

Boyz n the City, So Long... And Thanks For The Crutches

Just enough freedom to forget you're a slave
Just enough anger to make sure we get paid
Easy does it, baby, don't lose your head

Cause we both now
That ideals
Don't sell
Come now
Pass us the saccharin
Part 1
To part 2
Who knew
You had it so easy

Hit it, hit it, we'll go straight to the top
It's all a matter of whose cock you suck
We got the money, hey, come on, let's go
Ha, you know you want it
Hey, you know you want it, well come on

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Shake it like a rebel, just don't cross the any lines
Cause family, god, and country are back in style
Sex, drugs, and politics are fine, just remember

That we own you
We bought you
And we'll sell you
whenever we want to
We break
Your legs
And you will
Thank us for the crutches

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We wanna fuck, but we end up kissing
Is this still rock cause the danger is missing
You gotta feed it, gotta feed your addiction
So pack a lunch for the next crucifixion
You wanna feel the applause
You wanna win at all costs
Well you better learn to play nice and eat shit like a dog

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