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John Reuben "Sales Pitch"

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Everyone's got a hidden agenda watch them push it on you

Everyone's got a hidden agenda don't pretend not to It's a battle for your mind and a battle for your pocket book

They'll play on your emotions until your heart is hooked Reel them in tell them what's your intent No mr. salesman you don't have my confidence See I'm not sure if I can trust your heart So don't feed me your lies disguised in sheep guard

Everyone's got an agenda can you tell me what for Everyone's got an agenda can you tell me what's yours From the liberal media to the conservative core From politics to the dude trying to play it cool on the dance floor

Its human nature runs deep and reeks of secrets No matter how hard you try no man can keep it For a time maybe but one day you're gonna have to face it

And when that time comes you won't be able to fake it

(chorus)

Left yourself lying in the dark waiting to be exposed Catch yourself hiding from your heart and what God only knows

Smile put on your game face

Your death bed awaits

And sure there's grace but it's going to sting a bit Try to sell it to God and see if he buys your sales pitch Watch them tell you they're more than their worth Watch them take advantage of the church

But then again stepping stones were meant to be walked on

They'll leave and come back once the floor boards are gone

And they're sitting in the basement pondering energy wasted

Trying to figure out how to make it

Take it to the innocent and manipulate it

Job well done religion look what you've created

Easily slipping easily fading away

Easily forgetting why it was that I was made

Easily saying all the right things I need to say in order to make it easier for myself to get paid Don't look at it like this moments of trite bliss This propaganda is lifeless Move at the speed of which light is Fast forward through the time as I write this Now I might not have been the wisest But I put my soul into each line if money ain't the motive it's priceless I followed a trend called timeless

(chorus)

These folks don't walk it but they go about it and they talk it Now-a-day's they'll turn anything into product Merchandise name your price try and turn a profit Even the sacred's been turned dishonest

(chorus)

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