

Words and Music: Bill Roper
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It's Propaganda

E
I'm scrolling through the daily news,
A
Seeking something I can use.
D **A** **E**
Help me, Mr. Information Man.
E
Lay it out for me just so,
A
Tell me what I need to know.
D **A** **E**
I'd really like to trust you if I can.
A
If the emperor is missing clothes,
E
You know I'd like to know it all,
A
But in these paragraphs of prose,
B7
You've gone to hide the ball.

(Chorus)
A
It's propaganda.
E
And I'm not the proper goose for what you're selling.
A
Your memoranda
B7
Have got the kind of goofs that leave me yelling
C7Maj7 **B7**
And need dispelling.
A
Well, I'm not trying to be rude.
E
Your argument's completely screwed:
A **B7**
A place where logic goes to take a fall.
A **B7** **E**
This propaganda won't solve anything at all.

You know I like to think I'm bright
With friends to help me see the light,
But everyone is falling for some scheme.
They try to relay what is true.
We're up to posting forty two
Of a catchy, but yet questionable meme.
And when the facts are stacked so high,
An argument has awesome power,
But what if there's a little lie
Supporting that great Jenga tower?

(Bridge)

C
From the left and from the right

E
They're out to eat my brain.

C
None of them the least contrite.

B7
They're gonna make me go insane.

Facebook, Tiktok, Twitter, X,
I'm gonna need new reading specs.
It looks like everybody wants to play.
Stories red and stories blue,
Each one absolutely true.
At least that's what the writers want to say.
Crafted carefully to fit,
All the news that's fit to print.
Each bit of fact that they omit,
You'll see it's missing when you squint.

I've got to find another source
That's got some news that I can trust.
Standards going unenforced
Leave me thinking that it's just - (More)

(Final chorus)