

## Well?... Do They?

Crass

Fuck the politically minded, here's something I want to say,  
About the state of nation, the way it treats us today.  
At school they give you shit, drop you in the pit,  
You try, you try, you try to get out, but you can't because they've f  
ucked you about.  
Then you're a prime example of how they must not be,  
This is just a sample of what they've done to you and me.

Do they owe us a living?  
Of course they do, of course they do.  
Owe us a living?  
Of course they do, of course they do.  
Owe us a living?  
Of course they fucking do.

Don't want me anymore, cos I threw it on the floor.  
Used to call me sweet thing, I'm nobody's plaything,  
And now that I am different, you'd love to bust my head,  
You'd love to see me cop-out, love to see me dead.

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Owe us a living?  
Of course they do, of course they do.  
Owe us a living?  
Of course they fucking do.

The living that is owed to me I'm never going to get,  
They've buggered this old world up, up to their necks in debt.  
They'd give you a lobotomy for something you ain't done,  
They'll make you an epitomy of everything that's wrong.

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Owe us a living?  
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Owe us a living?  
Of course they fucking do.

Don't take any notice of what the public think,  
They're so hyped up with T.V., they just don't want to think.  
They'll use you as a target for demands and for advice,  
When you don't want to hear it they'll say you're full of vice.

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