

Letterbomb

The Workin' Stiffs

Nobody likes you
Everyone left you
They're all out without you
Having fun Where have all the bastards gone?
The underbelly stacks up ten high
The dummy failed the crash test
Collecting unemployment checks
Like a flunkie along for a ride Where have all the riots gone
As your city's model gets pulverized?
What's in love is now in debt
On your birth certificate
So strike the fucking match to light this fuse The town bishop is an extortionist
And he don't even know that you exist
Standing still when it's do or die
You better run for your fucking life It's not over till your underground
It's not over before it's too late
It's cities burnin'
It's not my burden
It's not over before it's too late There's nothing left to analyze
Where will all the martyrs go
When the virus cures itself?
And where will we all go when it's too late?
And don't look back You're not the Jesus of Suburbia
The St. Jimmy is a figment of
Your father's rage and your mother's love
Made me the idiot America It's not over till your underground
It's not over before it's too late
It's cities burnin'
It's not my burden
It's not over before it's too late She said I can't take this place
I'm leaving it behind
Well, she said I can't take this town
I'm leaving you tonight

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