

## No Sale

Middle Class Rut

Born in the basement, lying statement  
They pay off gods to win  
A lifetime down in a ship with no sale  
There's hook on the line, yeah money's there now  
But they ain't coming in  
The hammer brings back the life to this nail

I feel my head and body's vacant  
Body's faking all the time  
I feel my head and body's vacant  
Body's aching all the time

Born like a leech  
I learn to suck off the life in front of me  
An addict in the field too weak to say no  
Beat him in the back, yeah fuck him up  
He ain't that much to see  
The rich stay fed while the rest just fight alone

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As they pile in I see you make bail  
The cell is open  
The jury's out now  
You're coming in but there's no one there

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