

Fuck You, Pay Me. Fuck You.

Days N' Daze

Money this, and money that
Like every fucking day
All anybody cares about
Is how much they're getting paid
And it doesn't matter
If a couple innocent will die
As long as money's rollin' in
Everything is fine

A penny for your thoughts
A dollar for your soul
We're caged in a jail
Made of nickels and dimes
And in a world where
The one who has the money's
In control

Even tightest family
A dollar could divide
More destructive than ego
More toxic than pride
The greed money causes
Makes me fuckin' sick

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