Motorcade

Count Zero

If there's a message you could hear
I'd swear to God I'd make it clear.
I'd tell you how I'm sick and tired
Of how you've got the whole shit wired
By teaching me resent and hate
Towards those the least empow'red of state.
As if, for all faults, they're to blame
When I know it's you who runs the game.

Them for'ners look so pitiful 'cause they're not
In your motorcade.

Yeah, your motorcade,
Your little bubble safe from real life's dark parade.
In your motorcade
It's too much trouble to peek out your windowshade.

If there's a message I could send
That I'd be sure you'd comprehend
It's that Your Time is Up. We're wise
To how you primp and subsidize
The wealthy who make missiles sleek
That grow obsolete in a week.
"As long as it makes jobs!" you say.
You keep real progress miles away,

Like all the riffraff screaming as you're riding
In your motorcade.

Yeah, in your motorcade
It's too much trouble to peek out your windowshade.
Yeah, your motorcade
Absorbs the rubble tumbled from the mess you made.

You motorcade
Is half-enlaid
With tooth-melt gold
To help protect you,
Disinfect you
From the fold
That grow two boots
With each blue suit
You make stand guard
Next to your fence,
Your bedroom vents,
Atop ten motorcycles gliding down each broken boulevard.

If there's a message you could know
I swear to God I'd make it glow
In neon lights that line the curbs
As you're escorted through the 'burbs
To bribe folks not to vote you out.
Paint demons they can go chew out.
And if you only last one term
I'm sure there's some other job to which you can squirm

...about a block down; we'll still drive your ass there

In your motorcade!

Yeah, your motorcade,
Your little bubble safe from real life's dark parade.
Yeah, your motorcade
Absorbs the rubble tumbled from the mess you made.
Yeah, your motorcade,
Your little bubble safe from real life's dark parade.

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