

## Minimum Wage

Cass McCombs

Ends of sun, bending low  
As above, so below  
Your path is illuminated  
"Yes, sir; right away, sir"  
You say with a benevolent slur  
And move closer to a vow of silence  
You have no voice  
You have no choice  
They call you Jack or Page  
Working for the minimum wage  
Harden your heart, aim to please  
Memories are enemies  
Bobby's come back as an angel  
Though I can't fail, I don't get smug  
Lest I become placid or drugged  
And wind up promoted  
I have no voice  
I have no choice  
They call me Cass or Knave  
Working for the minimum wage