

## **Sweatshop Union**

### **"Goldrush"**

Visit "[Goldrush](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Mothers and sons, fathers and daughters you're  
Praisin' the dollar just like it's a goddess  
Now, process the thought you could say yo' it's not us;  
We're cautious so as not to get caught up on products  
Bull shit so full of McDonalds you need calonics  
No honest, they've got us just how they've got us so  
that we want it  
And will it stop? No!  
Not since your self-strength went through the window.

It's all money in the world on the ride  
With the, you and I gettin robbed by the?  
And everything you know and love is getting sold up  
(sold up)  
Sold out in the frenzy for the goldrush  
X2

Look at the pop kings and queens,  
Stop think and see that the tug of marketing beneath  
those hot pink caprees  
Got you talkin' and bein' like all the Hollywood phony  
shit  
Better watch what you're preachin' now days not even  
only just that  
I need a pony it's that  
I need a Nokia-teen-barbie phone with a monthly credit  
loan  
Because it's family stuff  
And we love to be nice parents  
But you ought to know your daughter's growin' up to be  
like Paris  
And they don't care it's in your homes or your own  
minds  
They got you when your born so it's in your bones  
Like a kiddie-farm goldmine  
Generation so blind  
We don't need to think, that's the whole nine  
And you can hide, but they got million-dollar spin-  
doctors  
Workin' through the night to get a million out your thin  
pockets  
Got a bottom line, big profits, big willy wanna

brainwash the world  
Gonna make a killing off it

It's all money in the world on the ride  
With the, you and I gettin robbed by the?  
And everything you know and love is getting sold up  
(sold up)  
Sold out in the frenzy for the goldrush  
X2

I remember being thirteen, diggin' in my moms purse.  
Fiendin' to get the name brand shirts,  
Jeans, and anything else I thought was cool  
Wanted to show off my shoes once I got to school  
To make the other kids jealous  
Tryin'a front like I bought 'em at Footlocker when I got  
'em at Zeller's  
But what the hell was I supposed to say man.  
These girls'll ignore you unless your clothes are name  
brand, shit  
But by the time I turned seventeen  
Realized that almost everything I thought was  
important had never been  
And a lot of what I taught was true just wasn't  
So by then I rarely got to school  
Started seeing it's a consumers world,  
Perpetuating greed that consumers the world  
And everybody's over obsessed with their possessions  
Getting loaded with debt  
Got us climbing out a hole till we're old and decrepit

It's all money in the world on the ride  
With the, you and I gettin robbed by the?  
And everything you know and love is getting sold up  
(sold up)  
Sold out in the frenzy for the goldrush  
X2

Visit [Sweatshop Union](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.