

*When 64 reduced to 59, 16 became 15, 8
shrunk to 6 1/2 and the bottom dropped
out...*

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There was a time
When words used to Rhyme
And make us a winner
When mother sounded a fog horn
For us to come home for dinner.

Carboard, wax paper, tin foil, 8 oz cans
Reused hoover bags, A penny bought
several items
\$5 overfilled your tank
Before the ship sank

Walk to school was the rule
Then came plastic - drastic
Change from Roll to Push
Dial then Touch then talk
Outlet centers miles from any shop
Food courts - non stop

Slide your card - drink tastes great
Make your selection - I suggest C8
Alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, drugs
30 oz giant cans replacing hungs

Who can help me with all my buggers?
Couldn't be my imbalance of sugars?
Inverted cement trucks
Fabric moving sweat
From our skin to the air

What do we care?

If Oil is jumping from the ground
My SUV idling in the lot
With the AirCon on for my pet
So he won't sweat
Good ole' Spot

CHORUS

Walking in my body - 2 parts remaining
Scales must be lying - says I'm gaining
An Appreciation for Night Time Network
news
Hosted by a myriad of drugs from which to
choose

30 calibur security with enhanced
protection
Seems like a mass defection
From Care, Concern, and slower motion
Hiding under our UV lotion

Fashion logos for sale real cheap
Bitcoins on an internet TOR site
Sew, steam, glue, stich
Anything to look just right

To belong, as the group soars to the left
Land to the right, catching an updraft of
tweets
With raunchy wording to express
Just how bereft (we are)

Putting the focus on the 99 on the end
Let's us pretend we have a deal
As our brains metathesize, numbness
Zombie, hollow, no feel

CHORUS

I've been thinking and wondering too
About the economy and me and you
We'd be in Jail in the darkest of places
If we printed Benjamins and other faces

Like the Fed and Crew to infinity
Code Name: QE
Dropping money from heaven
Like making dough bigger with leaven

Three brands of government showing rot
in the core
Need to keep spending, borrowing, fighting
a war
Can't let the music stop, so few chairs
Fractional lending, 100:1 - hardly fair

Selling things that don't exist
Leverage buying with margin assist
Algos pulverizing humans night and day
Network news wishing you'd never go
away

Where are we going? Our Destiny?
Do I have a choice? Some Certainty?

Yep, You bet. IMF and SDR's
Will keep you in debt buying those cars
And the mantra of the rich will keep on and
on
Erasing the middle class like the dawn
Chasing the night away. Into the lower
paying jobs
That inflation steals quietly

Governments fear and weep great tears
About a situation called deflation
Where your dollar buys more
And less out the door to the tax man

Suddenly you're wealthy by all
comprehension
Like coasting into a quiet dimension
If you can keep your employment
You'll find enjoyment

CHORUS

Stop drop spit blow go flare and you're
there
From the depths of the sea into fresh air
Wondering and blinking; what was I
thinking?
When the world was tumultuous and
sinking

Into perpetual disturbance
Like the wobbling during precession
Avoiding one crises into the next
Yet never admitting depression

A psycho analyst's paradise
Patients all lined up - how nice
Next and Next and Next (opps not you)
For you see too clearly what we've been
through

An engineered world of false illusions
A front of reasoning causing confusion
Continually building a world of fear
So our saviour government becomes so
dear

Now what? Unthinking citizens stripped of
imagination, courage and insight?
Doubt it? Because that's when the light
Begins to shine through the crack

As the right brain's insight is put into words
And the people begin to see that swords
Are the outside protection that never was
true
But sufficed for the plan to conquer you

Ha! In a blinding flash of emergence
A world shaking disturbance
And when the dust clears away
The promised day

Of connection, promised by our DNA
Such a long journey to our destiny
Keep your seat belt fastened, landing gear
down
Embrace today with a smile carved from a
frown

Is this the ending?
Some say it's Pending!
How do I know?
A little mouse running through Disneyland
told me so

Chorus:

*Things are changing and rearranging;
Packaging confusion is such an illusion!
Things aren't what they seem
You know what I mean
This Rap is for you and anyone with ears
It deals with our twisted reality and fears
Dark fighting with light beaming
Souls screaming
For an end to the madness around us*

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*Shut off your news source
Come on and be brave*

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*Good night Chet
Good night Dave*

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