

The Arrivals

"Fat Of The Land"

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I add it up
I count it out
Consider all the figures
To realize that I've been cheated
I've seen their clothes
I've seen their cars
I've stepped in park-side mansions
Enough to know I've been mistreated
But then I take the bus from Cullerton to 95th Street
I take my daughter to their parks
I take the medicine the state provides for healthy
workmen
Better on their stamps than in their cart
Did I smell anger, anger
Don't let it be my undertaker
No, thank them, thank them, for keeping me alive
They're welcome to their dollar
They'll have their cake and we'll have ours as we drink
on their dime
I walk among the glass steel towers
I borrow books and records
I glean the excess entertainment
And though I'm fine to pay for mine, not if it keeps my
hands bound
I'm all for work, just not containment
I'll praise a god who gives a dirty hand a worthy living
I'll praise a mother who feeds her child
I'll thank my lucky stars the rich will waste what they're
not giving
Then gladly take what's rightly ours
Did I smell anger, anger,
Don't let it be my undertaker
No, thank them, thank them, for keeping me alive
They're welcome to their dollar
They'll have their cake and we'll have ours as we drink
on their dime
Did I smell anger?
Anger?

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