

## Working Poor

## Horse Feathers

We are young and we are weak  
Just as blank as we are bleak  
Too far gone in our heads  
We all live and work in the red

We're cold  
We had done all we've been told  
There's no court for our case  
What failure gave us suits our taste

We all bend, we all break  
We all forfeit what we make  
Too far gone, in our heads  
We all live and work in the red

We're cold  
We had done all we've been told  
There's no court for our case  
What failure gave us suits our taste

There's no money to our names  
Empty pockets to our graves  
There's no court for our case  
What failure gave us suits our taste