## Gym Class Heroes "Simple Livin'"

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I'm like nine hours away from finishing my nine hour shift

And wishing I was gone nine hours ago
'Cause nine hours wasted tossin' back the chicken
I could've written nine verses just in time for the show
Slacker mind state retirin' on time that's borrowed
My motto's I'll stop procrastinatin' tomorrow
I took the sorrow from the windchimes
Left happiness lonesome and strung up
Sarcasm to make the melody wholesome

From my lungs to my feet I'm breathing Everything I speak but now they're charging for oxygen And the bills due next week, I'll be a day late and a buck short

Story of my life, I wish my pay rate was much more Duckin' swords in a rat race

I didn't apply for running towards something that's fake

And thinking, why for, they're shutting doors right in my face

And sitting high horse is a car and a dope place Something to die for, this is my war

And now I'm schemin' on plots to make my pockets swell

Simple living is a bitch but damn, I do it well Some are fortunate to make it and some of 'em fail Some locomotives push through and some of 'em get derailed

Schemin' on plots, hey hey Simple living is a bitch, hey hey Some are fortunate to make it, hey hey Some locomotors push through, hey hey

I lead a crocodile mile lifestyle I run and slide But when it's time to collide with the bump I always bail 'cause I'm not ready for that dive Or that silly 9-5 solidified career option A hop skip and a leap away from rock star And not too far away from fillin' pop's shoes The idyllic hard workin' type of callous feet Complete with wife, kids, dog, house and picket fence That's nonsense, I'm convinced I'm built for better things

And won't settle for the empty smile that cheddar brings

It seems like i'm working hard simply

'Cause it's what they say I have to do

You graduate and then you either get a job or you go to school

12 years wasn't enough, that's more than half of my life spent

Trying to make the world accept me

Plus I've got the papers saying that I made it through

Now I'm working 2 jobs

Three with music and you don't respect me?

Fuck it I'll retire now, you'll work until you're 62

And now I'm schemin' on plots to make my pockets swell

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Schemin' on plots, hey hey Simple living is a bitch, hey hey Some are fortunate to make it, hey hey Some locomotives push through, hey hey

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