

We're pushing through
You talk of ancient gold
A tale already told and
The wall-street crack ain't coming back

You better face it
It's our time now, so don't you patronise
The tables have turned and we've rolled the dice

I'm a rebel with a cause
But I ain't no Richie Rich
You've forgotten who you were
Give it up for all the kids

'Cause I know the taste of blood
I know the smell of sweat
Look through my eyes and you'll see them wet
1-2-3, I'd like to look upon thee

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