

# Unplugged

## Elec3

Ain't no room for us in your alternative nation  
It seems you've had control for much too long  
Your greed and your dishonesty only add to my frustration  
Can't you see the powers that be  
Don't give a fuck about you and me  
Somebody better say this  
'Cause there ain't nobody trying to save us  
Just enslave us and leave us  
Hanging on a rope that they just gave us  
Victim of your mistrust  
You, your dance, your stupid cash advance  
No, I'm not a victim of circumstance  
Not gonna leave my life to chance  
Rape the harts of us, the artists  
You reap the benefits  
Your pockets, they get fat  
While our souls bleed  
You're getting away with murder  
"Son, you failed to read the fine print"  
Label whores like festering sores  
Keep coming back, they got a deal for you  
No it's not just good enough to hate this  
'Cause we all know the ones in charge

Are all so shameless  
And wasted energy on the hate defeats our purpose  
Victim of your mistrust  
You, you take, our livelihood at stake  
And ain't no fake gonna steal my cake  
Our spirits much tough to break  
Victims of your mistrust  
Need to stop and read between those lines  
Behind that smile the greed still shows in their eyes  
That's part of their disguise  
Don't believe the lies  
The more I learn about your game  
The less I wish to be involved with you another day  
Just where do we fit in  
It looks like we'll never win

And with the next big trend  
The cycle starts again  
Don't let them turn you 'round and fall out of trust  
You got to take control, don't let them have  
They've got to work for us  
Don't let them forget  
They've got to earn the thrust

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