# Sold Me Out

## Rikets

I always knew that they'd get me somehow sooner or later,
But with a bullet in the head, a knife in the back,
Not a pocket calculator.
Sorry mister, you're all wiped up,
You're all washed up,
Sold you out.

Got no dreams, got no ambition,
Can't decide, 'cause there's no decision,
Got no claim to any position,
Can't compete with the competition.
You're always complaining,
It's so depressing,
But if you're old enough,
Start to confess it.
You say, you sold me out,
To get a better deal for yourself,
You sold me out,
And now we want some of your precious wealth,
Because you sold me out.
Sold me out,
Sold me out,
Sold me out.

You sold me out,
To get a better deal for yourself.
You sold me out,
And now it's every man for himself.

Work all your life, put the money in the bank,
Sign on the dotted line.
Try to draw it out, the joke's on you,
Put up the empty sign.
Sorry mister, we're all sold out.

Sold me out,
Sold me out,
Sold me out,
Sold me out.

You, I'm talkin' to you.

You sold me out,
To get a better deal for yourself.
You sold me out,
And now we want some of your precious wealth.
And sell you out,
Like you sold me out.
Are you in so deep, that you can't get out?

Got no dreams, got no ambition,
Can't decide, 'cause there's no decision,
Got no claim to any position,
Can't compete with the competition.
Sold me out,
Sold me out,
Sold me out,
Sold me out.
(repeat)
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