

Nobody Likes a Cynic

Good Riddance

Because trash like you will never have
The means with which to live
In any modicum of luxury
Or vague derivative
Of comfort don't stray beyond your class
You'll never crack this ceiling made of glass
Just live to work and then expire
Keep your mouth shut you might retire
With something more than debts
Stretched far beyond your means
Pledge allegiance
To the corporate machines
Don't you dare step out of line
Everything will be just fine
But you'd better mind your place
Just learnt to be a good consumer
You're now a number
You've no longer got a face
Let my anger be my declaration
My dissent my participation
Resistance isn't any use
Just consume, obey and reproduce
The next working class who'll shoulder
Your burden of despair
Your empty cries for a living wage
Our system doesn't care we don't care
That our system won't provide
For public health
We don't care that your left
Out in the cold all by yourself
We don't care