

The Golden Rule

Wisdom In Chains

Hot summer days in New York City
What a strange way to make a living
Waste a whole day just to stack a couple pennies
Now I'm stepping over bums and I feel no pity

Off to the bus stop standing in line
Pushing and shoving trying to take what's mine
I'm gonna get yours first if I can help it
If no one's gonna give it to you help yourself

I'm staring at faces feeling distrust
Don't touch me or I'll fuck you up
It's a cold world when you only do for yourself
Give me more man, give me more

They're always after my blood
They wanna drain every last drop from me
They wanna stomp on my heart
And tear me all apart
Until I'm breathing no more
They're trying to rob me blind
They're trying to steal my sanity lately
They wanna steal my peace
They wanna steal my soul
And leave me rotting in a hole

I come home from a hard day's work
And it's waiting for me in my living room
Eyes open, sit down with your hands up
This is a jack move (2x)

Be easy just give it up slow
Give it to me or I'll give it unto you
You can't fool with the golden rule
In a crowd that don't play fair

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They try to trick me on the TV
They try to get me on the radio
It's all lies and they know it
How'd we forget the golden rule?
Billboards on the highway
Newspapers printing fiction
Rewriting our history
How'd we forget the golden rule?

It's so easy

There's nothing to it
How'd we forget the golden rule?
It's so simple
It makes so much sense
How'd we forget the golden rule?