

Sham-maker

Count Zero

Can't keep gettin' screened by your Thought Police
Can't live my life doin' as you please
Can't have a voice, have a choice!
Won't see your face and ever rejoice
Won't shake your hand in your Rolls-a-Royce
Won't catch the fleas carryin' your disease!

I wore all the suits of your biologies
I bore all the fruits of your theologies
I cooled down the rods of your ecologies
What does it take till you acknowledge these?

Back to the wall, Sham-Maker!
Can't fool us all, Sham-Maker!

Can't beat myself to death with a wet rat
Can't live my life watchin' you get fat
Can't sleep, all wet from sour sweat!
Won't just forget you cloaked me in debt
Won't kiss your ass and that's a threat
Won't lay down flat I ain't your welcome mat!

I taught all the tots your tautologies
I bought all your botched ideologies
I sung to the gods your doxologies
Well, here I come looking for apologies!

Back to the wall, Sham-Maker!
Can't fool us all, Sham-Maker!

(He walks no walks but he talks the talks)

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Can't fool us all, Sham-Maker!