

# Bob Seger, Feel Like A Number

I take my card and I stand in line  
To make a buck I work overtime  
Dear Sir letters keep coming in the mail  
I work my back till it's racked with pain  
The boss can't even recall my name  
I show up late and I'm docked  
It never fails  
I feel like just another  
Spoke in a great big wheel  
Like a tiny blade of grass  
In a great big field  
To workers I'm just another drone  
To Ma Bell I'm just another phone  
I'm just another statistic on a sheet  
To teachers I'm just another child  
To IRS I'm just another file  
I'm just another consensus on the street  
Gonna cruise out of this city  
Head down to the sea  
Gonna shout out at the ocean  
Hey it's me  
And I feel like a number  
Feel like a number  
Feel like a stranger  
A stranger in this land  
I feel like a number  
I'm not a number  
I'm not a number  
Dammit I'm a man  
I said I'm a man