

Richard Marx

"Hands In Your Pocket"

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We're all victims of the system
Still we love to place the blame
We're running out of choices
And there's no rules to the game, oh yeah

I'm getting tired of feeling this way
What can a single man do? What can he say?

Every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
They'll stop you like a heart attack

We put people into power
But we fight our wars alone, yeah
They take such good care of the rest of the world
But, what about the folks at home, oh yeah

Point the finger at the man you chose
He'll say he's sorry but it's just the way it goes

He sits in judgment like a king on a throne
Till that November when he'll beg for a bone

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
Brother don't ignore the facts, oh such a fact

Yeah, every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
Brother, don't ignore the facts

Oh, they've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back

They've got their hands in your pocket
Stop you like a heart attack

They've got their hands in your pocket
Take the clothes off your back
They've got their hands in your pocket
Stop you like a heart attack

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
They've got their hands in your pocket
Stop you like a heart attack

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