

Crass, Reject Of Society

Not for me the factory floor,
Sweeping up from nine to four.
Not for me the silly rat race,
I 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 fucked 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.

You give us conscience money,
Now you start to worry.
The Frankenstein monster you created
Has turn 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 fucking 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,
I'm a reject of society.

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