

## PROGRAMMING AND PRODUCTION FOR PROFIT

### 1. FASTBACK LOGIC

You gotta life socket lifeline  
Keeping all alone  
You got a blank tape memory bank  
Your head has turned to stone

His tubes were so fierce  
His eyes were like glass  
The last input to the mind  
A fast fastback with class

I sit and watch the machine  
I'm tired of the machine  
I unplug the machine  
His brains have turned to stone

## 2. BITS AND PIECES

Here and there  
A skirmish  
A border war  
Not many people

Here and there  
A conflict  
A political seizure  
Small scale death

Here and there  
Invasion  
Cerebral war  
Idealistic conflict

Here and there  
Inferior  
Inferior systems  
Just another third world country

Here and there  
Are races  
Of angry men  
Just another battered country

Here and there  
Are faces  
Of angry men  
Just another foreign broadcast

### 3. SMOTHER

We're sitting in a weed patch  
With a can of gasoline  
We pour it down the anthill  
And watch those buggers scream

I love to smother baby pups  
I smother people too

I use a magnifying glass  
With power from the sun  
I'm burning all those little beasts  
And send them on the run

I love to smother baby pups  
I smother people too

I take a nice long piece of grass  
And catch a dragonfly  
I shove that thing right up his ass  
So he can't go to fly

I love to smother baby pups  
I smother people too

I take a daddy long legs  
Will lose his joints today  
I'll set them on the table now  
And watch them twitch away

I love to smother baby pups  
And I'll smother you too

#### 4. TOYS AND SHADOWS

Tommy's sick of hearing how Johnny does things right  
Tommy's mother pecks him badly every single night  
He'll be a social recluse the remainder of his life

Petey sees big brother getting patted on the back  
Petey's father never lets him run down at the track  
He's so sick of hearing all the qualities he lacks

Suzy wears the braces that her sister never had  
Suzy sees the boys all try and get inside her pants  
You will see her crying as she dances with her dad

## 5. THE BLAST

The room bathed me in display  
By the satin window  
The night was not there to care

Oh like an old tin photograph

The road to anything down is filled with nothing  
I'm stepping on a life that is real

Oh like an old brown photograph

Like a tide of towers I reconciled them all  
Those bastards don't let me believe in nothing

Oh like an old gray photograph

I know that there is something  
That a quick start meander can't find  
Sleeping heavily into the iron mask

Oh like an old type photograph