

The Bled "Smoke Breaks"

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Slave away.
For the price of your youth you can earn yourself a
dying wage.
You're worth your weight in the sweat that you spill for
good of the company.
At the end of the night counting on your smokebreaks
you seem to move a lot of product but the product
doesn't move anyone, and that's the honest to god
damned truth.
Did you answer the call when it came or did you call it a
day?
Like my father, he buried his passion, sacrificed the
twelve-bar blues to take on the real world.
At dawn I awoke to go back to the clockwork where I
sing my songs to whoever will listen.
A glimpse of the good life beyond 9 to 5 to the has-
beens, the no ones, civilians and children.
On the company dime, burning all your smokebreaks
you seem to move a lot of product but the product
doesn't move...
Trudge on, workhorse.
God help you all you're just getting by.
You run like a river without a prize in your sights.
Bleed on.
Bleed on.
Bleed yourself dry.
This road is my bride.
She will wreck your life.
It's for me to decide.
How you'll wreck your life.
Cut the queen, just try.
She will wreck your life.
It's for me to decide.
How you'll wreck your life.
Cut the queen, just try.
She will wreck your life.
It's my life to wreck in my own way.

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