

Anarchy

Tom MacDonald

I got away from all the chains they tried to lock me up with
I wasn't made for nine-to-fives or working in construction
I never fit the system, my description is the suspect
I gave 'em all the finger, then I rode into the sunset
And I don't wanna be promoted, I don't need to raise a buck
And I don't want the Christmas bonus or the new company truck
Keep that silly fucking uniform I had to wash and dry
I'm not a brick that's in your wall, but you're a thorn that's
in my side
I was born to not comply with all the orders and defy
All of the horrors I survived, I feel like normal's a disguise
And I don't want an application or a half an hour lunch
Or a cubicle to work a job that I don't even love

My veins are full of gasoline, my motor's made of stolen parts
I've tightened all the nuts and bolts, but I don't wanna work o
n cars
The system's tryna smother me, but anarchy is in my heart
They slashed my tires and cut my brakes, I'll crash now if it e
ven starts

My boss don't even know that I make music he would care about
He thinks I'm just some stoner stacking boxes in a warehouse
I got dreams and goals and things, I'm told at work to keep asp
iring
When music is my full-time job, then nobody can fire me
But right now it ain't hiring, my groceries expiring
My rent is due, my phone is off, the extra shifts are tiring
I know I'm made for more than what my resume reflects
The government is tryna dumb me down with guns and booze and se
x

I'm not a salesman, I couldn't sell beer in the prohibition
I've never been the type to make a living off commission
I'm no good at wearing suits or doing taxes for a business
I wanna count some money, not the hours and the minutes
I'm not a carpenter, a lawyer, a doctor, I'm not a waiter
Or a teacher or a cop or a plumber, I'm not a tradesman
Or an architect, an engineer, a pilot or a mailman
I'm something that don't fit into their perfect little game pla
n, I'm me
And they can try to kill my spirit with overtime when the barn
burns
But if there's one thing I ain't scared of, it is long days and
hard work
So they can pay themselves a dollar while I only make a cent
But I will stack up all my pennies 'til they're higher than the
fence
Then I'll climb them like a ladder and jump to the other side

Spend the nickels that I made on a taxi or hitch a ride
Bet they never thought they'd see the day I left 'em to survive
And used the system that they built to leave their system all b
ehind