

We are common
More than we think
And so unique
To whoever's behind the eyes
We're the zeros
Behind the billions
Assigning numbers
So specific
Wake up before the sun
Leave your hour to the highway
And your day to
Line the pockets
Of some man with,
Softest hands
Sometimes I think
That it's all a
Sick joke on
The middle class

Keep on pushing, pushing, pushing
Keep your head down and your number
Your numbers up
I swear on my checkbook you'll be up here soon
We're all counting on
Counting on you

Put your time in
And time working
Spend your weekend
Finishing dead ends
Years go by
Xerox stays up
Exchanging your life
For a paycheck

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The middle class

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