

Chain of Command

The data entry of the simian hand
random tracing of words in the sand.
I hear they're typing a masterpiece.
They give good logo.
They know how to please.

Chorus:

It's all so easy and it's only a game.
We shoot your picture and write down your name.
Feedback is helpful (we're a national brand).
Down the food chain, up the chain of command.

The suit is sleeping it off between bars.
His phone is beeping (must be calls from the stars).
A cardboard cutout, he's stuck in his cell.
He knows the number.
He's in telephone hell.

Chorus

Out on the highway and it's not 61.
Humvees are humming, got the smurfs on the run.
I'm high on steel and my camouflage shirt.
Wounds to the head are the ones that hurt.