

Gotta Go to Work

I sat up in the morning and wipe the crust from eyes
I sat up in the morning and realized my dreams were lies
It's a five-day cycle, enchained by the card I punch
It's a five-day cycle, raging at the rush-hour crunch

Well, I've gotta do this shit, like everyday
I've gotta go to work, I've got bills to pay
Mountains of debt, won't let me forget
I'll be working till my grave

There's not enough time to quite these thoughts in my mind
No, there's not enough time, to sit and enjoy my prime
Winter, fall, and spring, the days melt into the night
Summer, fall, and spring, steady as a pilot light

Well, I've gotta do this shit, like everyday
I've gotta go to work, I've got bills to pay
Mountains of debt, won't let me forget
I'll be working till my grave

I've got this guitar, with dead skin on strings
A woman, a band, I use for sharing my love
But still I can't sleep.

Well, I've gotta do this shit, like everyday
I've gotta go to work, I've got bills to pay
Mountains of debt, won't let me forget
I'll be working till my grave

I've got this guitar, with dead skin on strings
A woman, a band, I use for sharing my love
But still I can't sleep.