

## How Much Do You Pay?

Eyedeas

No one really understands the experience that jades logic  
And paves an agnostic place to lay and decay in toxic waste  
So most carry identity paraphernalia to familiarize with smiles neatly  
Painted on a robotic face  
But not this man, he played the bucket with his hands  
And got paid by whatever change  
People would drop in his can  
Twenty-three years ago he was a lawyer by description  
But I guess all of a sudden he resigned from that position  
But I've never seen the sky quite as clear as his eyes  
As his blistered fingers beat down on the plastic  
And in a twisted sort of way it all makes sense  
While they rush to die he provides the soundtrack so tragic  
He sits on the corner of 7th and 1st  
And I was thirsty for the answer  
To a question anyone would nurse  
One day I asked him why he gave up his career  
He said, "I didn't, I just took off the name tag" then he added

Make Money and die that's the American Way  
It don't matter what name you gave the bucket that you play  
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So I took in what was said but I didn't accept it  
Well maybe I did I mean I just wouldn't admit it  
I was too committed to the belief that all the hard work from now would  
Improve my future existence somehow  
So I said, you don't accomplish nothing sitting in the street  
And I'm sure you barely survive off the pennies you gather  
He said, to your surprise I make enough to eat  
And I accomplish just as much as you only I stop pretending my job matters  
He looked me in my face and told me I was a puppet  
And what I do is no more important than playing a bucket  
I still hear his voice when I set my alarm before bed  
I never could wash what he said out of my head, so fuck it, it goes

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See I can dress myself up in a white coat and say I'm a doctor  
Carry an arm on my belt buckle with a gold badge and say I'm a copper  
Maybe I'm just a sloppy lazy crazy carbon copy part of the heartlessly  
Deranged nation that gave me the generation ecstasy under water, I forgot  
The survivor of the mind washed and slaughtered. I've watched your offers, caught your calls and  
Called your forefathers my bosses, lost it all in the name of gaining enough  
To spend, consuming the youth since those pray in doom for the hand my friends, see  
When I saw my man playing away on his drum  
Something clicked in my brain and I became less numb

I'm working for bread crumbs  
Pretending there's a meaning  
But my employment is just a bucket, I'm desperately beating  
And one day, I'll be old and retired  
Looking at my life like what a waste of good fire  
All because school never taught me how to be inspired  
And the job concerned applying to myself just wouldn't hire

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But hey, here's my application, how much do y'all pay