

# 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