Social

[Squirtgun](#)

A skeleton in a suit and tie
tells us what we ought to buy
A bag of coke and a nuclear heart
Support your conscience, that's a startIf you win the game, some have to lose
The fun part is that you can't choose
You're born into a social class,
You're stuck there, it's hard to passTheir social norms and social rules
We're social scum and they're social fools
They tell us all their social lies
Ignoring all our social cries
We'll lose the game before we start
They watch us dance, we fall apart
Well lets be ourselves and never be social
We'll play their game but never be socialKen and Barb in greek fatigues
tell us what we ought to be
The cars to drive, and what to drink
Ignorant bliss, no need to think
As Barb cakes fetus on her face
Ken sucks blood at his workplace
They take from you, they take from me
Society's anomalies