

Busy Bein Born

Middle Class Rut

The days keep dragging on
Those rats keep pushing on, woah
The slowest race around
We all just race around, woah

And when the hope's gone the weight falls on me
Yeah, when I'm gone, the weight falls on me

No sense in signing up
You're names already in
Go ahead, yea, fuck it up,
The next guy pays for it

'Cuz what I get ain't half of what I give
and half don't suit me anyway

'Cuz what I get ain't half of what I give
and half don't suit me anyway

Maybe I sacrifice to feel like I'm alive
Penniless... it's all the same
At least I'll die with a name

I ain't dead yet!

Give it back!
Or I'll take it!

Give it back!
Or I'll take it!

Or I'll take it!

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