

Crass, Reject

Not for me the factory floor
Sweeping up from nine to four
Not for me the silly rat race
Don't see the point in anycase
People ask me why I say what I do
I say to them "Well wouldn't you?"
If you were f**ked up just like me
A reject of society
They say I dig a hole and jump right in
Well I don't give a shit about anything
I don't comply to their silly rules
All they are is hypocritical fools
Chorus: You give us conscience money
Now you start to worry
The Frankenstein monster you created
Has turned against you, now you're hated
They tell me I'm not what they'd like me to be
It's their fault, you can't blame me
They f**king tricked me half the time
Now they've got to stand in line
They don't like it when they see me have fun
They turn around and then they run
They don't listen to what I say
Reject of society
Chorus (x 3)