

# 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]