

6 Eve

"Jibba This"

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We're slaves to saving time, as if we didn't have
enough
We're slaves to the hormone, we're men and must be
tough
We're slaves to the dollar, and the happiness that it
brings
tradition rules from the start generations running
round in rings

[Chorus]

I want out I want to escape the human role
They teach us we're fulfilled, when we've done what
we're told
Now I feel an emptiness whenever I act out on my own
Now i'm going to break these binds, and get my life
back on track
fulfill the expectations with others behind, and fulfill
my life with what you call crap

[Chorus

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