

2 Cents "Steak Dinner"

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Break, well I leave it up to you
Break, It's death and my sweet tooth

We're in the back of the line
Nobody cares
They think we're all outta time
Well I don't care

This is not anger
I don't lack self-control
We don't fear progress

Break, well I leave it up to you
Break, It's death and my sweet tooth
Too much procrastination
Too much, it's all over
Too much alleviation
Too much, it's over

Where's your patience now
Eyes look against the grain
Never going to be the one to accept
Your life wasted in vain

Too much procrastination
Too much, it's all over
Too much alleviation
Too much, it's over

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