

# Obsolete

vianova

Will I be free  
Once I'm obsolete?  
'Cause I'm just a few centuries away  
From being a useless bag of meat  
This ain't no guarantee  
But it's coming for you, for you, for you and me  
Oh will we ever be

What does the future need?  
Is it bankers or lawyers or a few more online celebrities?  
Programmers or is it people in marketing agencies?  
Will we still need salesmen if sales are making themselves  
Or artists if people only want to be entertained?  
Well the day me may know there won't be no jobs left to hold

And you will be free  
Once you're obsolete  
'Cause you're just a few centuries away  
From being a useless bag of meat  
This ain't no guarantee  
But it's coming for you, for you, for you and me  
Oh will we ever  
Be

Is there more to life than  
Fulfilling expectations  
Are we stuck here waiting  
Hoping for the day that we'll be free

Once we're obsolete  
'Cause we're just a few centuries away  
From being a useless bag of meat  
And there's no guarantee  
But it's coming for you, for you, for you and me  
Oh will we ever be free

There's no guarantee  
But it's coming for you  
(For you, for you and me)  
Coming for you and me  
(For you, for you and me)

No point, no needs, no point, just me  
No money, no goals, no hope, no home  
Cause I don't wanna be a good guy or good man or a good this or a good that  
I don't wanna be efficient  
I don't want to need point want to have a mission  
I don't wanna force myself to be all disciplined to identify as a good citizen  
I don't want to hate myself anymore and loathe my existence  
'Cause none of you all gave a fuck 'bout one in a billion

I'm just one in a billion  
Just one in a billion  
No more than one in a billion  
Just one out of billions of people that'll be obsolete