

The Genre Benders "Long For The Day"

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I get up. I face the day unfolding before me.
And oh, I feel down when I think about a nine-to-five
grind.
Well I don't need to feed my ego with money.
So I try to look around:
Try to find reason,
I'm waiting for the season,
I'll finally reap what I have sown.

Got a girl who thinks there's something special about
me.
Hey we get down and forget about the nine-to-five
grind.
Got some friends who sing a song to brighten their
night-time.
So we all got the blues,
Guitars at 20 paces,
A sea of smiling faces,
I'm paying my dues.
And I long for the day when that's all I have to do.

No more traffic, no more tools
No more fixin' for fools
No more Yes Sir or Ma'am!
Gonna be who I am

I just wanna play
Wanna give this work away
They ain't got a clue
I'll bid them adieu
And long for the day, when that's all I have to do.

Got a dream. Some day I'll be somebody special.
Yeah I got a plan to get me out to make my way.
But it's so hard. A helping hand can make it seem easy.
So we all play along,
Laughing and writing,
Loving and fighting,
Singing our song,
And I long for the day when that's all I have to do.

Oh Yeah! Said I long for the day when that's all I have

to do.

How 'bout you? I know I long for the day when that's all I
have to do, babe.

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