

If you find yourself standing  
At the end of your line  
Looking for a piece of something  
Maybe a piece of mind  
Fed up, lost, and run down  
Nowhere to hold on  
Tired of, take your place at the end son  
We'll get to you one by one

No light ever shines  
Dead end tears that dry  
Maybe a waste of words and time  
Never a waste of life  
Every hour will be spent  
Filling a quota, just getting along  
Handcuffs hurt worse  
When you've done nothing wrong

No thanks to the treadmill  
No thanks to the grindstone  
There's plenty of dissent from  
These rungs below  
The clockwork of destruction  
Hanging low over our heads  
Always a smokestack cloud  
Or a slow-walking death

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