

Sweatshop Union, Dirty Work

Well I'd like to see the likes of me relax with a wife and seed
Time to write and read
No fight to get a bite to eat
It might just be a pipe dream but fuck the alternative
Turning the lights green on the destruction of the Earth
It's just obvious to me that the way that we do it's wrong
And I'm not just gonna be the type that prays and moves along
When these days we lose are gone, and we need every moment
The maze is too long to proceed that slow and
When the pain stops I'll crawl up out of bed
But these raindrops are falling on my head
My brain stopped recalling what I read
Back in school 'cause I train not to swallow what I'm fed
So for the time being I'm seeing things a little differently
Bringing out the kid in me as I sing and shout a symphony
And think about the shit that we confuse and take for granted
'Cause we're losing sacred land as we abuse and rape this planet

[Hook 2X]

Get our hands dirty working for the things we need
Scratch scratch to eat and the air that I breathe
Leave the rest alone and rest time at home
A congested mess of those obsessed with what they own

As a free-thinking man
I'm proud of who I am
We're deep in sinking sand
And not allowed to give a damn
But with this vivid plan I'll visit lands
I'm sick of name brands
Made cynics out of fans
To limit what we understand
But in this village of the damned
It seems a long ways away
Another day gone astray
One more song that gets no play
The old say it's the youth, but the youth say it's the old
The truth is rarely told, unaware we're out of control
Tryin' to hold ourselves together, but all of it tempts me
The heart and the soul and the wallet running empty
From MTV to the pages of the source
We pay homage to the hordes that line the shelves of record stores
What's it all for?
I often ask myself
Should I get off my ass and be like everybody else?
Maybe seek some help
Or live in rhythm of health
For an instant found wealth
But no resistance is felt

[Hook 2X]

Well I see barstool prophets and philosopher kings
I hear manic street preachers speak of God and our sins
We gotta begin
To see that God is within
The u-n-i-verse of Earth as we constantly spin
Do you wish to be free, or be habitually sleeping?
Are we histories sheep, or will we live to see freedom?
Cause we been lied to all of our lives
And I don't think I can take anymore
F*ck TV, high school, and all of your lies
I can see right through your face to the core
So don't even try to tell me what to say

I'll make you scream and cry when you take my love away
Day in and day through
I may win and may lose
But if all else fails I'll just sing and play blues
Hey you, what's your name? Make your hand into a fist
We haven't changed the world but we can if you resist

[Hook 2X]