

## Snog

### "The Ballad"

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When the working day is done  
I refuse to belong to anyone.  
And at night when I try to sleep  
I hear the howls of commerce in my dreams...

Somehow, someone, somewhere  
owns everything I do.  
Somehow, someone, somewhere  
owns all of me and owns all of you.

There's no charge,  
there's no crime,  
but we're all doing time.

There's not much I can do  
but to sing a bad ballad for you.

I could suggest sabotage,  
but success might prove a mirage.

'cause Somehow, someone, somewhere  
owns everything I do.  
Somehow, someone, somewhere  
owns all of me and owns all of you.

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