

## Good Riddance "Nobody Likes A Cynic"

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Because trash like you will never have  
The means with which to live  
In any modicum of luxury  
Or vague derivative  
Of comfort don't stray beyond your class  
You'll never crack this ceiling made of glass

Just live to work and then expire  
Keep your mouth shut you might retire  
With something more than debts  
Stretched far beyond your means  
Pledge allegiance  
To the corporate machines

Don't you dare step out of line  
Everything will be just fine  
But you'd better mind your place  
Just learnt to be a good consumer

You're now a number  
You've no longer got a face

Let my anger be my declaration  
My dissent my participation

Resistance isn't any use  
Just consume, obey and reproduce  
The next working class who'll shoulder  
Your burden of despair  
Your empty cries for a living wage  
Our system doesn't care we don't care

That our system won't provide  
For public health  
We don't care that your left  
Out in the cold all by yourself  
We don't care

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