

Dead Kennedys, Fleshdunce

We're world industry's thoughtlords
The entertainment wing
We keep you all in line

By fixing your free will
Surround you with pop fantasies
Just slightly out of reach
To soften all the blows
Of your forced daily routine

We strip-mine your underground culture
Take the bite out and rinse it clean
Give ourselves credit for creating it
Then sell it back to you
At twice the price

Our pool of talent vampires
Has blown into your town
To dazzle, sign and milk you
All strictly on our own terms

You think you've got a lot to say
We'll change that real soon
You're not a person anymore
We've made you a cartoon

By the time we're through remolding you
You won't even recognize your face
There's no end to the eager beavers
Drawn the moths to our Babylon's mirage

Conveyor belt of fleshdunce
They all want to do the fleshdance
Conveyor belt of fleshdunce
Who all want to do the fleshdance