

I see you everyday on your way home from work  
your feeling run down in your slacks  
and company shirt rotting in a cubical thats 5x4  
i can't stand this fucking job anymore a mindless puppet starin  
g at the screen so all this is the american dream  
a ten hour day and a six day week you've got no life,  
you let them control you fuck the future live for now  
who can you say there will be a tomorrow  
with forty years gone what do you have left?  
you lost all respect through corporate theft  
you lent them your mind and they sold  
your soul your life is a waste now,  
you're just another prole  
it's never too late so just remember  
you're not a person to them,  
your just a number you don't need the boss,  
the boss needs you tell him to fuck off your time is through