

Jaya

"Voice Of The Poor"

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And when you said it was gonna be alright
We almost believed you

It's the voice of the poor
In a dying land
The drunken the drugged and the damned
Emergency broadcast straight outta babylon system
As the night comes in
And it seems like sometimes
That you're never gonna win
And it all comes apart in the end

Punch the clock and you suffer in silence
Knifemarks on the barstool spell out your sentence
The table's fixed so take what you can get
They comp your drinks while they steal your chips
It's just a handout given with a fist
Forced inoculation from self improvement
Sometimes you take just what you can get
And if you rock the boat only you get wet
You want answers? so the fuck do I!
You got problems? get the fuck in line!
And this world seems wicked and unpure
Everyday you wake up it's just like a war

It's the voice of the poor
In a dying land
The drunken the drugged and the damned
Live and direct thru the radio silence
Out into the emptiness

And as the rain falls over the faithless
I know there's a way but I just can't explain it
Nothing to offer nothing to give
Happiness in this world is so goddamn expensive
Lockdown the borders but the lines stay open
Mainframe is hacked and the code is broken
Shots ring out in the financial district
As the words of the profits are twisted
They died for your sins but the bills keep comin' in
And it's never gonna end.

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