

Dillinger Four, A Floater Left With Pleasure In The

Single-file lines born by design
With a brass ring so deceiving
Chipped away to a status cult
Where indifference breeds control
And then with time comes "toe the line";
Cherish this pride made numb from feeling
Then we have denial

"It's all in my head";
Will we do anything for bread?

If anything we've ever said
Means nothing now than it never did
Believe me
This isn't what we want
This isn't what we need
This is what we can afford

Where once there was a pat on the back
Is now just a crack of the whip
Where once there was a celebrated coming of age
Is just a uniform that doesn't fit
Witness this most common breed
Whittled down to property
And keep on singin'

"It's all in my head";
Will we do anything for bread?

If anything we've ever said
Means nothing now than it never did
Believe me
This isn't what we want
This isn't what we need
This is what we can afford

Celebrate this sorry state
With anecdotes of what you hate
And try to take comfort in the fact
That you're not alone

This isn't you
It's just what you do
Don't mistake the irony of calling it a "living";
If you feel like no one
If you feel like nothing
You've only been taking what they're giving