

Good Riddance, Flies First Class

tell me who will arrest the political pollution
who's coming up with the eminent solution
who's gonna sell you something you can't use
who can broadcast fallacies and call it the news

who's gonna fight the almighty legislature
when a woman's not a woman but another incubator
when the choleric voice of millions place another urgent call
and your right to choose is taken leaving no choice at all

freedom is just a word
incendiary
justice a blank ideal
our novel paradigm
mirror of one way glass
somebody's watching
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some people say i'm bitter and i really should get over it
an angry young man with nothing tangible to show for it
but oppression breeds obsession like another mean season
and to turn a blind eye would be personal treason

in the sky there's a tiding greeting each and every birth
about how the unenlightened have inherited the earth
and if aids doesn't get you you can bet you neighbor will
because his umbrage and obstruction give him the liberty to kill

when there's no more change to bring about
when there's nothing left to sing about
and when my heart is empty
and there's no more greed to tempt me

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