

A Global Threat "On The Clock"

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buzzing blaring through my skull
the sun is up but i can't tell
sneak the covers down my nose
eyes are sore gotta keep 'em closed
call in, no i've gotta go
its quarter past the buzz was slow
on the clock
down vacant walks i trudge and stumble
can collector catch me mumble
this stupid job won't pay it's dues
gotta cuff their stuff for gain

cause minimum wage isn't much to lose
bussing blaring through your skull
the turnover rat is high in hell
pass the torch back and forth
sorry mom, but i quit that job

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