

# 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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'Cause the loyalty's lost and the drinkers are drunk  
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Yr daddy ain't got a job in the morning

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