

## THC

### "Enslavement Blues"

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I'm enslaved by the weekdays  
By their names Monday and Friday  
I'm enslaved by the things we say  
And everywhere I go a little secret  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that we're all doing fine  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that were not losing our minds  
I'm enslaved by the living space  
By the walls, roofs and the working place  
I'm enslaved by the games we play  
No matter what I do, I will still sell myself  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that we're not dying here  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that we're not dying here  
I'm sure that we all want to blow  
And I said that's what we ought to do  
I'm sure that we all want to change it all  
That's why I'm coming to you  
I'm sure that you all want to know  
I'm sure you all want to blow  
I'm enslaved by the weekdays  
By their names Monday and Friday  
I'm enslaved by the words we say  
Every little sentence turns me into a slave  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that we're all doing fine  
And I wish that you would come here  
And tell me that we're not losing our minds  
I'm sure that we all want to blow  
And I said that's what we ought to do  
I'm sure that we all want to change it all  
That's why I'm coming to you  
I'm sure that we all want to know  
I'm sure you all want to blow  
I'm a slave

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