

Every Dog Has Its Day

Mortal Sin

Stereotype money making machines
Butter wouldn't melt in their mouth
They got someone punching all the right numbers
Tattooed gimmicks, oh, hear how they scream
Seen on the pages of those corporate glossies
The bullshit that's churned out of the money making machine
They're programmed to be the next big thing
I'm telling you all, don't believe everything that you read

This talent don't mean a thing
Technology paving the way
Every dog has its day

All monkey see, monkey do
Run it up the flag pole now, see who salutes
The feeble message of their means
Portrayal of some adolescent pop star dream
A shooting star, hit and run
Fed it all with the silver spoon, all hail the chosen one
Corporate music, human feeling left out
Insulting my intelligence every time they open their mouth

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Body guard, credit card
Expense account, why am I missing out ?
Maybe I don't look quite as good, but they all say
Every dog will have its day

They all got the look, clean cut, designer label style
On the cover of every glossy magazine
They're programmed to be the next big thing
Think for yourself and don't believe everything that you read,
no no no no no

No individuality
Talent lost along the way
Emotionally automated
Blind faith follows their way
Every dog has its day