

Ani DiFranco, Serpentine

Pavlov hits me with more bad news every time I answer the phone
so I play and I sing and I just let it ring,
all day when I'm at home
a defacto choice of
macro-microcosmic melancholy
but baby any way you slice it,
I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone
yeah the goons have gone global
and the CEO's are shredding files
and the democrans and the republicrats
are flashing their toothy smiles
and Uncle Tom is posing for a photo-op with the oval office klan
and Uncle Sam is riggin' cockfights in the promised land
and that knife you stuck in my back is still there
it pinches a little when I sigh and moan
and these days I'm thinkin I could just as soon use the time alone
cause all the wrong people have the power of suggestion
and the freedom of the press is meaningless if nobody asks the question
I mean causation by definition is such a complex compilation of factors
that to even try to say why is to oversimplify
that's a far cry, isn't it dear, from acting like you're the only one there
unrepentantly self-centered and unfair
enter all suckers scrambling for the truth
exit mr. eye-contact who took his flirt and flew the coup
but whatever, no matter, no fishin trips, no fishin
cause momma's officially out of commission
and did I mention in there somewhere
did I mention somewhere in there
that I traded Babe Ruth,
yes I traded the only player
that was bigger than the game
and I can't even tell you why,
cause you'd think I'm insane.
and that's the truth
and the music industry mafia is pimping girl power
sniping off sharp-shooter singles from their styrofoam towers,
and hip-hop is tied up in the back room with a logo stuffed in its mouth
cause the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house
but then, I'm getting away from myself
as I get closer and closer home
and the difference between you and me baby
is I get fucked up when I'm alone
and I must admit today
that my inner pessimist seems to have gotten the best of me
we start out sugared up on kool aid and manifest destiny
and then we memorize all the presidents names like little trained monkeys
and we spit into the world so many spinny-eyed TV junkies
incapable of unraveling the military-industrial mystery
pre-emptively passified with history book history
and I've been around the world now and I can see this about America
the mind control is deep here, man
the myopia is steep here, man
and behold those who try to expose the reality
really try to realize democracy
are shot with rubber bullets and gassed off the streets
while the global power brokers are kept clean and discreet
behind a wall
behind a moat
and that is all
that's all
that's all she wrote
and my heart beats an s-s-s o-o-o s-s-s
cause folks just really couldn't care-care-care less-less-less
as long as every day is superbowl sunday

and larger than life women in lingerie are pouting at us from every bus stop
she loves me, she loves me not
she loves me, she loves me not
she loves me, she loves me not
and "big government should not stand between a man and his money"
i mean, "what's good for business is good for the country"
our children still take that lie like communion,
the same old line the Confederacy used on the Union
conjugate liberty into libertarian
and medicated associated with deregulation privatization
we won't even know we're slaves on a corporate plantation
somebody say hallelujah,
somebody say damnation,
cause the profit system follows the path of least resistance
and the path of least resistance is what makes the river crooked
makes it serpentine
capitalism is the devil's wet dream
so just give me my Judy garland drugs and let me get back to work
cause the empire state building is the tallest building in New York
and I have always got the feeling
you just like to hear it fall off your tongue
but I remember my name in your mouth
and I don't think I was done hearing it close to my ear
on a whisper's way to a moan
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