The Happy Prole

Quasi

Everyday we earn our meager pay
But it takes its toll to play the happy prole.
The buy your labor, try to steal your soul -
Bite the bullet, hold your tongue and play the happy prole.
Paranoid and tired - quit before you're fired.
But they've got you in the hole, so you play happy prole.
You need the money so you got to play it dumb,
but if you play it long enough it's just what you become.
Pay your rent, pay your bills, pay the doctor for your pills
So you can work another day, as life slips away.

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