



Feedin' The Machine

[Litmus A Freeman](#)

G / / /

G C G D G C D G
My Dad said to me as I left school, "...You need a job to pay your way
'Cos things cost /money, and you're gonna need /things, that's just the /way things /are to/day..."
D / Am7 C G (tacet) C D G
So I left home and went to work at just sixteen started Feedin' the machine

Me and my brother moved into a flat, I paid my share of bills and rent
I got paid on a so called 'Thursday' and by 'Sunday' night it was gone, that's how the 'weekends' are all spent!
And when their calendar's got you slavin' for the 5 days in between, you're just Feedin' the machine

I got married, we had a couple of kids, I love them dearly to this day
To put food on our table and put clothes on our backs, I needed lots more pay
I got me a work promotion but the tax-man stripped me clean, I'm mostly Feedin' his machine

To buy our own place I had to get a big loan, "that's called a mortgage" I hear you cry
And that means death pledge, and that's because, it feels like you pay it 'till you die!
And most of it's interest that goes to the 'bankster' team, they love us Feedin' their machine

But I worked harder, got me a raise, I kept aiming for the top
But as my pay went up so did my debts and the interest never stops
Met me a 'bankster' he said "...son, you may be keen, but you're just Feedin' my machine..."

Began to realise what was going on and how those 'banksters' call the shots
They run the system, all based on debt, lending 'money' they ain't got
So it don't matter if you work hard, if you're generous or mean, from what I've seen, you're still Feedin' the machine

G C G D G C D G
Did me some learnin' about how it all works and how they trick you right from birth
Your 'NAME' is 'money' to them when you're playin' the serf, but your sweat and your talent's what you're really worth
D / Am7 C
But if you're reapin' what you're sewing at the ignorance latrine
G (tacet) Am7 B7 Em
SHIT! you're just Feedin' the machine
D / Am7 C
And if you don't know where you're goin' and you're not sure where you been
G Am7 B7 Em
You're prob'ly Feedin' the machine
D Am7 C (pause)
But when your wisdom is 'a showin you what a fool you've been.....

G C D G / G C D G /
You'll stop Feedin' the machine. Let's stop Feedin' the machine.
G C D G / G C D G
'We're all Feedin' the machine. So let's stop Feedin' the machine!