

# Race To The Bottom

Dan Mangan

And so the artist screams into an empty cup  
He says that you're a soulless bunch, but you could still wake  
up  
And the capitalist says he's born to be free  
He says, "You're poor, my friends. But you don't have to be!"

Here's what we know  
We don't know what we got or if we got it  
And what we had, we already forgot it  
The race is evidently to the bottom  
We don't, we don't, we don't know what to say  
I don't know what to say

And so the thumpers preach both love and hate  
They say, "You're naughty filth, but you could still be saved!"  
And the people wait for the bell to ring  
They say, "We need a song. We need a song to sing!"

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Don't know what it was but we want it back  
Like every generation will repeat the last  
Put a halo on a figurehead or photograph  
Resist a little bit, and then become the man  
Dreaming of a simpler time, it occurs to me  
That the past is hypothetical fantasy  
And nostalgia just ain't what it used to be

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I don't know what to say