

Occupatience

I the Mighty

You claim entrepreneur but choke on your ethics.
Wish they could choke you back.
You buy innocence, but the proof's in the transcripts.
And as the teleprompter reads words that you know you
don't believe,
Your point repeats:
"We did what we could. We were sober and honest..."
Why is it then, when the marketplace crashed, you felt
but a pin prick?
Now it's a burden we all share.
To pay for your conquests and private air.
Well, fair is fair.
Ideas spread, ideals change,
When angry voices all rise the same.

So let's call it what it is:
(A process.)
Let's call it what it is:
(slow progress.)
Let's call it what it is...
(at least it's honest.)
Lets call it...

What if I say a movements gonna come?
It builds up like a wave...
The revolution of alarm!
What if I could say this wave is gonna drown you in
irony! Irony!
Ideas spread, ideals change
When angry voices all rise the same.

So let's call it what it is:
(a process.)
Let's call it what it is:
(slow progress.)
Let's call it what it is...
(at least it's honest.)
Lets call it!