

The Flaming Tsunamis **"Cancer Swing"**

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Nerve damage and dead skin, looks like this week my
boss wins again
Didn't get that respect, no, didn't get that raise in my
paycheck
I'll get ahead next week, but tonight I'm having trouble
trying to sleep
Cigarettes and coffee, these addictions tear apart my
insides

And when I'm gone you'll find someone new
To kill themselves like you forced me to

No, I can't get my health back and
Now, I want my old life back
While, you count your money stack
As, I ice my broken back

Paint thinner in a fresh wound, can't fight these
infections in my body
Gonna get outta here real soon, I miss the sun and I'm
getting pretty sick of the moon
9 to 5 will make you lose your head, 7 to 7 and you're
probably better off dead
Sick of kneeling on concrete, but I need the money and
I got to make ends meet.

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