

Propagandhi, No Exchange

I never promised you nothing,
never said I'd be your perfect shackled slave.
If success to you is measured in dollars and cents then I decline.
That's nothing. That's not my dream.
It comes between everything.
Someday we'll divide because for so much effort some people starve.
They've got everybody working for something they could care less about.
That's nothing. That's not my dream.
It comes between everything.
Someday we'll divide. Would somebody here fill my soul with purpose?
There's something here, my friend.
Don't step on me on your quest for millions.