

Because Washington Is Hollywood For Ugly People

Lyrics by MC Paul Barman

silence = death
violence = sex
scientific meth
id, ego, superego
wherever we go
gotta plant a flag like Stratego

I'll shoot a light flare through your nightmare

there's something new under the sun
old folks now outnumber the young
and if the gap gets any larger
the world will look like work of Henry Darger
old men against stem cells
will use them themselves
juice the youths, live to 112
Robert J Lifton deciphered the system for indoctrination
this is his listin:
isolation
hunger
fatigue
stress
fear/love relationships
unperceived threats
violence, both physical and mental
objects: commerce, converts and teaching disciples
that's the nuts and bolts of cults
we're kept from being adults
no different from Moonies' eunuchy communities
in a bread and circus bled of purpose
til we're dead and worthless
a royal rumble would have been an enjoyable jumble

Tony Blair should send his cronies where
he'd fight himself, it's only fair

you can play it safe
and pray to save
so many jewels
it's Plato's cave
if you don't share
they'll raid your grave
makin waves don't raise your wage
sometimes rich folks behave like slaves

I met thinkin Tinkin at the Full Moon Saloon
and while he was drinkin
we watched the bull balloon

this is now with Bill Moyers
first thing we do is kill lawyers
not all viewers are skilled voyeurs
all kinds of folk need signs of hope
read between the lines of coke
we need media literacy immediately

to teach the kiddies plopped in front of the TV
to dispel the mystique
parents, watch with your seeds
and speak a critique
is there a laughtrack?
product placement then ads after that?
is violence the only graphic act?
yet sex jokes are constant?
how do advertisers influence content?
do plotlines defy common sense?
do couples always have the same spat?
who's it aimed at?
it's stealing kids from a candyshop
the warfront's antipropaganda and if
PBS shifts then they can't be stopped
but that's a liberal
willing to listen to fibs of glib feds
who will literally kill every kid in the world
it's poetry
a moderate will hang you from a lowa tree
you're current events actors
teach history backwards
start with today
you can get to yesterday afterwards

I'm the pastor of text
the last word is next
Tinkin has yet to master After Effects
sweet isnit
I'm like a guy in the audience
but u got to listen to it
then again
maybe I can't be heard thru the din
at the openin
but you hear it the next day
when you go again with a friend

it's good to see Tinkin simplify
every ho hopes her pimp'll die
chimp up high is an empty vessel
like when we set a place for Elijah
but if one cuts off his head
it regrows on the Hydra
therefore to succeed
we need community
with you n me 1 an 1 is 3
now that's some real deal pimp shit
for these limpdick pinpricks
you only win it for a minute
until we instill kinship
incest drove that thin chick to skinflicks
watching her perform makes you complicit
it's supply and demand
a line in the sand
friends are enemies
when it's 'better them than me'
a friend is family only after amnesty
you're land. I'm sea. we make clay to build fantasy.