

Dead Milkmen, Chaos Theory

I am the king of the new white underclass
I am the prince of the lazy and poor
I am the one who sleeps the latest
I am the one who won't do my chores
I am the god of unemployment
The Antichrist of the American dream
I used to fight for church and country
But now I don't fit into the corporate scheme

I used to get up and go to work
But I don't play that game no more
I won't work for no corporation
I won't owe my soul to no company store

Study hard and you'll have a future
Oh yeah, when the hell was that ever true?
Study hard and you'll still go nowhere
Study hard and you'll still get screwed

I used to get up and go to work
But now I just wanna stay in bed
Maybe I'll join the Communist Party
Yeah maybe I'll become a goddamn red

Workers of the world, unite and do nothing
Workers of the world, unite and relax
Don't get your boss that cup of coffee
Don't write that memo don't send that fax
You shouldn't even pay your income tax
Workers of the world, unite and be lazy
Workers of the world, listen to me

Another 8 hours at the factory
Another 8 hours and what have you learned
Be obedient and do what they tell you
Be obedient and still get burned
Another 8 hours at the factory

Work all day for a tiny little check
Work all day for no respect

I used to get up and do my job
But now I enjoy doin' nothin' better
I think I'll go bum around
I think I'll enjoy this lovely weather

Maybe someday there'll be a revolution
Maybe someday we'll have meaningful jobs
But until that day I'm gonna be lazy
I'm not gonna be no workin' slob

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