

Format "Career Pay"

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Today's been a career day, futures made and fortunes
lost as I'm standing in the lobby, I'm waiting for the
elevator to take

Me away up to nine or ten, maybe eleven the sound of
sirens fading as she whispers in my ear she's saying,
it's too late to

Wish success so get undressed and please just come
to bed cause I'm the last real thing you've got you're
cursed by all

Ambitious thoughts is that all you've got as for you, you
spin a story like a spider spins a web see that's a
metaphor, no

Wait, a simile I'm still learning but I think I'm getting
better oh if I'm not tortured how are you ever going to
relate I've

Been condemned by those I love, wishing me the worst
as I'm trying my best but she's the last real thing I've got
I'm cursed by

All ambitious thoughts is that all you've got love close
your eyes and cover, cover your ears, for the end is
near but the

Beginning is here in with the outro and out with the old
I'm gonna tie all the loose ends I once pulled in with the
outro

And out with the old (headed, paired, paired up, I really
have no idea) for failure, from what we've been told in
with the

Outro and out with the old with nothing to offer, so
nothing's been sold in with the outro and out with the
old forgive me

And give me one more chance to fold in with the outro
and out with the old there's nothing to lose when
there's nothing to

Hold we'll be together in the morning

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