

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]