

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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