

Finally there's sales-resistance  
Record-business stagnates  
The companies call it a crisis  
They must be out of their minds  
Still too much shit surrounds me  
This popmusic dirties my ears  
I wait for the beloved moment  
That this music disappears  
Record-companies investigate  
New waves to cram down your throat  
The next saturday nightmare fever  
Another consumption-craze  
New horizons in retailing  
Make all noises sound the same  
There's even muzak for silent movies  
It's just all part of their game  
So they let you into their studios  
Recording your songs on their terms  
And they will take care of your business  
It means they're after your share  
Flirting with skill to convince you  
Change the words and sound around a bit  
Do them a favor do behave you  
They promise you'll get a hit  
But what if there ain't enough profits  
On the products you make that sell  
Don't worry yet  
They'll recycle your songs when you're dead  
The gang of four smiles  
They think the e.m.i.'s their friend  
E.m.i. smiles  
He's glad the gang of four is fooled  
Now he can exploit them  
Look how happy they are