

Hands In Your Pocket

Richard Marx

We're all victims of the system, still we love to place the blame

We're running out of choices and there's no rules to the game

I'm getting tired of feeling this way

What can a single man do what can he say

Every day you walk the edge of a knife

You're left with nothing at the end of your life

They've got their hands in your pocket

They'll take the clothes off your back

Hands in your pocket

They'll stop you like a heart attack

We put people into power but we fight our wars alone

They take such good care of the rest of the world

but, what about the folks

At home, oh yeah

Point the finger at the man you chose

He'll say he's sorry, but it's just the way it goes

He sits in judgement like a king on a throne

'Till that November when he'll beg for a bone

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Brother, don't ignore the facts

Oh, ignore the facts

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