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.