

Negativland, (C) Is For Stupid

Why don't you give some shit about the kids, man?
Tinky-Winky
The kids, man!

Little boys and girls, they all love me.
Laa-laa
Come sit on the lap of I-C-E,
and let me tell you a story or two,
about a punk-ass nigger I knew named:

Tinky-Winky, Tinky-Winky
squeeze me, laa-laa, hug, ahh

C is..
OK, you'd better listen to me good,
because this is the A-B-C's of anarchism
C is..
C is for cookie...
Conclusion?
... that's good enough for me.

Guess what?
What?
Guess what?
What?

An-ar-chism
C is for cookie.
Conclusion?
An-
What?
-ar-chism
An-
What?
-ar-chism

C is for cookie.
Conclusion? Nah.
That's good enough for me.

Guess what?
What?

Copyright infringement in the kitchen.
Copyright infringement by the new refridgerator.
Copyright infringement, right over by my club soda bottle.
An-ar-chism.

So tell me what you want, what you really, really want.
I'll tell you what I want.

Copyright infringement *inside* the club soda bottle.

Back out again.
I'm back, what else?

Guess what?
What?

I'm going to set the phone down and just start doing it.
Doing it, doing it, doing it.

Can you hear me now?
Yes, sir.

OK, now, when you, in order that I can play this back I have to pick up the phone because the cassette deck is the amplifier that I'm sending the phone on, so, bear with me.

Hey-ho!

So, when you're recording, you can't hear me?

Conclusion?

I'm recording now, it's when I transition from recording to play that I have to pick up the mike.

Wrong! Wrong! Dog gone it!

Allright, I'm just going to be recording now.

Conclusion?

I don't think so, very much. WRONG!

Damn, I hear the roto-tiller.
Right, I'm hearing the roto-tiller live. WRONG!

That's my roto-tiller!
Do you hear it on the phone?
No.
It's kind of a humming sound.

Don't get up, don't open the window.
Don't get up, don't open the window.
Don't GET UP-ah, don't open the window. WRONG!
GET UP-ah, don't open the window.
Don't open the window.
Don't GET UP!
Don't GET UP!
Don't GET UP!
Don't GET UP! WRONG!
Don't get up, don't open the window, don't do anything.
I don't want...

Would they prefer anarchy?

I don't want you to open the window.

Oh my god...
It's not, it's not the roto-tiller, it's....
... they're glaring at me.

It's not the roto-tiller...
... They want me dead.

Got it?

It's a blower.
It's, it's an electric blower.

Allright, now it comes out. WRONG!
Can I do it now?
Can I do it now?
Allright.

Would the prefer anarchy?

Conclusion?

Cookie, cookie, cookie starts with C.

I'm over by the microwave oven now.