

Rundgren Todd

"Public Servant"

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Cut 'em loose

Public servant, public slave
It's one single slice from the cradle to the grave
Can't remember why you're still in the race
To be a public servant, public slave

You got to know who Satan is
You know you made him come alive
You let the yahoos write the script
When you sold your soul to survive
I only want to hear my voice
Come on, hit me where I live
Let's imagine we had a choice
Let's pretend we're persuasive

I guess it keeps you off the street
I guess you couldn't find honest work
And you're content to follow the fleet
Hanging 'round with world-class jerks
I guess you can't have too little class
Sometimes it pays to have no soul
Just keep your mindset in the past
And your head up your asshole

It's not as if we couldn't cope
It's not as if the pope eloped
It's just as if you're out of hope
And if you can't stand twice as tall
If you're too afraid to fall
If you haven't got the balls
Cut 'em loose

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