

Urban Clearway, Dog Tagged

(CD)

Gotta work hard, Punch in my card
Put my leash on (whip) must work faster
Gotta watch the stats, while I'm chained to the fax
Sit down and obey my master
Gotta run real fast, 'Til I'm home at last
So I can get on with my life now
No time for sleep, Gotta work & eat
Gotta fit this all in somehow!

(CD & Jed)

(Bridge:)

Woah woah, woah woaaaaah
Woah woah, woah woaaaaah
Woah woah, woah woaaaaah

(CD)

Gotta roll over and play dead
If I want my measly pay cheque
Gotta do everything the rich man sez
My finances he can just wreck?
Better clear the room, we gotta meet up soon
Only 4 hours for recording
Better edit it soon, can't live by the moon
Gotta get up for work in the morning

(CD & Jed)

(Bridge:)

Woah woah, woah woaaaaah
Woah woah, woah woaaaaah
Woah woah, woah woaaaaah

(Jed)

(Chorus:)

Don't give in
Start living
We can win this war
We're dog tagged
Bound & gagged
Ain't gonna fight for them no more

(CD)

Gotta do as I'm told, & Put my life on hold
No emails calls or contact
Gotta pay my tax, face up to the facts
My life's here in their contract
Gotta turn our home, into a studio
On a chance that we might make it
No point denying, we gotta keep trying
Cos I don't think I can take it