

Holding On "Just Another Day"

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Please don't tell me it gets worse than this. Every day this same old boring thing. The same old shit. I need to find a way out of this 9 to 5 trap. Now it's time to set the bomb, blow it up, take my life back. I can't take this another day. All I want to do is blow it away. So I sit here at my desk. One of the living dead. While thoughts of explosions, fire, and chaos run through my head. Goddamn, what a great day that would be to see that building in fucking flames. Then I'd be free. And as I watch it burn, I know I'll never return. Burn, burn, burn, burn

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