

J Church "At The Cannery"

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Words are flying at me at the speed of sound,
But the machines are too loud for me to hear,
He's trying hard to demonstrate something,
What it is isn't totally clear,
Six months and it's six A.M.,
I've got a lot of things to ask myself,
Is it really worth the minimum wage,
To risk my sanity and health?

It's history,
It's inevitability,
Cultivating my despair,
I'm not going anywhere

Working at the cannery stacking tin cans,
Why is anybody here?
What are the choices?
Who makes the questions?
Can you define a career?
The working class aren't asking any questions,
Who would have the answers to supply,
The myth of freedom is the crux of the problem,
It defines the existential lie

It's history,
It's inevitability,
Cultivating my despair,
I'm not going anywhere

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