

## Enslavement Blues

### The (International) Noise Conspiracy

I'm enslaved by the weekdays  
By their names Monday and Friday  
I'm enslaved by the things we say  
And everywhere I go a little secret  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're all  
doing fine  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're not  
losing our minds

I'm enslaved by the living space  
By the roofs, the walls and the working place  
I'm enslaved by the games we play  
No matter what I do I will still sell myself  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're all  
doing fine  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're not  
loosing our minds

I'm sure that we all want to blow  
And I said that's what we ought to do  
I'm sure that we all want to change it all  
That's why I'm coming to you  
I'm sure that you all want to know  
I'm sure you all want to know

I'm enslaved by the weekdays  
By their names Monday and Friday  
I'm enslaved by the words we say and every little sentence turn  
s me into a slave  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that were all d  
ying in here  
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that were all d  
ying

I'm a slave

I'm sure that we all want to blow  
And I said that's what we ought to do  
I'm sure that we all want to change it all  
That's why I'm coming to you  
I'm sure that you all want to know  
I'm sure you all want to know

I'm a slave