

## 40 Hour Week

Code

Do you ever get the feeling that you'll never get ahead  
Working for a slave wage and your social life is dead  
Does it ever cross your mind, does your life feel incomplete  
When you're running like a dog in the 40 hour week

And you try so hard to, try so hard, but you can't keep up the  
pace  
When the paycheck comes and the bills are due  
You're gonna fall right on your face

And you scream (and you scream) and you shout (and you shout)  
But you're stuck and you'll never get out  
Take me away anywhere but here  
Take me away I need to get away

Do you ever wonder why, why your life has passed you by  
You're a slave to the code, working 9 to 5  
The 40 hour fight for freedom has put you one foot in the grave  
You're no American dream, you're the American slave

From day in to day out, from one weekend to the next  
You put that uniform on for the sake of a paycheck, and you  
Pack your lunch, head straight for the routine, just to find yo  
urself  
Caught up, in a job that demeans you, to them you're nothing,

But a money making cog, built to fuel the corporate greed  
Of the corporate fucking slobs, whose pocket books  
Are lined with me and you, just a working class song  
About the red, white, black, and blue

[Chorus]