

Everyone I Know  
By:Alistair Hulett

Everyone I know is feeling the pinch  
Of these straightened days:  
Small change is counted on Tuesday;  
By Wednesday, we're always broke.  
Every week it seems they cut one more inch  
Off our living wage:  
Paring us down for the new age;  
Squeezing us until we choke.  
Everyone I know, everyone I know,  
Everyone I know, everyone I know.

Everyone I know is warming their dreams  
On a dying flame  
Out on an ocean of self-blame  
Where big fish get let off the hook.  
All the news I read says  
This is my great opportunity  
Here in the new clever country  
Where some touch and others just look.  
Everyone I know, everyone I know,  
Everyone I know, everyone I know.

Everyone I know is worried  
If they'll be the next for the chop;  
Every day the line is  
Just a little bit shorter at the bus stop.

Everyone I know is paying the price  
For the lunacy  
Of setting the corporate dogs free  
Into the big picture book.  
Everyone I know is  
Looking for someone to vote for,  
Turning away from the class war,  
Forgetting the world ever shook.  
Everyone I know, everyone I know,  
Everyone I know, everyone I know.

Everyone I know is worried  
If they'll be the next for the chop;  
Every day the line is  
Just a little bit shorter at the bus stop.

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#### Alternative Lyrics

Everyone I know is painting in detail, the rope slack,  
Turning away from the fight back, forgetting the world ever shook.