

A finishing blow for a company man  
While sleeping tight, passed hand to hand  
Inbound until you're canned  
Then hidebound fact slips like sand  
A finishing blow for the company man  
Time passes through a loop

Self-trained for burning hoop  
Spoonfed and proudly stooped  
Too low to see the linkwork  
Some cut holes some got bricked in  
And you've got nothing more to say  
Red hand grip slips on cold links  
I saw you try to climb your way