

# Chaos UK, Courier

Take a trip abroad if you're poor or bored  
There's money if you can be bought  
Live in a trance, swallow one by one  
And hope the customs will not pounce  
Hide the beads of sweat for the pittance that you get  
To make the "big man" rich  
You think it's only dope, but will you ever cope  
When you find he's made a switch  
It's not for you, but for a man you'll never see  
For all the money he's making on the cut  
For something you will never be  
All of the stuff that's lying in your gut