

Skepticism

"Livin' On A Chain Gang"

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Turn on the TV, 'cause I got nowhere
to go
Seems that there's a little trouble down
in Mexico
A 13-year-old boy robs a store
so he can eat
And they got him doing time while
killers walk the streets

A hungry politician is the wolf that's
at the door
Hell-bent on submission and feedin'
on the poor
We could stare into the sun if we would
open up our eyes
But we paint ourselves into a corner
colored in white lies

Busted on a rockpile - getting
dusted in the heat
Shackled to the system - and
draggin' my feet

I'm riding on a breakdown - another
whiteknuckled shakedown
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang
I'm riding on a breakdown - a suicidal
shakedown
Feels like I'm on a chain gang

A con man's intuition can wash
your sins away
Send your contribution and he'll save
your soul today
What can he know, has he been
through hell and back
He takes the cash and drives it home in
a brand new Cadillac

Spitting at the guard dog, burning
in his wicked deal

Screamin? down the railroad with
no one at the wheel

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whiteknuckled shakedown
Feels like I?m livin? on a chain gang
I?m riding on a breakdown - a suicidal
shakedown
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Faith healin?, superstition
Cold-blooded criminal mind
Getting off on high position
Hey brother can you spare a dime
To get me off this slaughter line

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