

Go On Strike

Lower Than Atlantis

I'm taking my life back, I'm leaving yours
I'm sick and tired of being hired
To do someone else's chores.

When weekend means nothing
There's something wrong.
Work keeps me adrift in my sinking ship
I'm just floating along.
I am a servant, you have the power.
These shelves won't stack themselves for £5 an hour.

Sometimes we have to do things
We don't like to get by
But when it takes the place of your vocation in life
You've got to go on strike.

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They say it's character building
But I'm ten feet tall
With a mop in my hand and a badge on my chest
This ain't cool at all.
I have big plans, aspirations galore
In order to achieve, I've got to leave
Someone else can mop this floor.

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