

Another Fuck You Song

Against All Authority

To them we're paper, numbers in a profit margin
we fill their pockets & keep their bank accounts enlargin'
no one controls them, they're on the inside
of a structure built on bribes
elitest inner-circle holding decisive power
over a nation more corrupt by the hour
money hungry business man, he's got a big plan
he's making party donations
because one hand washes the other
it's safer to be on the side of big brother
and we all know it's wrong
so here's another fuck you song
the wealthy ruling class, they keep us occupied
they fill our heads with promises, but we know they're lies
to them it's a game, and we will always lose
'cause they keep changing the rules.