

... and We Thought That Nation-States Were a Bad Idea

Mad Caddies

"Publicly subsidized! Privately profitable!"
The anthem of the upper-tier, puppeteer untouchable.
Focus a moment, nod in approval,
Bury our heads in the bar-codes of these neo-colonials.

Our former nemesis, the romance of the nation state,
Now plays fundraiser for a new brand power-concentrate.
Try again, but now we're confused; what is "class war"?
Is this class war? Yes, this is class war.

And I'm just a kid.
I can't believe I gotta worry about this kind of shit.
What a stupid world.

And it's beautiful,
With no regard for principle.
What a stupid world.

Born, hired, disposed.
Where that job lands, everybody knows.
You can tell by the smile on the CEO,
Environmental restraints are about to go.

You can bet laws will be set
To ensure the benefit
Of unrestricted labour laws,
Kept in place by displaced government death squads.

They own us.
They own us.
Produce us.
Consume us.

They own us.
They own us.
Produce us.
Consume us.

They own us.
They own us.
Produce us.
Consume us.

Punk rock sucks.
The bands are only in it for the bucks.
The people who believe it are canucks,
Cuz they're playin' the man and not the pucks.
Punk rock fucking sucks.