

Electronic, Idiot Country

My name is not important, it's a signal, a sign
It means I'm doing what I do because I do it all the time
I get a lot of fun emotion, I get none if I use ya
I would crawl across the ocean so I could not abuse ya

My life's deteriorating at a quarter to eight
Because I wrote myself a letter and I mailed it too late
I got a knock on the door, I got a nail on the floor
I got a nail in my head, but it don't hurt me no more

It's an open act of defiance, and it's aimed directly at you
We could form some kind of alliance, we could do what we wanted to do
And the young would live forever
And the sun would shine through the blue
If we got our hands on this nation, we could do what we wanted to do

With all the time I'm sweatin' I've got you on my mind
You're gonna lead me into trouble, you will leave me behind
Well I am not coming to ya, I'll only confuse ya
There's a label on you, I'm gonna rip it in two