

We're About 9, The Man

I got a call from an old friend
she seemed to need a hand
I put my two cents in
I'd like to do what I can
but she said
'you blond-haired, blue-eyed, skinny, Christian, tall, straight male
suburban democrat
how can you possibly understand?'
but I was born an artist
and I was taught in the womb
you would work more and earn less
and be held down by an invisible hand
its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man
people are like sugar
just trying to be sweet
but if you put enough together
we will make you sick
and ruin your dinner
with our politics
and kill you slowly with our invisible hands
its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man
I know I'm still growing
I know I'm still getting weaker
growing more like them
with their cushy offices
and more perspectives
but I'm not losing track
of my objectives
I'm turning down their offers
and taking a chance
and writing a song about their invisible hands
its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man, its the man
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but I was born an artist
weren't you born an artist, too?