

GC5, The "Borrowed Time"

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I'm not theirs in product or in name

But I've got no true discretion I can speak of

You can make your own distinctions but it's all the
fucking same

It's servitude for someone else's sake

And I dream I'm gonna give'em the old heave ho!

And my every thought turns to overthrow (Let's go!)

And I strive to bite the hand that's feeding me at last

And carry on the banner of the working class

When I'm dead on my feet or shackled to the beat

I'm always looking back over my shoulder

They make me paranoid and relegate me to defeat

A fate that fits me like an oak box

The long hard days of dead monotony

The foreman looking down, so paternal

I'll curse the fucking hours cause I know they're not for
me

But for now I'll carry on on borrowed time

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