

Cursive, Ten Percent To The Ten Percent

You seemed like such a smart young man.
And your Fathers got a lot of friends.
We didn't bother to check your references.
We're a successful company.
With endless opportunity.
So why must you shit where you eat?
It all started out in the warehouse.
Watching the stock watching the clock.
Taking shots from a flask of scotch.
My first evaluation came.
Remarkably they sang my praise.
"Keep up the pace. You could see a raise in pay."
This seemed like a good challenge to me.
So I started a game of craps in the back alley.
What better way to supplement minimum wage.
Despite these bits of debauchery,
The managers failed to notice me.
So what the fuck?
I started stealing things.
Once inventory rolled around
A few sku items could not be found.
Some DVD's and a wide screen TV.
"We'll dock these items from your pay.
We expect you to finish out the day.
Your father must be so ashamed."

Fuck you and your job.
And I'll shit where I want.
This country is gonna go out with a bang.
This country is headed for Dependence Day.
So lay out your blanket and wait for the fireworks display.

You're restless devoided your job keeps you broke.
Big Business booms and makes sure that we don't.
So get in the ring, you just ran out of rope.

I'll give ten percent to the ten percent.
Now hand me those classifieds.