Squirtgun, Social

A skeleton in a suit and tie
Tells us what we ought to buy
A bag of coke and a nuclear heart
Support your conscience that's a start

If you win the game, some have to lose
The fun part is that you can't choose
You're born into your social class
You're stuck there and it's hard to pass

Their social norms and social rules
We're social scum, they're social tools
They tell us all their social lies
Ignoring all our social cries
We lose the game before we start
They watch us dance, we fall apart
Let's be ourselves and never be social
We'll play their games but never be social

Ken and Barb in Greek fatigues
Tell us what we ought to be
The care to drive what to think
Ignorant bliss, no need to think

As Barb cakes fetus on her face
Ken sucks blood at his workplace
They take from you, they take from me
Society's anomalies