

# A Floater Left With Pleasure In The Executive Wash

## Dillinger Four

Single file lines born by design  
With a brass ring so deceiving  
Chipped away to a status cult  
Where indifference breeds control  
And then with time comes "toe the line"  
Cherish this pride made numb from feeling  
The we have denial  
"It's all in my head" Will we do anything for bread? If anything we've ever said  
Means nothing now than it never did  
Believe me  
This isn't what we want  
This isn't what we need  
This is what we can afford Where once there was a pat on the back  
Is now just a crack of the whip  
Where once there was a celebrated coming of age  
Is just a uniform that doesn't fit  
Witness this most common breed  
Whittled down to property  
And keep on singin'  
"It's all in my head" Will we do anything for bread? If anything we've ever said  
Means nothing now than it never did  
Believe me  
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Is just a uniform that doesn't fit  
Witness this most common breed  
Whittled down to property  
And keep on singin'  
"It's all in my head" Celebrate this sorry state  
With anecdotes of what you hate  
And try to take comfort in the fact  
That you're not alone This isn't you  
It's just what you do  
Don't mistake the irony of calling it a "living"  
If you feel like no one  
If you feel like nothing

You've only been taking what they're giving

Lyrics provided by  
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