

Zuckerpunch

The Snuts

Robotic, hypnotic, Amazonian shopping
For the masses, and your cache says you need a little more plastic

In your life, bro, is that right, no?
All your clothes are from sweatshops
And their saviour is your labour, social handcuff enslavement

Your search history is no mystery, rim-shot, kick, clap, hold
From the South Beach to the cold East, the Middle East and Rome
It's "Tweet this, snap that," all the things that make you go "Hmm"

A Zuckerpunch and a cold ass lunch, don't speak 'til you've been told

So walk with me down memory lane
When the phone in your pocket only had a few games

I said, "Yes, Mister, please help me believe, don't patronise, no"
Is this clickbait my new safe space? Sit back and do what you're told

So walk with me down memory lane
When the phone in your pocket only had a few games
One snake, two snakes, now it's your brain
Throw me the keys to your cuffs, and then I'll be on my way
Walk with me down memory lane
When the phone in your pocket only had a few games

Are you willing to change your business model in the interest of protecting individual privacy?
Congresswoman, I'm not sure what that means...