

# Zero Down, A Million More

12 years of education and this is what I'm worth.  
Back breaking labor I endure every day to fill my purse.  
A subordinate life not one I choose a hatred of the man that I answer too.  
Disposable man that's all I am and there's a million more to fill the shoes I stand.  
The American dream skipped me it seems pointless by design a story with no theme.  
There's a million more just like me disenchanted unenthused.  
Overlooked in the mindless shuffle to make way for something new.  
I'm a face without a name I'm a man without a place  
after a lifetime of my loyalty on a whim to be replaced.  
27, Ivy League CEO with his job bought and paid for by his family's tow.  
Bred to believe that he's above the rest  
while the sweat from my back is clearing his checks.  
A factory floor filled with human machines for minimum wage we sacrifice our dreams.  
And while supply of this labor exceeds demand  
the room for this injustice will only expand.  
Disregard my sacrifice push me out in the cold.  
Move my job south of the border while my family pays the toll.  
I have silenced my contempt I've restrained my bitter rage  
and now I choke to death on the words I didn't say.