

Sisyphus and the boulder  
Getting mixed up messages out here pushing for closure  
Sick of being told to  
Get ass, get cash, get blasted up till the casket knows you  
Bought and sold to stock the broker  
Like commodities just a product of the culture  
Us on a missing poster  
Funny how I've never seen a cop pull world peace from a holster

I could get wild  
I could get loose  
I could serve time like the rich kids do  
I could stockpile  
Guns to the roof  
Stack'em like Yahweh taught us to  
I could break ties  
I could make do  
Pop a glass roof with a number two  
Or I could get high  
I could get through  
Can't get the joke then the joke's on you  
The joke's on you

Shaken up running over  
Every soul is a voter closer to your booth  
Mister shareholder  
What's another bi-polar soldier worth to you?  
Cause there's a price on thinking and a tax on dreaming  
And a pox on the home grown phony king screaming  
"I'm doing what I'm able" like Cain said to Abel  
I'm a Go Fish card on the Blackjack table

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Can I rise above my miseducation?  
Pry my lips away from your conversation?  
Paid off all your friends not to judge you but you  
Rush to defend your fundament  
Just to crush the underclass under it

I could get wild  
I could get loose  
I could show up on the evening news  
I could stockpile feelings in you  
Til you show up on TV too

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I could make do  
Pop a glass roof with a number two  
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I could get through  
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