

## Gym Class Heroes "Simple Living"

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*[Verse One]*

I'm like nine minutes away from finishing my nine hour  
shift  
and wishin I was gone nine hours ago  
Cause nine hours wasted, tossin back of this chicken  
I coulda written nine verses just in time for the show  
Slacker mindstate livin 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 breathin everything I  
speak  
And now they chargin for oxygen and the bill's 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  
the rat race  
I didn't apply for runnin towards something that's fake  
And thinkin, why for? They shuttin doors right in my  
face  
And sittin high horse is a car and a dope place  
Somethin to die for, this is my war, so

*[Chorus]*

Now I'm schemin on plots to make my pockets swell  
Simple livin 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 livin is a bitch - HEY, HEY  
Some are fortunate to make it - HEY, HEY  
Some locomotors push through - HEY, HEY

*[Verse Two]*

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 nine to  
five

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 calloused hands  
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 workin 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 tryin to make the  
world accept me  
Plus I've got the papers saying that I made it through  
Now I'm working 2 jobs, 3 with music and you don't  
respect me?  
Fuck it I'll retire now, you'll work until you're 62, and

*[Chorus]*

*[whistling until beat stops]*

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