

## The GC5 "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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