# Hark! To the Music

## Ezra Furman

Hark to the music if you hate your job
Hark to the melody, we're all gonna die so
Hark to the music if you can't get free
From the liar and the killer and the bourgeoisieTake to the bottom and destroy the rest
Hark to the melody, we're all gonna die so
Hark to the music if you're just too sick
When you're doomed and you're dying and it's much too quickCrawl outta your holes
You little wretches
Crawl outta your holes
It's time to
Crawl outta your holes
Dig out your soul
Dig out your soulHark to the melody and quit your job
Out of the misery and into the darkness
Hark to the burning and the bark of the dark
And the wear and the stare into the face of dark

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