

Lowest Of The Low "Eating The Rich"

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My best friend's got a great career
She answers phones for seven dollars an hour
And every now and then we paint the town Red
And eat our way toward a different balance of power

Well, it's our fate and we don't refuse it
It's our plate but we did not choose it

We're eating the rich now
It's a revolutionary chow-down

Well, I'm a snotty brat with a bad attitude
But I don't believe the world owes me a dinner
But even Jesus Christ might've dined and dashed
The last supper... what a bad holy host
A bread breakin' sinner

And every power lunch has a Gold-Card lining
I feel like the Karl Marx of dining

A brisk run from the cops can help your meal digest
I suggest not a dead-end alley
'Cause if they track you down they'll serve you up
Like a criminal de jour... they'll toss you like a salad
So, take your place and stop your bitchin'
The head-chef in the death-row kitchen'

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