

Alexis Y Fido

"Boiled Frogs"

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A man sits at his desk
One year retirement
And he's up for review
Not quite sure what to do
Each passing year
The workload grows

I'm always wishing, I'm always wishing too late
For things to go my way
It always ends up the same
Count your blessings
I must be missing, I must be missing the point
Your signal fades away and all I'm left with is noise
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about
There must be more to my life

Poor little tin man
Still swinging his axe
Even though his joints are clogged with rust

My youth is slipping, my youth is slipping away
Safe in monotony, so safe, day after day
Count your blessings
My youth is slipping, my youth is slipping away
Cold wind blows off the lake and I know for sure that
it's too late
Count your blessings on one hand

So wait up I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about, there must be more
to my life

Can't help but feel betrayed, punch the clock every
single day
There's no loyalty and no remorse
Youth sold for a pension cheque
And that makes him fucking sick
He's heating up, he can't say no

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh [x6]

So wait up I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
There's so much to dream about, there must be more
to my life
So wait up
So wait up I'm not sleeping alone again tonight
Between the light and shallow waves is where I'm going
to die

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