Fool's Gold

The Honor System

It's been one thousand days since I last saw you breathe
Incarcerated by the routines etched into the concreteWe all fell down now we just hop around
Drop hints for me to grow up
I beg you not to join up
Mister can you spell success
Pay your rent
Pay your debt
The point that's been so overstressed
You're making more and caring less
I've thrown away their recycled lies
They've got those transparent eyesYour script's been changed, it's not accepted here
Now they'll rewrite it
Then you'll recite it
They'll sell the rights back at 65
If your not still caught in this 9-5
Where's the happy ending in this fucking sitcom?
We've served our king and now he's stripped our wings
If you hear me crying through these cardboard walls
then you know that I still exist
Playing my part in this

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