

Dog Fashion Disco **"9-5 At The Morgue"**

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within the pale white walls from 9-5
day after day i feel no more alive
than the stiff that lies the table before me
wake up too early to twist the key
stumble on over to the mr. coffee
pour myself a warm black existence
within the pale white walls from 9-5
day after day i feel so cold inside
like the stiff that lies the table before me
wake up too early to twist the key
stumble on over to the mr. coffee
pour myself a warm black existence
9-5 at the morgue
overtime for the corpse
hypnotized by the hum of the freezer
hypnotized by the look in your eyes
hypnotized by the pallad cadaver
hypnotized by the look in your eyes
the truth is harsher than you think
its the hair that fills the sink
or the wrinkles around your eyes
until your old and hypnotized
9-5, 9-5
die, draw flies
the end is closer than you think
so pour yourself another drink
and don't let it get to you
cause that's exactly what it will do
stich his lips, shut his eyes
9 to 5 at the morgue

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