

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