

Dillinger Four, Unemployed

So you're bored with yourself, you still got yourself, you all know what I mean
To negotiate or infiltrate, fucking separate and keep on singing
I was always taught to follow, I was always taught to buy indoctrination by design
Made some noise and called it "song", see eye to eye with who sings along
Kids don't know about a basement show, no radio, but I'll keep singing
Won't let them have control of my life, won't go down without a fight
In your tradition I'll defy
You may say it's just a sound, but I know there's more than just
A soundtrack that keeps people coming around
You may say it's just a sound
I'm hearing lies from a suit and tie, I hope you all know what I mean
Your industry don't mean shit to me, I've got nothing to lose
So I'll keep on singing
I was always taught to follow, accept their doctrines as my own
Can't let them reap what they have sown
I've got no voice but I've got a saong, I need nothing else to carry on
No negotiations, no infiltration, fucking separation is what I'm singing
Dug my own grave again, one too many times
Been through this shit enough to know I just can't stay in line
This ain't no anthem, We must fight them