

## Pied Piper

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Insidiously they stand  
In rows of color and light  
Incredibly they demand  
And get our precious quarters  
And all the while, addicting us,  
We hardly even fight  
As they march us to our bankruptcy  
Like lambs unto the slaughter

It all began with Pong and we should have stopped it then  
These crazy games were never meant for mortal women and men  
The harder that we try and the longer that we play  
The lower goes the wherewithal to live from day to day

In every city and town and each suburban mall  
The video game arcade puts out it's sweet seductive call  
And all the kids around and droves of adult bands  
Come marching to their pipers call with money in their hands

It's aliens I'm sure or else a Commie plot  
To clean us out and wear us down and turn our brains to rot  
I fight it more than most 'cause I know I never win  
But that call creeps out to get me and I drop my quarter in