

Sirens

Dropkick Murphys

Our life and times have been maligned
Workin' three jobs at a time
When you're uninsured and you can't save
How can you provide without a living wage?
If you wanna screw me look me in the eye
When you turn a solemn problem to a blatant lie
One thing I'll never comprehend
Is how they turn us on our sisters, brothers, children
Neighbors, strangers, and friends

The billionaire profits
While the worker bleeds
1% of the wealth
Hoards from millions in need
We're fighting for the scraps
We struggle and suffer
We're falling for the trap
We're turning on each other

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It takes money to make it, you did shit on your own
You were born into this, you were handed the throne
Generational wealth, a great gig if you got it
Keep us all down for a little more profit
Once hope is gone the will disappears
It's the master plan, they've been at it for years
It's the final stage, this is how it ends
When they turn us on our sisters, brothers
Children, neighbors, strangers, and friends

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