

Six-figure salary and still not fed up with insanity.
Sound like you are mentally ill
and I still wonder why you keep chasing the dollar bill.
So fix your lips your hips,
acting like 20 and you can't come
to grips with the plague ordinary people call age.
You are working overtime, as a banker.
Organized crime, leather shoes,
expensive watch, big mansion, still you cry at night.

How sweet, your kids in the backseat
while you smoke and work on the next tweet.
Everyone in the gang so happy, then it ends with a bang.
A piece of processed food in the corner of your mouth,
when you pushed her south and
because the man that you did not plan.

It was like you could not command your own body.
You could not withstand.
Done, when done, cash in the hand,
zip your pants up, back to a happy marriage and family land.

Let it be said, you should be dead.
Let it be said, they should be dead.

When I feel down and low,
in the city of cold where the snow falls,
and no flowers seem to grow.
We try to go out on tour,
we try to ignore the insecure media whores
burning out of control.