

Mi6

"The Postman Always Shoots Twice"

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long days, just a twenty cents an hour raise
data entry, while i'm staring at the walls
i say, there really is no other way
to make a million bucks at all
i'll pawn my stereo, then drive to southern mexico
and sell my kidney for a lousy grand
like a lobotomy, i'll even try the lottery
but nothing seems to go the way i planned
so let's go
on vacation to a place that's far away
let's go
my job is slowly driving me insane

now some daze, i just sit here thinking what a waste
and i've never felt like this before
no space, and it's only feeding my disgrace

i don't think i can take it anymore
once there was a time, when i was too naive to mind
cause i would listen to my boss and play along
but top raman, mac & cheese, is not enough to carry
me
i need to find another second job
i hear the voices, can it be
a psycho analystic dream
this situations so bizzare
i have no clue on who you are
i need release from all my pain
it's so much fun to be insane
i need to take it out on you
when there's nothing i can do, to finally ease my mind

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