

## Upright Citizen

Crass

You have this life, what for? Tell me  
Spend it on shit, your ignorance appals me  
You serve me your morals, changed for a fiver  
Upright citizen, Penthouse subscriber  
You won't print the word, but you'll beat up the wife  
In your ignorant, arrogant, terminal life  
You have this life, you deprive me of mine  
With your twisted, imbalanced idea of sin  
That revolves around money; how much are you bought for?  
A tenner, a fiver, is that what you're caught for?  
I'm sick of your pride, you think you can rule me  
With crappy judgement from your respectable majority  
Majority of what? You self oppressed idiot  
I'm not going to carry you, I'm no compatriot  
How many times do I excuse and forgive  
The damage inflicted by the way that you live?  
I hold my vision against your oppression  
Your final defence, your only possession  
I'll show you the blood, but you'll still point the gun  
If the money's enough, or can you show you're a man?  
To your submissive wife, desperate whore  
Home loving, mothering, stifling bore  
You have this life, you twist and abuse it  
Morals and money and media controls it  
Can't you see the dead children, blood in the street?  
Every fist that you raise is a corpse at your feet  
Every time you are bought, I don't care the amount  
You are the rapist, dealing in death count  
And you do this with mercenary morals, you shit  
Oh, you've been told about dignity down in the pit  
Respectable working man, honourable wife?  
A waste of energy and an insult to life