WE'RE HIP

Music - Jake Lampert
Lyrics - Debbie Lampert

We're hip to the boss man's game, sell your soul, get yourself some fame —

We've got to get away from the things that they say, we've got to get away from the things that they say and they say every day, every day of your life —

Verse 1:
Gonna try to buy the woman out
Gonna prey on our fears and our doubts
We're hip to the boss man's game
Get together cause we're not to blame.

Chorus:
Sometimes, you ain't got much to choose from
You need a job and they know that you could use one
They keep you caged up, to make you tame.

Verse 2:
And in the prisons, I seen our sisters rising
They ain't been wasted, they been organizing
They're hip to the boss man's game
When they get out, they're gonna spark the flame.