

Alley Kat

"21 Century Slave (poem From Cd)"

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Iâ€™m a 21 century slave
Every prison is equip with a factory line
Itâ€™s the masters plan the master mind
Make money off your time
My hands are raw and they smell like swine
But what do you care
Youâ€™re just out there
You got fresh air
Wile im trapped in hell
Itâ€™s just another day
I sit and I wait
Iâ€™m trying to get paid
23 cents is the hourly wage
And a paid vacation to a rats cage
Or a rats nest
What ever noun seems to fit it best
You can fill in the rest
But protect your neck
Youâ€™re caught between
A rock and a hard spot
Flickering lights of a cop car
Now your heart stops and youâ€™re hauled off
To a fly jar

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