

Merchandise

Metabolist

When we have nothing left to give
There will be no reason for us to live
But when we have nothing left to lose
 You will have nothing left to use
We owe you nothing you have no control
 Merchandise keeps us in line
 Common sense says it's by design
What could a businessman ever want more
 than to have us sucking in his store
 We owe you nothing
 You have no control
 You are not what you own

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