

## Social Security

The Toasters

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

My girlfriend says she's leaving 'cause I never got a job Got no thing for Christmas, she said she's feeling rough. Say's I got no prospects, nothing that will last, Feeling pretty fragile, my heart is made of glass.

Social security. Social security.

Get myself in trouble hanging out in bars, Drink my whiskey double, then smashing up my car. Not long 'fore friends are gone, I'm hanging in the street. System overloaded, program incomplete.

Social security. Social security.

Got no education, no examinations passed, Got no diplomas in history or maths. Wasted all my school days smoking reefer in the grass, Thrown away my future 'cause I messed up all my past.

Social security. Social security.