

Face To Face, Merchandise

When we have nothing left to give
There will be no reason for us to live
But when we have nothing left to lose
You will have nothing left to use

We owe you nothing
You have no control

Merchandise keeps us in line
Common sense says it's by design
What could a businessman ever want more
Than to have us sucking in his store

We owe you nothing
You have no control

You are not what you own