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