

# 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