

Scabs, Money Making

One day I was wondering
I didn't know what to do that day
I stared at myself in the mirror
I saw a Twentieth Century slave
There I was in my back room
There I was wondering why
Tomorrow I'll be earning wages
I won't be thinking about hews and whys
(CHORUS) Moneymaking
Is this the only purpose in life
Moneymaking
Well, I should be happy
And so should be my wife
I went back to the factory
Just like I do every day
I told the guys 'bout my problems
I told 'em I don't Wanda be no slave
Just as long as there's Fridays
Just as long as there's Saturdays
As long as they can drink their wages
Everything seems OK!
(CHORUS)
Sometimes I think I was chosen to carry
The worries of the world
What will be my destiny?
When will I break free?
Now hit me!
And tonight I will change it all
Tonight I'm gonna get myself free
But tonight will never come
We'll keep on living in slavery
(CHORUS)