

## **With The Punches**

### **"Corporate Ladder Match"**

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Stuck in this dim lit hell hole from 9 to 5  
Chasing my dreams to survive  
I'm sure to you this seems like just a fantasy

Some might say that I woke up  
On the wrong side of the bed  
I'd rather feel a barrel to my head  
Than to fake contentment  
And I could care less if you get this  
'Cause by now I'm breaking out

I just stopped pretending that there's more for me  
Within these four white walls than my misery  
No matter what they say they can't control my brain  
'Cause I still reserve the right to dream and breathe

You let your lies cut through blue eyes  
And they bought it all right down to the bated breath  
That you seem to hold  
But by now this game is getting old  
And you can't hide the fact you've got no spine  
So with this lit match and kerosene I clearly draw the  
line  
Stand back and watch this burn to the ground  
You shook off all my warnings like you never heard a  
sound  
But I could care less if you get this  
'Cause by now I'm breaking out

We don't know where we're going but we're on our way  
To cross the Atlantic Ocean  
It never seemed so far away

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