

## I Coulda Been A Contender

Dillinger Four

In every single way, this culture reeks like shit  
Force fed enough each day, enough to choke on it  
You know you've got no voice and everytime you'll lose  
Who needs freedom of choice without a choice not to choose?

Televisions on, it sings the same old song  
There's no room left for the truth  
And the leaders claim to try but they've all got shifty eyes  
When you're asking for some proof

With our backs up against the wall  
It's getting clearer that we've all got things to prove  
Is this how it has to be? Trusting futility will be our noose

Get in on the joke, the problem ain't the system's broke  
In fact it's working all too well  
We fight the only way we can, middle finger to the man  
Laughing all the way Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!  
And don't it happen all the time, we cast a ballot thinking  
things will change this time

Politicians live for dollar signs, their career choices govern  
our lives  
I can tell you what it's not about  
Your future, your cause, or your rights