

A Bright Cold Day In April

Sonic Boom Six

It was a bright cold day in April the clocks
were striking on thirteen when she checked the mailbox.
She yawned and took her place,
numbered and indexed and neat in the database.
Just looked the same as any old letter,
in it drop, tear the top, and a card inside.
They say that it'll make our lives better.
Nothing to fear if you've got none to hide.

You'll be data protected, you'll be part of the team
now that you're a number on the screen.
All securely connected to the central machine
now that you're a number on the screen.

Outside, the sky, was shiny and blue,
the officer stopped her and scanned all her details through.
She smiled because she knew
that he was from England because he had a nice card too.
The fingerprint it didn't upset her,
for these laws in the wars he fought and died.
They say that it'll make our lives better,
nothing to fear if you've got none to hide.

You'll be data protected, you'll be part of the team
now that you're a number on the screen.
All securely connected to the central machine
now that you're a number on the screen.

Your attention!

Our survey says our system has total public approval
of our use of your data for prevention of illegals,
full obliteration of dole scrounge tacticians
and further elucidation of preventative counter measures on the
continued war on terror.
So there is no reason for you to worry. Things are under contro
l.

It was a bright cold day in April the clocks
were striking on thirteen when she checked the mailbox.
By then it was too late to save civil liberties we don't apprec
iate.