

## **Eyedeia**

# **"How Much Do You Pay?"**

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No one really understands the experience that change  
lives  
That pave an agnostic a place to lay in decay in toxic  
waste  
So most every identity paraphernalia to familiarize with  
smiles neatly  
Painted on a robotic face  
But not this man, he played the bucket with his hands  
And got paid but it was change people dropped in his  
can  
Twenty-three years ago he was a lawyer by description  
But I guess all of a sudden he resigned from that  
position  
But I've never seen the sky quite as clear as his eyes  
As he blistered fingers paint down on the plastic  
And in a twisted sort of way it all makes sense  
While they rush to die he provides the soundtrack so  
tragic  
He sits on the corner of 7th and 1st  
And I was thirsty for a question anyone would nurse  
One day I asked he why he gave up his career  
He said, "I didn't, I just took off the name tag" then he  
added

Make Money and die that's the American Way  
It don't matter what name you gave the bucket that you  
play  
Make Money and die that's the American Way  
It don't matter what name you gave the bucket that you  
play

So I took in what was said but I didn't accept it  
Well maybe I did I mean I just wouldn't admit it  
I was too committed to the belief that all the hard work  
from now would  
Improve my future existence somehow  
So I said, you don't accomplish nothing sitting in the  
street  
And I'm sure you barely survive on the pennies you  
gather  
He said, to your surprise I make enough to eat  
And I accomplish just as much as you only I stop

pretending my job matters  
He looked me in my face and told me I was a puppet  
And what I do is no more important than playing a  
bucket  
I still hear his voice when I set my alarm before bed  
I never could wash what he said out of my head, so  
fuck it, it goes

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See I could dress myself up in a white coat and say I'm  
a doctor  
Carry a nine by my belt buckle wear a gold badge and  
say I'm a copper  
Maybe I'm just a sloppy lazy crazy carbon copy part of  
the heart of the  
Deranged nation that gave me the generation ecstasy  
under water, I forgot  
Survive mind wash slaughtered by Austria's offers,  
caught your calls and  
Called your forefathers my bosses, lost it all in the  
name of gaining enough  
To spin, consuming the youth ... amp my frenzy  
When I taught my man playing away on his drum  
Something clicked in my brain and I became less dumb  
I'm working for bread crumbs  
Pretending there's a meaning  
But my employment is just a bucket, I'm desperately  
beating  
And one day, I'll be old and retired  
Looking at my life like what a waste of good fire  
All because school never taught me how to be inspired  
And the job concerned applying to myself just wouldn't  
hire

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Make Money and die that's the American Way  
But hey, here's my application, how much do y'all pay

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