

Filthy Relics, Skank

You keep telling me,
What I have to do,
What I have to say,
Who I have to listen to.
You dont know me,
No one knows me.
You dont know me,
You dont want to.
You're the ones who, keep me down.
You're the ones who, give me the run-a-round.
Why dont you do,
something by yourself,
Instead of bowing down,
to somebody else.
You say were free,
you try to trick me.
you dont know me,
you dont want to.
You're the ones who, keep me down.
You're the ones who, give me the run-a-round.
You are killing me,
You are killing yourself.
You are killing us,
both of us.