpless
Physically they just give up
We priced the healthy food so high
They can only buy soda pop

A housebroken bee colony
That goes home after 5
Too burnt and glazed to threaten us
With purpose in their lives

Ah... Ah...
Ha Ha Ha
We drug their snacks at work
Mix hormones in kids lunch at school
Don't be a pill, it's good for you

The men grow up muscular
Short tempered and kinda dumb
The women develop those outrageous curves
The kind you only used to see
In the movies and magazines
We banned and rounded up for ourselves
Hi-Ho

Hi-Ho
It's off to do our work you go

We melt you with acid rain
Keep you poor for economic gain
Convince you your biggest threat
Is drugs and terrorists

They don't even have to be real
Just find a face, make up a crime
Run sensational headlines
Works every time

The people must not realize
They are being manipulated
For them to be manipulated effectively

We give 'em things to worry about
Buying clothes and losing weight
Your lack of curiosity
Is the key to our success

Your lack of curiosity is the key to our success
Hi Ho
Hi Ho
Hi Ho
Life's so simple and happy
When everything's clear.