

She stares at the screen, at the little words of green  
Tries to remember what to do next  
There's a trace of frustration that crosses her face  
Searching through the keys she should press

But I would help her if I only know how  
But these things are a mystery to me too  
And it seems to the corporate eyes they are watching  
She fears for her job and the moments they are passing  
I stare at her name tag and I think to myself  
Both you and I, we never asked for any of this

Let's take a walk up past the chemical works  
Where the sky turns green at night  
We'll talk about not getting away from here  
Some different kind of life

But even in the freshest mountain air  
Oh, the jet fighters practice overhead  
And they're drilling these hills for uranium deposits  
And they'll bury the waste for our children to inherit  
Though this is all done for our own benefit  
I swear we never asked for any of this

Well, this golden age of communication  
Means everyone just talks at the same time  
And liberty just means the freedom to exploit  
Any weakness that you can find

Turn off the TV just for a while  
Let us whisper to each other instead  
And we'll hope that the corporate ears do not listen  
Lest we find ourselves committing some kind of treason  
And filed in the tapes without rhyme, without reason  
While they tell us that it's all for our own protection

I swear we never asked for any of this  
Oh, I swear we never asked, not for any of this  
Oh, I swear we never asked for any of this  
Oh, I swear we never asked for any of this  
Oh, I swear