

Dance Or Die

"Minute Man"

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Spitting in your soup slapping in your face today
Bored and angry about your straight hard way
You kept the system still alive
Time was money pay your expensive wife

Minute man, no more chances for you Minute men

You were working twentyfour hours a day
Face got lines and your hair turned grey
Some hard Speedpills and another line of coke
Time was money take it as a Joke

Minute man, no more chances for you Minute men

You'd been afraid of a hungry year
To loose your job was what you fear
Your heart took revenge and your blood ran cold
Who wants to die before to get old

Minute man, no more chances for you Minute men

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