

500 Channels

Choking Victim

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500 channels of a day-dream stimulation
helps me to resent my life and raise my expectations.
Locked into re-runs, your memories repeating,
and all your ideals seem so self defeating.
For you and yours, the pepsi generation,
and when you're discontent, you change the T.V. station,
And when you hate your life, no qualities redeeming,
a million brainwashed zombies will always be heard screaming...

And when there is no hope,
"I'll smoke some crack, I'll shoot some dope!"
When theres no enemies,
"I sit and stare at my T.V.
and in my ignorance,
I'll be a slave and sycophant!"

And in a perfect world devoid of all temptations,
the good leftover crizack could unite the nations.
But now the war machines are mapping our destructions
with poisons over flowing in the chemical seductions.

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"I'll smoke some crack, I'll shoot some dope!"
When theres no enemies,
"I sit and stare at my T.V.
and in my ignorance,
I'll be a slave and sycophant!"

With my credit and my bank,
my mind will draw a blank.
I'll block out history,
and stare at my T.V.
For me there is no way.
500 channels waste my life away, away...