

## Public Servant

Todd Rundgren

Cut 'em loose  
Public servant, public slave  
It's one single slide from the cradle to the grave  
Can't remember why you're still in the race  
To be a public servant, public slave

You got to know who satan is  
You know you made him come alive  
You let the yahoos write the script  
When you sold your soul to survive  
I only want to hear my voice  
Come on, hit me where I live  
Let's imagine we had a choice  
Let's pretend we're persuasive

I guess it keeps you off the street  
I guess you couldn't find honest work  
And you're content to follow the fleet  
Hanging 'round with world-class jerks  
I guess you can't have too little class  
Sometimes it pays to have no soul  
Just keep your mindset in the past  
And your head up your asshole

It's not as if we couldn't cope  
It's not as if the pope eloped  
It's just as if you're out of hope  
And if you can't stand twice as tall  
If you're too afraid to fall  
If you haven't got the balls  
Cut 'em loose