

Total Control

Chumbawamba

Product sells
People die
Same revolution
Wrapped in lies
In these sexist, drugged-up
Rock and roles
The biggest prizes
To the biggest fools

Ask the puppet-masters
Who pull the strings
'Who makes the money
When the puppets sing?'
Ask the corporations
'Where does the money go?'
Ask the empty-bellied children
'Tell me what are we singing for?'

Until we pull down the walls
It'll stay the same
Until we find something new
Make it change
I know there must be more
So what are we singing for?

I know there must be more

"These puppets, underneath the skin, have the same problems as you and me--they want to be loved, don't know where to begin. Just a wall's width away, but impossible to get close. Offstage, with nothing to hide behind, the puppets are running away. And meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves... and meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves... and meanwhile, we're running away from ourselves..."

If our music makes you happy or content
It has failed
If our music entertains, but doesn't inspire
It has failed
The music's not a threat
Action the music inspires
Can be a threat!