

## Iron Butterfly

### "Black Friday"

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We get up early, we come home tired  
Our lives for hire, we're making money for someone  
else  
Can't breathe like there's hands around my throat  
Can't scream this place is filled with ghosts  
Everybody's looking for something  
Can't leave or we're left with nothing  
Clap your hands do the dead man shuffle  
Slouch our way into an early grave  
Is it disappointment or mild annoyance?  
A sense of contentment or fucking resentment?  
Move your feet to this dead end beat  
Slouch our way into an early grave  
Get out of bed, get fucking dressed  
And think of better ways to keep busy  
Clap your hands do the dead man shuffle  
Killing ourselves for a living wage  
Get out of bed  
Get fucking dressed  
And get busy

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