

The Market Dictate

They tell you it's great
Down in sub section four
On the set aside farms
Where they lock up the poor.

Who'd forgotten to file in
Before it's too late
Now they're serving the needs
Of the Market Dictate.

As the credit runs out
On your permit to walk
Outside on the pavement
Nobody talks.

The neon reminder
Reads out from the wall
That the Bicycle Licence
Collector will call.

And if you've done nothing
There's nothing to hide
So trade in your name
For the numbers inside.

Yeah! Trade in your name
For the numbers inside
Put an x on the spot
Where democracy died.