

Once there was a crackdown that made the quotas meet.
Squeezed on through a vacuum tube that stood you on your feet.
All the clocks stopped cold today and all the roads were closed
,
So no one even noticed that the strangers wore new clothes.
As you wait for your lobotomy in line.
The cranky little clones wet at once and cry.
But mommy says it's always better to obey,
And the tiny lights burn out more and more every day.
The power rich were hung today, and all their subjects shot.
So sixty-second saviors slipped a slug in every slot.
Bullyragging sermonettes scorned the conquered creeps,
When everyone's applause dies down you'll stand upon your feet
again.