

Hope Of The States, Industry

This is a plague on all our homes
The gutter and the prisons we will own
Yr rigging all the fights and siding with the cheats
Yr picking up yr winnings late next week

The television spits and the wives are crying
The adverts tell the truth when the father's lying
Why won't someone tell me
Why my government doesn't hear all the warnings?

No one will gamble and no one will fuck
'Cause the loyalty's lost and the drinkers are drunk
The factory cheats and the industry lies
Yr daddy ain't got a job in the morning

The criminals wave and the officers smile
They're killing all the angels who picked a fight
The fences are high and the battle is lost
The money is saved whatever the cost

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Everyone gambles and everyone fucks
Over everyone else 'til the reason is lost
Everyone's stabbing their friends in the back
My daddy ain't got a job in the morning