

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 its 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