

## Good Things

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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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