

George "Sellout"

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I knew you, before you entered through the deadly
door
It's eaten away at you, it's given you the itch
You're dreaming of returning but you don't think you
can

They don't sell the product to you, they sell you to the
product
They don't give a fuck about you, they just want their
daily dosh
I wish you could see through this, I wish you could
believe
That you can really do this I know you can

They don't want to know about your aspirations
They don't care about where they're sending you to
They don't mind to blacken your stream
They are pulling you along, so when will you see?

They don't want to know about your aspirations
They don't care about where they're sending you to
They don't mind to blacken your stream
They are pulling you along, so when will you see?

You're dreaming, you're dreaming of returning
To that safe warm abyss
It's given you the itch
It's given you an insatiable itch

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