

Eyedeas, How Much Do You Pay?

No one really understands the experience that change lives
That paved an agnostic a place to lay in decay in toxic waste
So most every identity paraphernalia to familiarize with smiles neatly
painted on a robotic face
But not this man, he played the bucket with his hands
And got paid but it was change people dropped in his can
twenty-three years ago he was a lawyer by description
But I guess all of a sudden he resigned from that position
But I've never seen the sky quite as clear as his eyes
As he blistered fingers paint down on the plastic
And in a twisted sort of way it all makes sense
While they rush to die he provides the soundtrack so tragic
He sits on the corner of 7th and 1st
And I was thirsty for a question anyone would nurse
One day I asked he why he gave up his career
He said, "I didn't, I just took off the name tag"; then he added

Make Money and die that's the American Way
It don't matter what name you gave the bucket that you play
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So I took in what was said but I didn't accept it
Well maybe I did I mean I just wouldn't admit it
I was too committed to the belief that all the hard work from now would
improve my future existence somehow
So I said, you don't accomplish nothing sitting in the street
And I'm sure you barely survive on the pennies you gather
He said, to your surprise I make enough to eat
And I accomplish just as much as you only I stop pretending my job matters
He looked me in my face and told me I was a puppet
And what I do is no more important than playing a bucket
I still hear his voice when I set my alarm before bed
I never could wash what he said out of my head, so fuck it, it goes

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See I could dress myself up in a white coat and say I'm a doctor
Carry an eye by my buckle wear a gold badge and say I'm a copper
Maybe I'm just a sloppy lazy crazy carbon copy part of the heart of the
deranged nation that gave me the generation ecstasy under water, I forgot
survive mind wash slaughtered by Austria's offers, caught your calls and
called your forefathers my bosses, lost it all in the name of gaining enough
to spin, consuming the youth ... amp my frenzy
When I taught my man playing away on his drum
Something clicked in my brain and I became less dumb
I'm working for bread crumbs
Pretending there's a meaning
But my employment is just a bucket, I'm desperately beating
And one day, I'll be old and retired
Looking at my life like what a waste of good fire
All because school never taught me how to be inspired
And the job concerned applying to myself just wouldn't hire

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But hey, here's my application, how much do y'all pay