

So, line us up and put us in a hole
As long as you get where you need to go
See, the rich get rich, the poor get fucked and sold
But we're still waiting, we're still waiting
Waiting, waiting, waiting

And hey, man, you look like my saviour
Running 'til I die
And hey, man, you look like my saviour
Running 'til I die

So, what you make of something you don't know
And every night I'm holding onto hope
Guided by the voices in the note
But we're still waiting, we're still waiting

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