

Borrowed Time

The GC5

I'm not theirs in product or in name
But I've got no true discretion I can speak of
You can make your own distinctions but it's all the fucking same
It's servitude for someone else's sake
And I dream I'm gonna give'em the old heave ho!
And my every thought turns to overthrow (Let's go!)
And I strive to bite the hand that's feeding me at last
And carry on the banner of the working class
When I'm dead on my feet or shackled to the beat
I'm always looking back over my shoulder
They make me paranoid and relegate me to defeat
A fate that fits me like an oak box
The long hard days of dead monotony
The foreman looking down, so paternal
I'll curse the fucking hours cause I know they're not for me
But for now I'll carry on on borrowed time

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