

Day26

"White Bread"

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They kick and they fight Over a parking space on
Saturday night Put on their village face I believe it's
alright To kick their ass out of town Born and bred
white poverty's so cool Your parents who live on
Madison Avenue While some of us just suffer to live It's
me my beeper my car my brand name It's me I'm a
fashion punk with all the accessories Talk and they talk
about the struggle and the price they pay take up my
space what a waste of humanity You follow the trend
you're a bolt on the treadmill you're giving them what
they want they'll have control of you next year

Born and bred white Why don't you go away

Government soldiers occupy every corner of the street
you run for cover to hide from what's killing me Keep
on talking, talk to me please Wake me up I've fallen
asleep

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