

Zeros

Minus the Bear

we are common
more than we think
and so unique
to whoever's behind the eyes
we're the zeros
behind the billions
assigned numbers
so specific wake up before the sun
leave your hour
to the highway
and your day to
line the pockets
of some man with
the softest hands
sometimes i think
that it's all a
sick joke on
the middle class keep on pushing, pushing, pushing
keep your head down
and your number, your numbers up
i swear on my checkbook you'll be up here soon
we're all counting on, counting on you put your time in
and time again
spend your weekends
finishing dead ends
years go by
xeroxed days of
exchanging your life
for a paycheck
sometimes i think
that it's all a
sick joke on
the middle class keep on pushing, pushing, pushing
keep your head down
and your number, your numbers up
keep your numbers up keep on pushing, pushing, pushing
keep your head down
and your number, your numbers up
i swear on my checkbook you'll be up here soon

we're all counting on, counting on you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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