

Don't look in the morning daily  
Unless you like obtuse lies  
Don't look in the TV honey  
Unless you believe in spies  
Dialogue with reason shook  
The news no mystery  
The truth's a thing with handles  
Grab on your own destiny

Capitalists turn to renter's  
You worship sickly dogs  
That in the sun's sensation  
Make sure your mind's a bog

But I know where to point  
the finger  
I took time to find out why

I know where to point  
the finger  
God put me here to fly

FLEET-ERASE  
BOND