

Anti-Flag, Coporate Rock Still Sucks

The herd marches in to work
In black and white uniform
Dressed for their funeral
Nine to five viewing and burial
The CEO's wrangle 'em in
Through revolving doors
They brand on corporate logos
And remove their souls
Woah, ya do what you're told
Woah, woah, ya what you're told
Do what you're told
At the tallest buildings on the block
On one way streets the tickers tock
Another suit is lost
One more head on the chopping block
Woah, ya do what you're told
Woah, woah, ya do what you're told, yeah
There must be more to this life
We must be worth more than our work
Who you are your job won't define
Another victim of the daily grind
Another victim of the daily grind
Woah, you do what you're told
Woah, woah, do what you're told
Let's go
Woah, woah, ya do what you're told
Woah, woah, ya do what you're told
Woah, woah, ya do what you're told
Do what you're told