

No Justice For The Working Man

Wisdom In Chains

No justice for the working man.
We works our fingers to the bones of our bleeding hands
For the crumbs of the rich and privileged
And they wonder why I'm filled with bitterness.
I hate the system put in place to keep my people down.
They'll never understand the reasons why
Hard times force crimes out of honest men.
I've seen it again and again and again.
We'll never win
And that's how it ends.
I'll work my hardest till the day I die to provide for my family.
If I get rich by a stroke of luck would you keep a close eye on me?
And if I become what I hate the most. please shoot me in the fucking face.
Cause in all my years I've learned one thing.
There's no justice for the working man
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