

Marx Richard

"Hands In Your Pockets"

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We're all victims of the system still we love to place the
blame
We're running out of choices and there's no rules to the
game
I'm getting tired of feeling this way
What can a single man do, what can he say
Every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
They'll stop you like a heart attack

We put people into power but we fight our wars alone
They take such good care of the rest of the world,
but what about the folks
At home, oh yeah
Point the finger at the man you chose
He'll say he's sorry but it's just the way it goes
He sits in judgement like a king on a throne
'Till that November when he'll beg for a bone

They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
Brother, don't ignore the facts

Every day you walk the edge of a knife
You're left with nothing at the end of your life
They've got their hands in your pocket
They'll take the clothes off your back
Hands in your pocket
They'll stop you like a heart attack

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