

# Snog, The Ballad

When the working day is done  
I refuse to belong to anyone.  
And at night when I try to sleep  
I hear the howls of commerce in my dreams...

Somehow, someone, somewhere owns everything I do.  
Somehow, someone, somewhere owns all of me and owns all of you.

There's no charge, there's no crime,  
but we're all doing time.  
There's not much I can do,  
but to sing a bad ballad for you.

I could suggest sabotage,  
but success might prove a mirage.

'cause  
Somehow, someone, somewhere owns everything I do.  
Somehow, someone, somewhere owns all of me and owns all of you.