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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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