A Response to Greed

The Elected

At first it seems like a bad dream
and you can't claw your way out.
And the plea that you make so you could escape
isn't answered but you'll figure it out.
And all the nightmares you based your life all around
are now coming true.
And it's love or it's need, your response to greed.
Find a reason, count yourself out.
And in the bed where you lay or you'll drink it away.
Anyway, to just draw this thing out.
And that's just the trouble with long term goals and dreams.
They're always being revised.
But my sister still cuts her arms
and my brother's still at the garage.
And we've given all that we can, Mom,
and it's either sink or swim.
And it's high time everyone else stopped paddling for them.
And it's a song, a song for the tired ones,
a song for the sicks ones, a song for you.
It's a song, a song for the scared ones,
scared of this life ones, just like me and you.
And if the call, the call to the fight, comes.
Just call and I might run, right back to you.
'Cause I remember, yeah and I measure. I measure them all.
All against you.
That's right, all against you.

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