

## Bruce's Diary

Jello Biafra

On the top floor, from my penthouse  
I survey what I rule  
High rises  
Thin curtains  
All lights go out by two

No one ever sees me  
Yet I know all of you  
It's sort of like a small town  
When your whole lives are on my computer

Ah... Ah...  
All the power, none of the stress  
So much better being hatchet man  
Than a henpecked attention-starved target  
Like the big man himself

Our goal is perpetual economic victory  
We play with you to amuse ourselves  
Our motives are personal  
Our motives are political  
Our motives are sexual  
I know

Hi Ho Hi Ho Hi Ho

The laws we make for others  
Don't apply to us  
We do what we want

A lethargic population  
Is the key to our control  
Who'd rather watch someone's life on TV  
Than participate in their own  
Mentally they feel helpless  
Physically they just give up  
We priced the healthy food so high  
They can only buy soda pop

A housebroken bee colony  
That goes home after 5  
Too burnt and glazed to threaten us  
With purpose in their lives

Ah... Ah...  
Ha Ha Ha  
We drug their snacks at work  
Mix hormones in kids lunch at school  
Don't be a pill, it's good for you

The men grow up muscular  
Short tempered and kinda dumb  
The women develop those outrageous curves  
The kind you only used to see  
In the movies and magazines  
We banned and rounded up for ourselves  
Hi-Ho

Hi-Ho  
It's off to do our work you go

We melt you with acid rain  
Keep you poor for economic gain  
Convince you your biggest threat  
Is drugs and terrorists

They don't even have to be real  
Just find a face, make up a crime  
Run sensational headlines  
Works every time

The people must not realize  
They are being manipulated  
For them to be manipulated effectively

We give 'em things to worry about  
Buying clothes and losing weight  
Your lack of curiosity  
Is the key to our success

Your lack of curiosity is the key to our success  
Hi Ho  
Hi Ho  
Hi Ho  
Life's so simple and happy  
When everything's clear.