

Little white lies-they hold little surprise

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Good things come in threes
The places I haunt-the powers I taunt
And the little I need-I need!

Where the arrogance of presidents-drive with the top down
And pop singers bite bullets-and pops kiss the ground
The most favoured nations-should be atheists
Not the penny pinch manipulators-of the fundamentalists

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For everyone spotted-ten get missed
The deeper you look-the longer the list
And the CNN calling card-red herring day, "No news today"
Somebody somewhere indirectly directs them on their way
Stand up a token figure-and twist whatever they say

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Pin it on no one-it doesn't matter anyway
How many political despots worked for the USA
And who controls down South America way
and who controls the modern Russian way
Death in the streets, death is a project
All in the weak, the poor, the rich, the racist
and free thought should be looked upon
As an enemy
Because free thought went to jail, long ago

What a pity
The spider's kiss, the White House astrologists
How many political despots worked for the CIA
The spider's kiss, the White House astrologists
Fuck, it's the CIA

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