

*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*

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

-  
*Good night Chet  
Good night Dave*

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