

Confuse "The Worker"

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Before I know, Sunday is coming again
I living for only holiday
I dying of worthless wearisome works always
I work in order to live on common

Everyday everynight drunken
Offending with me, I hit at immediate chap
I am sorry and think for it the next day
I had to beat your kid, fellows

Really the world is crazy
What do you spending day after day for?

You had your hair cut clean in order to appear in public
It appears fairly miserable form but I think the deed is
Hang on your parent as far as possible... groovy
I am bright
You are incapable
Is it punk that be feed your parents,
Get to buy the leather jacket and the guitar and lead an
idle life?

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