

## Afterlife

### "Piece Of Your Soul"

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PIECE OF YOUR SOUL  
music and lyrics by Mike Hudson

And in the morning, half past the hour  
I rip myself out of bed  
The coffee is pouring, and I'm in the shower  
Gotta wash the sleep from my head  
Well, I'm still dreaming, the traffic is slow  
And I'm out on a Sunday drive  
Well, I'm still snoring 'cos my job is a joke  
But I made it here alive

You can run  
But you can't hide from yourself  
You give it all and now you give...  
A little piece of your soul

And in the evening, damn-nearly dark  
You've made your final sale  
But the line's too long and the doors won't close  
And your skin is turning pale  
Well, you're sick of the abuse and the daily grind  
You only want to go back to bed  
But the gov'r'ment scrapes every dime you make  
So it's overtime instead

And now that it's over, you're up on a cloud  
You've met the judgement day  
You've got a million excuses weighing on your mind  
But it's much too late to say...

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