

The Fast Track "Blood Money"

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The songs we play
Don't equal the bills we have to pay
So it's blood for cash
I sell my cells to feed myself
And fill my tank with fossil fuels

[Chorus]

Desperate destitute
Medical prostitute
Cause there's no time for nine to five

Don't want to orphan our ideals
Cause I think The Boss was right
Is a dream a lie if it don't come true?
Or is it something worse
We pawn the things we want
To do the thing we love

If something doesn't happen soon
These collars will be turning blue

No lie

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