

Andrew Norworthy "Floater"

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Underneath the mattress Iâ€™ve got one hot round of
fire
I clipped all my connections, I ripped up every wire
I say Iâ€™m already asleep then I make myself a liar
And you canâ€™t work an honest day if you never see the
sun

If thereâ€™s a job to do, itâ€™s a job that Iâ€™ll get done

I can't say I've ever really been shy of the steel
I learned to blow my way right out of any gone wrong
deal
Iâ€™ve got it in my vein, youâ€™ll never break the seal
And I wonâ€™t defend my twisted sense of obligation

If thereâ€™s a job to do, itâ€™s a job that Iâ€™ll get done

The way that it is now, is how itâ€™s always been

You get frozen and then you float free again
The woman and men who, you get tied up to
They get tied up to you, then you float on through

Every night I fall into the same old cold bad dream
Iâ€™m not tied to nothing, and nothinâ€™s tied to me
Just some sister of a cousin of a Rockefellerâ€™s son
Then I wake up on that gun

Thereâ€™s a job to do now, so itâ€™s a job that Iâ€™ll get
done

Oh yeah

Thereâ€™s a job to do, itâ€™s a job that Iâ€™ll get done
If thereâ€™s a job to do, itâ€™s a job that Iâ€™ll get done X3

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