

# Rock for Sustainable Capitalism

Propagandhi

I fuckin' love that one rock video where  
That fucking jack-ass mohawked millionaire  
Prances around by far the worst sausage party on earth,  
Where by mere chance he's caught on film shaking hands  
With an incredibly diverse collection of patriotic skins.  
I like the message it sends:  
With a Rebel yell, Just Do Exactly What You're Told.  
One million douche bags can't be wrong?  
"When did punk rock become so safe?"  
You'll excuse me if I laugh in your face  
As I itemize your receipts  
And PowerPoint your balance sheets.

I hear this year's Vans Warped Tour is "going green!"  
I guess they heard that money grows on trees.  
Hope they ship all those shitty bands overseas  
Like they did the factories.

Music's power to describe, compel, renew...  
It's all a distant second to the offers you can't refuse.  
Anyone remember when we used to believe  
That music was a sacred place and not some fucking bank machine  
?

Not something you just bought and sold?  
How could we have been so naive?  
Well, I think when all is said and done,  
Just cause we were young doesn't mean we were wrong.

And I'll rock back and forth  
On this two-bit hobbyhorse  
'Til she splinters and gives way.  
I'll tend the flowers by her grave.  
And whisper her name.

If anyone out there understands  
Can I please see a show of hands  
Just so I know I'm not insane?  
Ever get the feeling you've been played?

Well, that's rock for sustainable capitalism and you know,  
We may face a scorched and lifeless earth,  
But they're accountable to their shareholders first.  
That's how the world works.