

We are common  
More than we think  
And so unique  
To whoever's behind the eyes  
We're the zeros  
Behind the billions  
Assigning numbers  
So specific  
Wake up before the sun  
Leave your hour to the highway  
And your day to  
Line the pockets  
Of some man with,  
Softest hands  
Sometimes I think  
That it's all a  
Sick joke on  
The middle class

Keep on pushing, pushing, pushing  
Keep your head down and your number  
Your numbers up  
I swear on my checkbook you'll be up here soon  
We're all counting on  
Counting on you

Put your time in  
And time working  
Spend your weekend  
Finishing dead ends  
Years go by  
Xerox stays up  
Exchanging your life  
For a paycheck

Sometimes I think that it's all a sick joke on  
The middle class

Keep on pushing, pushing, pushing  
Keep your head down and your number  
Your numbers up  
Keep your numbers up

Keep on pushing, pushing, pushing  
Keep your head down and your number  
Your numbers up  
I swear on my checkbook you'll be up here soon  
We're all counting on  
We're counting on you