

# Voice Of The Poor

Jaya the Cat

And when you said it was gonna be alright  
We almost believed you

It's the voice of the poor  
In a dying land  
The drunken the drugged and the damned  
Emergency broadcast straight outta babylon system  
As the night comes in  
And it seems like sometimes  
That you're never gonna win  
And it all comes apart in the end

Punch the clock and you suffer in silence  
Knifemarks on the barstool spell out your sentence  
The table's fixed so take what you can get  
They comp your drinks while they steal your chips  
It's just a handout given with a fist  
Forced inoculation from self improvement  
Sometimes you take just what you can get  
And if you rock the boat only you get wet  
You want answers? so the fuck do I!  
You got problems? get the fuck in line!  
And this world seems wicked and unpure  
Everyday you wake up it's just like a war

It's the voice of the poor  
In a dying land  
The drunken the drugged and the damned  
Live and direct thru the radio silence  
Out into the emptiness

And as the rain falls over the faithless  
I know there's a way but I just can't explain it  
Nothing to offer nothing to give  
Happiness in this world is so goddamn expensive  
Lockdown the borders but the lines stay open  
Mainframe is hacked and the code is broken  
Shots ring out in the financial district  
As the words of the profits are twisted  
They died for your sins but the bills keep comin' in  
And it's never gonna end.