

Bomb The Music Industry!, No Rest For The Whiny

We got knocked off the horse and we can't get back up. We can try to change but we've still got our

Stop screaming for a change.
Start screaming for a wage.

And the irony of plastic is when it starts replacing cash, soon enough you have no cash and it gets

Electric flow and dirty clothes and students loans, oh god, ya gotta pay 'em.
Electric flow and student loans and dirty clothes, oh god, ya gotta clean 'em.

While you can't get a decent wage, I still can't find a job. Yeah, my life just repeats the 2005 series

The attack, I'm feeling the attack, I'm feeling the attack
of basic social skills I know I know I know I know I lack
I'm hyper-cognizant of facts
I'm well aware that we are barely scraping by
My good intentions aren't enough to salvage that
Gimme 1 gimme 2 gimme 3 4 5
Gimme more per hour so I can afford to pay for food and gas
And bags to throw away the trash
Ya gotta throw away the trash.

It's hard to pay the bills when you can't work a forty hour week.
It's hard to interview when I am too depressed to even speak.
It's hard to have a blast when we spend all our spare time feeling weak because we're thinking about