

Picketline

Waterdown

Under the heels of the corporations
Your small world is crashing down
Under the laws of the worldwide
Market nothing is sacred now
The new gods rank us worthless
And deny our potential
Unemployment as a weapon
To make us fight each other
Get up, under the worldwide market
Get up, nothing is sacred now
The billboards proclaimate prosperity
The media spreads the philosophy
Reproduction of clandestine slavery
"And everyone's a winner, baby"
Your bosses accumulate property
While the masses die in poverty
And everyone's a winner, baby
Everyone's a winner, baby, get up

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