

Clit 45 "Right In Line"

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They'd love to see you in a factory
That's right where they want you to be
Sweating and struggling for minimum wage
No pride at all no more than a slave
Maybe your a kid from the fucking suburbs
You can wear a suit and calculate numbers'
Get caught in their consume and decay
Right in line the American fucking way

[Chorus:]

They want to see us rotting in the streets
Fighting and begging with nothing to eat
They don't wanna see us succeeding on our own
They sit and fucking laugh from their fucking thrown
Right where they want you to be

So let's shut up and do what they say
Put our heads between our legs we don't matter
anyway
Sit back as we're fed all their lies
They took my fucking brain but they gave me this
plastic smile

Work for yourself work for the scene
Don't kneel down to their regime
You got a brain so fucking use it
Or sit around and you'll fucking lose it
They'll grind you down till there's nothing left
Lead you tight into the trap they've set
Don't give into them don't fall for it
Otherwise they're the master and you're just their
fucking puppet

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