

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Paper Weight Pigs"

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Stand Clear of the closing doors.
Punch in your sleazy dignity.
It's almost time to eyeball those interns.
Eight hours of conference calls.
(One) eight hours of brown nosing.
(One, two) eight hours of boardrooms.
(One, two, three) eight balls of white godliness.
Put down the pen paperweight pig.
Insatiable wants and greed.
Put down the pen paperweight pig.
Hang your head for what you lead.
The weekends are the only time I really live.
The cancer lies within us all.
They can't whisper when they wanna scream.
They can't work as a team.
When they wanna be covered in whipped cream.
Kiss your wife, not that intern.
Corporate world has no u-turn.
If you applied, then just don't return.
Business mastercards used for lapdances.
Money under the table for congressmen.
For those broken environment regulations.
Anything is possible in the corporate world.
Million dollar compensation for executives.
While posting billion dollar quarter loses.
Trapped in a cubical I'm throwing a party in my head.
It's all meaningless

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