

Trigger For Happiness

Machines of Loving Grace

Enough searching to know
That we've lost ourselves
In our slot machines, shotguns, and strip malls
Baby your technology
So slick and functional

And me without my nuclear arsenal
And if I could kill without guilt or sin
There'd soon be a few less record executives
And if I could kill and receive forgiveness
There'd sure as hell be one less president

There's got to be a pill for forgiveness
There's got to be a trigger for happiness
Automatic sensory remote control
Weather satellites manipulate your soul
Efficiently without a modicum of grace
I want to go out with a smile on my face