

# Tic tac

Do you ever get the feeling that something isn't right  
When you stumble home wasted on a Saturday night  
Do you ever get the feeling that there is so much more?  
But you're too tired to know what you are longing for

Get up tic tac get your feet on the floor  
Don't be late, don't hesitate, there's no time to waste  
Do your job, get your pay check then walk home alone  
Is this really what we were made for?

Standing in a factory for eight hours a day  
The only time that you see sunshine is at the coffee brake  
What you don't know is that your pay check is only yours to lend  
When you spend your money you're only paying it back to them

Get up...

If you get the feeling that something fishy is going on  
Then add another zero to your pay check and that's all  
Because the riches are like poison they'll corrupt you to your soul  
And ones you get that poison in your veins you will do what your told

Get up...

And the school is just another factory among many  
Supplying the market with the fools of the trade  
Stuff you up until it's enough then lift you out of the mold  
Wind you up, spin your head, then kick you out in the cold

Get up...

Now you've been walking to the factory for five and forty years  
Your aching limbs and body sore just ain't what it used to be  
Now it's time to reap the benefits of your good Lutheran ways  
But was this shit really worth working half your life for