

Crass, System

You can swear by who the fuck you like,
But you're still on the roof.

I'm not gonna change the system,
They're not gonna change the system,
We're not gonna change the system,
Where does that leave you?
Where does that leave me?
Jumping up and down to a bunch of tools,
The organisation treat us like fools.
They can't help it, they didn't make the rules,
It's just the system again, BOLLOCKS.
Bind us round with ignorance,
Fit us up with a petty stance.
Fill us up with cheap romance,
Leave no option, no chance.
What've they got? Fuck all? NO.
What've they got? A swimming pool.
Where did get it? Follow the rules.
System, system.
Keeping their fingers on the breaks,
Down the ladders, up the snakes,
Buy the band and call the tune,
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah,
Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah,
Nah, nah, nah, nah.