

Chaos UK "Courier"

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Take a trip abroad if you're poor or bored
There's money if you can be bought
Live in a trance, swallow one by one
And hope the customs will not pounce
Hide the beads of sweat for the pittance that you get
To make the "big man" rich
You think it's only dope, but will you ever cope
When you find he's made a switch
It's not for you, but for a man you'll never see
For all the money he's making on the cut
For something you will never be
All of the stuff that's lying in your gut

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