Systematic Death

Crass

System, system, system - death in life
System, system, system - the surgeons knife
System, system, system - hacking at the cord
System, system, system - a child is born
Poor little fucker, poor little kid
Never asked for life, no she never did
Poor little baby, poor little mite
Crying out for food as her parents fight (x2)
System, system, system - send him to school
System, system, system - force him to crawl
System, system, system - teach him how to cheat
System, system, system - kick him off his feet
Poor little schoolboy, poor little lad
They'll pat him if he's good, beat him if he's bad
Poor little kiddy, poor little chap
They'll force feed his mind with their useless crap
Force feed his mind with their useless crap
System, system, system - they'll teach her how to cook
System, system, system - they'll teach her how to look
System, system, system - they'll teach her all the tricks
System, system, system - create another victim for their greasy pricks
Poor little girly, poor little wench
Another little object to prod and pinch
Poor little sweety, poor little filly
They'll fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly
Fuck her mind so they can fuck her silly
System, system, system - he's grown to be a man
System, system, system - He's been taught to fit the plan
System, system, system - forty years of jobs
System, system, system - Pushing little buttons, pulling little knobs
Poor fucking worker, poor little serf
Working like a mule for half of what he's worth
Poor fucking grafter, poor little gent
Working for the cash that he's already spent (x2)
He'll selling his life, she's his loyal wife
Timid as a mouse, she's got her little house
He's got his little car and they share the cocktail bar

She likes to cook his meals, you know, something that appeals
Sometimes he works til late so his supper has to wait
But she doesn't really mind cos he's getting overtime
He likes to put a bit away just for that rainy day
Cos every little counts when the cost of living mounts
They do the pools each week hoping for that lucky break
Then they'd take a trip abroad, do all the things they can't afford
She'd really like to have a fur, he'd like a bigger car
They could buy a bungalow, with a Georgian door for show
He might think of leaving work, but no, he wouldn't like to shirk
He'd much prefer to stay and get his honest days pay
He's got a life of work ahead, there's no rest for the dead
She's tried to make it nice, he's said thankyou once or twice
System, system, system - deprived of any hope
System, system, system - taught they couldn't cope
System, system, system - slaves right from the start
System, system, system - til death do them part
Poor little fuckers, what a sorry pair
Had their lives stolen, but they didn't really care
Poor little darlings, just your ordinary folks
Victims of the system and its cruel jokes (x2)
The couple views the wreckage and dreams of home sweet home
They'd almost paid their mortgage when the system dropped its bomb.

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