

Pro-Pain, Box City

Once there was a promise
A promise made to me
That if I keep working hard
My dream would come to be
Built a future with my hands
Was punctual, met demands
Then suddenly tragedy
If the system keeps fuckin' me
I'm going back to the box city
If patience is a virtue
Then I am a saint
Beaurocracy in motion
Sir
You're going to have to wait
It takes a buck to make a buck
And those with none I guess are fucked
So we were never really free
This winter is killing me
I'm trapped out here in box city