

# Slave Labor

The Bronx

Live like a slave  
With no holidays  
How many ways  
Did you count the days?

But it feels so good to be gone  
From my own kind

What's in a name?  
And propped on a grave  
What good is a home  
When nobody's home?

Yeah, it feels so good to be gone  
From my own kind  
Yeah, it feels so good to be done  
With my own mind

Mindless, carry me home  
Mindless, carry me home

And I didn't want anything else  
But listen to what we expect

Looking for careful  
But looking for honest  
Excited and on-time  
With a universal mind

I won't live like a slave  
And I won't bury my name  
I won't tell you my lies  
I won't run from my grave

Oh mindless, carry me home  
Mindless, carry me home  
Mindless, carry me home

'Cause it feels so good to be gone  
Yeah, it feels so good to be gone