

# George, Sellout

Chorus

I knew you, before you entered through the deadly door  
It's eaten away at you, it's given you the itch  
You're dreaming of returning but you don't think you can

They don't sell the product to you they sell you to the product  
They don't give a fuck about you they just want their daily dosh  
I wish you could see through this I wish you could believe  
That you can really do this I know you can

Chorus

They don't want to know about you're aspirations  
They don't care about where they're sending you to  
They don't mind to blacken your stream  
They are pulling you along, so when will you see?

Chorus

You're dreaming, You're dreaming of returning to that safe warm abyss  
It's given you the itch,  
It's given you an insatiable itch