FACTORIES ARE FOR BOMBING

Here where the first trick
    second trick
    third trick
Beat their machines to turn out more
    more machines
    for more machines
    for more machines
    for more . . .

Rinky-dink computers' lights
Winky-blink through days and nights
    Preach a millenium of machines
    instant bleach
    dehydrated beans
    and test-tube babies like computers
    to populate the world with neuters . . .

Machines in peace, Machines in war
Will bastardize the world before
Man misses what he barely saw —

        But baby needs a new pair of shoes, Jack!

And so, the first trick
    second trick
    third trick
Beat the machines till their hands grow raw.

John Bowen Parker