

Pinkerton Thugs

"Punching Numbers"

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I scrape my food from a polyvinyl tray
I think about the process and I crack every day
Five minutes for the Postal Office
Five minutes for the nation
In five minutes I'll plod back to my station

Its time for you to meet the other me
The one that wants you dead
I'll punch in your numbers and I'll print a receipt
And then I'll bash in your head

I kiss your ass and you pay me
But I'm so sick of your policies
I hate being so fucking autocratic
You and me and my semi-automatic

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