

# What Do You Mean

The Chisel

I'm tired of wasting my life away  
Running in circles, trying to get some pay  
When I ask for a little help  
They always look the other way  
When things are smooth, they're on my case  
But when I'm in need, there ain't no trace  
There must be an alternative  
To always take and never give

How long am I supposed to stand?  
Always been dealt a losing hand

What do you mean?  
It never worked for me  
What do you mean?  
It never worked for me

There's a war, I can't escape  
In the ballot box, I seal my fate  
But the winds will surely change  
And what holds me will rearrange  
The record's broken, repeats itself  
They feed me poison, say it's for my health  
The record's broken, repeating all the time  
They act for an interest, but it ain't mine

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