

Contempt

The Restarts

You had your freedom but you sold it away
You'll get it back when you're old and grey
Now you're staring out the warehouse window
Just like a child waiting for dismissal

You look at us with contempt in your eyes
We're the people you despise

Drowning in a sea of debt
Always pay in but what do you get
You're so thick you cant see inside
You're just a slave to conventional pride

Nine to five at a frantic pace
Your just a number with out a face
Two weeks freedom in a year
Sounds like a pretty shitty career