Jibba This

Eve 6

We're slaves to saving time, as if we didn't have enough We're slaves to the dollar, and the happiness that it brings tradition rules from the start generations running round in rings We're slaves to the hormone, we're men and must be tough [Chorus] Now I feel an emptiness whenever I act out on my own I want out I want to escape the human role They teach us we're fulfilled, when we've done what we're told Now i'm going to break these binds, and get my life back on track fulfill the expectations with others behind, and fulfill my life with what you call crap [Chorus]

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