Six Percent

Screeching Weasel

don't let anyone tell you you better grow up soon or face the consequences of a life not planned out. that's exactly what you need. i'm here to tell you leave the bullshit you've been taught behind and find out for yourself that work is slavery and it makes you a slave. and i know it's easy for somebody like me to say. but i dropped that fucking life and i don't regret the bridges that i burned, mistakes i made; they're what i learned from. yes, you've gotta pay the rent and feed yourself and then pay all the bills and taxes 'til you're ready to explode and kill yourself and those who get in your way. don't misunderstand me- i'm just trying to remind you that your life is not tv and things don't just work out; most of the time you're miserable. the american dream is a big fucking lie; a wild goose chase. you're here to make the richest six percent a little richer.
don't you want something better? don't you want something that lasts? they're not your friends- they're your masters and they don't care if you live or die. you've gotta get out on your own. you've gotta get out of this stupid town and try to live for once instead of just existing. and i guarantee that pretty soon you're gonna see that things aren't half as good or as bad as they used to seem now that you're a thorn in the side of society; now that you're part of the problem; the ruination of a system that keeps you down, steals your money and your hope and then smacks you around. don't you want to get out of this town? don't you want to get out of this fucking life?

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