Not For Sale

Lower Class Brats

You can buy all the studs and spikes
That you could possibly wear
Bondage pants, steel-cap boots
And a head of spikey hair
Safty pins in your ears
And a brand new leather vest
But there's one thing you could never buy
And it makes you like the rest'cause they could never sell my vengence
And they'll never sell my strife
They could never sell my passion
It cuts like a knifeThey can't put a price on angst
Or the fever of the youth
Hang their lies in the local mall
And sell 'em as the truth
It's a commodity they can't buy
They're all swine, drunk on greed
It blows their mind to think
That they can't market integrity

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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