

Living End "I Want A Day"

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10.50, 3 minutes till, till 11 I don't want the alarm again
9.30, 3 minutes till, on the way to work, not smiling
I know time to go and punch my card in
Today, just another day at eleven
Got to help, so much to tidy up, too much too soon
I want a day, where I don't have to get up
Sometimes I'm sick of being in a rut

I want a day, where I don't have to go to work
This low life job makes me feel like a jerk
So dirty, burnt fingers to the bone
Not fair to be left in this job all alone
No help, no credit for making this
Evil machine doesn't stop
Am I going to spend every day of my life Living this
way NO WAY!

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