Upright Citizen

Crass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You have this life, what for? Tell me
Spend it on shit, your ignorance appals me
You serve me your morals, changed for a fiver
Upright citizen, Penthouse subscriber
You won't print the word, but you'll beat up the wife
In your ignorant, arrogant, terminal life
You have this life, you deprive me of mine
With your twisted, imbalanced idea of sin
That revolves around money; how much are you bought for?
A tenner, a fiver, is that what you're caught for?
I'm sick of your pride, you think you can rule me
With crappy judgement from your respectable majority
Majority of what? You self oppressed idiot
I'm not going to carry you, I'm no compatriot
How many times do I excuse and forgive
The damage inflicted by the way that you live?
I hold my vision against your oppression
Your final defence, your only possession
I'll show you the blood, but you'll still point the gun
If the money's enough, or can you show you're a man?
To your submissive wife, desperate whore
Home loving, mothering, stifling bore
You have this life, you twist and abuse it
Morals and money and media controls it
Can't you see the dead children, blood in the street?
Every fist that you raise is a corpse at your feet
Every time you are bought, I don't care the amount
You are the rapist, dealing in death count
And you do this with mercenary morals, you shit
Oh, you've been told about dignity down in the pit
Respectable working man, honourable wife?
A waste of energy and an insult to life

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