

I'm glad I'm not like them
So privileged yet so removed
It must be nice not to worry
About your next meal
Or working till your bones
Have turned to dust
But I now something
That you don't know
It is pride
And the ultimate price
Is our lives
Some of use pay
It all up front
So we succumb to undertow
That flood waters are here
Scratching at your basement door
Ain't it funny
When all is clear
It's too late to turn and run
So you're too smart
To follow the flow
Succumb to undertow