

Pick Up Your Head

Middle Class Rut

I don't set out, to please them,
God i don't need them!
Gotta by something, in the food,
that they feed them.
There's a dead end,
sign on your door,
you better not!
Come around here anymore.
The alarm went off,
so you get up get out of bed,
you look at yourself,
and you just don't like it!
So how do you play,
when the hand that you're dealt,
it just don't feel right!

Ahhh..
it just don't feel right!
Ahhh..
it just don't...

You're a yellow line,
on a highway,
that just won't end,
that just won't end,
waiting to get run over,
and over - and over again!
You write small checks,
to big men!
To pay your bills,
to make ends!
But where's the end, you fucker?!
You said: "One day, it'd be here!"

Ahhh..
One day, it'll be here...
Ahhh..
One day, it'll be...

Pick up your head!
Pick up your head!
Pick up your head!
Pick up your head...
So let the weak ones line up!
Let'em all fall in!
Let'em all go,
just another one down!

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I don't set out, to need them,
i don't believe them,
God i wanna bite that hand,
that's feeding,
but there's a dollar sign,
on your door!
You turn it off,
and i can't live anymore!
But the alarm went off,
sou you get up - get outta bed!
You look at yourself,
you still don't like it!
But what do you say,
to yourself, when yourself,
ain't got nothing, to say to you?!

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