

The Proles

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Who's deprived and depraved?
Who's been carrying the can?
Who's been working till his fingers bleed
Since this planet began?
That's you and me baby
Ain't no different now
Ain't no progress been made
We still get it from the guys who got it
Screwed, hammered, laid
Us honey - the prole tariat
We are the underlings, the vulgar common herd
Who's the guy who gets hit?
Who's got his back to the wall?
Sent to the front line by generals
In well protected halls
I'm dirty, I'm common, I'm prole?
I would take to the streets
But I know where I'm at
I stay in my apartment on the 99th floor
You can't get lower than that
And I'm at the bottom - I'm a prole?
We are the underlings, the vulgar common herd