

The System

The Black Pacific

What's all this suction?
Yeah we're the lucky ones
We suck the corporate dime
'Cause you can take it
Don't mean you're getting it
Follow the thin white line
So what's the use if you've got your freedom
If you don't have shit in your life?
It's our compulsion - more fun for everyone
Just got to give it some time

I'm just a product part of the machinery
A pawn in God's electrical dream
I thought I was using the system
But the system was using me
Yeah!
Yeah!

You can't escape it - just go along with it
You're born you work and you die
Just one more idiot - who's rendered meaningless
And there's an endless supply
So hang loose in your necktie noose man
And fight for the scraps that you can get
'Til they erase you
They're coming after you
'Til you give up and give in

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