

Enslavement Blues

The (International) Noise Conspiracy

I'm enslaved by the weekdays
By their names Monday and Friday
I'm enslaved by the things we say
And everywhere I go a little secret
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're all
doing fine
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're not
losing our minds

I'm enslaved by the living space
By the roofs, the walls and the working place
I'm enslaved by the games we play
No matter what I do I will still sell myself
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're all
doing fine
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that we're not
loosing our minds

I'm sure that we all want to blow
And I said that's what we ought to do
I'm sure that we all want to change it all
That's why I'm coming to you
I'm sure that you all want to know
I'm sure you all want to know

I'm enslaved by the weekdays
By their names Monday and Friday
I'm enslaved by the words we say and every little sentence turn
s me into a slave
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that were all d
ying in here
And I wish that you would come here and tell me that were all d
ying

I'm a slave

I'm sure that we all want to blow
And I said that's what we ought to do
I'm sure that we all want to change it all
That's why I'm coming to you
I'm sure that you all want to know
I'm sure you all want to know

I'm a slave