

The Pathetic Anthem

Mugison

Every performer is a preacher
- we need to make a living
By giving a piece of the pie
Look me in the eye - tell me you believing

Every performer is a preacher
Yeah we need to be adored
We'd say it's giving and getting love
But there are worms in this old dove

Where there are 2 and 2 together
They start point their hand
We're good - them bad
We're glad - them sad

It's all one - pretending

Some are really good in their preaching
Make me forget - all is respect
Fake untill you make the perfect mistake
And then hustle until your backbone brakes

Every performer is a preacher
But some I think are for real
Solid like brick or steel
The ones that make you feel
You got more love to give