

Human Chromatography

You'll go far
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(Continues throughout song)

If you're born with cash and you go to good schools
And if you suck up to all the right fools
If you walk the line and don't fall off
And have someone to see when you cough
If you're born white or close enough
If you've accumulated all the right stuff
If you wear the styles you're told to wear
If you put the right goop into your hair

If you can learn to smile when you're being put down
If you move yourself to the right part of town
If you pick your friends like you pick your clothes
If you spend and spend and don't care what you owe
If you step on souls to get to the top
If you don't look down 'cause you're scared that you'll drop
If you learn to stick in the knife and then turn
If your memoirs are just something to burn

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If you get the right car and take the right stance
If you force yourself to enter the dance
If you're loud enough to cover your lies
If the truth is an option that you despise
If you deal with weakness by pointing it out
If when a whisper will do you let out a shout
If all your time is spent making you poised
To suck the life out of other folks joys

If a trophy spouse is a thing you desire
If you control your heart like a machine with pliers
If your outlook on life is established by polls
If you view your fellow man as trolls
If the song in your voice is an order to march
If your soul is cracked and dry and parched
If you look upon trust with a kind of derision
If you view helping out as a bad decision

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If you look upon others as strangers to fault
If you hide all you've earned away in a vault
If you're opinion of others is based on belief
That a step up for them's like a loss to a thief
If the upper hand is what you've come to expect
When dealing with others whose lives that you wrecked
If its not about substance but all about show
And your path to the top's based on just who you know

If your image of self is a flawless jewel
If you play the role of a heartless tool
If your calendar's free for those that can help
You to sell and sell and sell yourself
If your door's only open when the right guests come
And everyone else you treat like a bum
If your eyes see the world as struggle to win
If you know the ending before you begin

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