James Lynn Strait, Unplugged

Ain't no room for us in your alternative nation It seems you've had control for much too locg Your greed and your dishonesty only add to my frustration Can't you see the powers that be Don't give a f**k about you and me Somebody better say this 'cause there ain't nobody trying to save us Just enslave us and leave us hanging on a rope that they just gave us Victim of your mistrust (ain't no room for us) You, your dance, your stupid cash advance No, I'm not a vctim of circumstance Not gonna leave my life to chance (lyer) Rape the harts of us, the artists Reap the benefits Your pockets, they get fat, while our souls bleed You're getting away with murder " son, you failed to read the fine print" Label whores like festering sores Keep coming back, they got a deal for you No it's not just good enough to hate this 'cause we all know the ones in charge Are all so shameless

And wasted energy on the hate defeats our purpose Victim of your mistrust You, you take, our livelihood at stake And ain't no fake gonna steal my cake Our spirits much tough to break Victims of your mistrust Need to stop and read between those lines Behind that smile the greed still shows in their eyes That's part of their disguise Don't believe the lies The more I learn about your game The less I wish to be involved with you another day Get out of my way!!!! Just where do we fit in It looks like we'll never win And with the next big trend, the cycle starts again Don't let them turn you 'round and fall out of trust You got to take control, don't let them have They've got to work for us Don't let them forget: they've got to earn the thrust