

## Blue Collar Ballad

Sweatshop Union

So..you want the benefits?  
Want the pensions..  
But they just don't want to work for you

Who the hell you think I am?

Well he's a well-dressed man  
with his well-pressed pants  
Buying ethical funds, crushing helpless ants  
Walking like he won the sweepstakes  
Carrying his briefcase  
Wonder if his wife liked marrying this cheapskate?

But he's great to talk to  
if youre wearing a suit too  
I'd spend a second pretending to be caring what you do  
But you knew, as I do, thats whos who suicidal  
He's the face behind the desk  
Who will choose to deny you

A chance to taste a paradise appetize  
...pair of eyes at the sky  
Compassion love....  
500 dollar shoes and a McIntosh heart  
Laughing softly, just waxing lobbies  
pretending i dont notice him, acting snobby

just the mopping the floors here  
and i've been here four years  
before this i was..pour beers  
down your throats, go home and beat your wives  
i've heard all your stories, you can keep your lies  
and keep your "Hi's" and "Hello's" and "Goodbyes"  
and your condenscending point of view, sir.

Who the hell you think I am?  
(No respect, no work ethic)

I thank God for what I've got  
but I take what I can get  
I trade away my time and talents  
trying to balance paychecks  
...i'm find it hard to stay alive  
but how many will survive?

So I drive from 9-5 for a minimum wage  
And in this blue collar charade  
i just seem to get played  
i'm afraid you think nothing of it  
i'm just a work force puppet  
the part is boiling over  
i'm at the point of saying fuck it!

but love it, or leave it  
its life as we perceive it  
believing it or not we all work as if we need it  
it seems that respect is at an all time low

not... but we all trying to grow  
And i may only be a stones throw  
from where i'm trying to go  
but these seeds we need to sow before we achieve goals  
and the older i turn the more i thirst to learn  
yet the less the day i earn  
curse the work in hell i burn

Who the hell you think I am?  
(Give up your breaks, give up your personal freedoms)

Why we all try to break thread  
but its hard to stay fit  
another large number paycheck today gets wasted  
amazed at the haste at which we pass day to day  
dreaming of the things we'd do if had major pay  
slave away as a star play the game and live large  
I once hit stars as a kid, now we are..

grown folk, with our own hopes and goals now  
so bother..  
hope to slow down, provoke the whole town  
the hard to felt dreams, of these jobs we hold down  
so hope to...frown don't be a nerdy clerk  
who the hell you think i am?  
do your own dirty work!

Who the hell you think I am?

Theres a million and one other people out there.  
just like you. Just like me right?  
Yeah, I'm sorry I couldn't make you happy sir, mayb-  
you want...you want me to, you want me to get off my  
break, and stop eating maybe, shine this floor up nice  
for you, just you know, take some pride in my work, or  
you know, make you look more happy  
..Get your belongings and leave..  
Leave?  
Or security will have to escort you...  
Escort? What? Fuck you man, I quit!