

Dillinger Four, I Coulda Been A Contender

In every single way, this culture reeks like shit
Force fed enough each day, enough to choke on it
You know you've got no voice and everytime you'll lose
Who needs freedom of choice without a choice not to choose?
Televisions on, it sings the same old song
There's no room left for the truth
And the leaders claim to try but they've all got shifty eyes
When you're asking for some proof
With our backs up against the wall
It's getting clearer that we've all got things to prove
Is this how it has to be? Trusting futility will be our noose
Get in on the joke, the problem ain't the system's broke
In fact it's working all too well
We fight the only way we can, middle finger to the man
Laughing all the way Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!
And don't it happen all the time, we cast a ballot thinking
things will change this time
Politicians live for dollar signs, their career choices govern our lives
I can tell you what it's not about
Your future, your cause, or your rights