

The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Enslaveme

I'm enslaved by the weekdays
By their names Monday and Friday
I'm enslaved by the things we say
And everywhere I go a little secret
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're all doing fine
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're not losing our minds
I'm enslaved by the living space
by the walls, roofs and the working place
I'm enslaved by the games we play
No matter what I do, I will still sell myself
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're not dying here
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're not dying here
I'm sure that we all want to blow
And I said that's what we ought to do
I'm sure that we all want to change it all
That's why I'm coming to you
I'm sure that you all want to know
I'm sure you all want to blow
I'm enslaved by the weekdays
By their names Monday and Friday
I'm enslaved by the words we say
Every little sentence turns me into a slave
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're all doing fine
And I wish that you would come here
And tell me that we're not losing our minds
I'm sure that we all want to blow
And I said that's what we ought to do
I'm sure that we all want to change it all
That's why I'm coming to you
I'm sure that we all want to know
I'm sure you all want to blow
I'm a slave