

# **"Bomb The Music Industry! (And Action Action) (And Refused) (And Born Against) Are Fucking Dead"**

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One more just passed me by.  
I'm running out of fake interest in everybody doing shit.  
I think about ten months ago when  
I was drinking in Seattle about as far away as I could  
go.

So wait 'til tomorrow.  
It's happiness vs. survival.  
And you know that life can be a drag.  
I'll be happy at the bottom of the pile  
Brass rings were never my style.  
Don't mind me 'cause soon I'll be out of your way.

Where can anyone possibly be comfortable?  
'Cause everybody has to eat and there's not enough to  
go around.  
At a job working for a power grab or at a show bitching  
about a time slot.  
We all gotta be heard and it's all the same,  
No one has interesting to say.

Say "Fuck tomorrow!"  
Stop worrying about your survival.  
You know that life can be a drag.  
You'll punch and kick to the top of the heap  
And you'll be replaceable like all the other sheep.  
Workers of the world unite and just give up.

Give up on me 'cause the truth is I'm not happy either  
way.  
Everyone is sooo original.  
Everybody's clever nowadays.  
I wanna drop out of the human race tonight.

I'll wait til tomorrow.  
I always wait til tomorrow.  
You crushed my spirits for today.  
I'm happy at the bottom of the pile.

Brass rings were never my style.  
Just try and be polite when you push me out of your  
way.

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