

Tr-I

"Property 1.0"

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I'll be your fantasy, but I won't be your property
Love you eternally, but I'll never be your property
Love from me's not guaranteed
Just because you think I'm property
I can love you totally and still not be your property

Every girl and boy wants to grow up to be loved
someday
And you can't wait to give your heart away
But it's like worship in their eyes walking down the aisle
When you slip on that ring, they start to treat you like a
thing, yeah

I call it slavery when you call someone your property
Don't waste your vanity, I will never be your property

Something wonderful happens when people fall in love
Your happiness is all they're thinking of
But it's like "anything you say" 'til the wedding day
When they get it in ink, they start to tell you what to
think, yeah

Darkest day in history when someone invented
property
Cause of our misery is the constant lust for property

Since god began it, we've been dividing up the planet
When you see something you want it
You've got to put your name tag on it
And we go on carving, meanwhile half the world is
starving
It's a crime .. hands off what is mine!

Take all you can 'til you slam on the parking brake
And you need space to make your own mistakes
But it's like "I won't hold you back" 'til the bags are
packed
Then they're struttin' about like they own you inside out

I call it slavery (you can't make me a slave),
when you call someone your property

Don't waste your vanity (don't be so vain),
I will never be your property
Darkest day in history (why did you have to do a thing
like that)
when someone invented property
Cause of our misery (misery, misery)
is the constant lust for property

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