

Hands In Your Pocket

Richard Marx

We're all victims of the system
Still we love to place the blame
We're running out of choices
And there's no rules to the game, oh yeah I'm getting tired of feeling this way
What can a single man do? What can he say? Every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
They'll stop you like a heart attack We put people into power
But we fight our wars alone, yeah
They take such good care of the rest of the world
But, what about the folks at home, oh yeah Point the finger at the man you chose
He'll say he's sorry but it's just the way it goes He sits in judgment like a king on a throne
Till that November when he'll beg for a bone They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
Brother don't ignore the facts, oh such a fact Yeah, every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
Brother, don't ignore the facts Oh, they've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
They've got their hands in your pocket
Stop you like a heart attack They've got their hands in your pocket
Take the clothes off your back
They've got their hands in your pocket
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