

# Merchandise

## Face to Face

When we have nothing left to give  
There will be no reason for us to live  
But when we have nothing left to lose  
You will have nothing left to use We owe you nothing  
You have no control Merchandise keeps us in line  
Common sense says it's by design  
What could a businessman ever want more  
Than to have us sucking in his store We owe you nothing  
You have no control

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