

The New York Room

"7:17 Thursday"

Visit "[7:17 Thursday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

One more hour to go today
Then 14 left till I come back
Tomorrow
And 8 of those
IæŠ£I sleep away
Leaves me 6 to relax and enjoy
Such is the life of the hourly worker
EverythingæŠ¬ divided to hours on a clock
And dollars on the paycheck
Twice a month
And weæŠ£I never be out of here
Off white walls
This black desk top
Or the coffee stained carpet
Of the break room floor
ItæŠ¬ all I see day in and year out
A never ending cycle of nothing
And itæŠ¬ killing me.
ItæŠ¬ tearing my soul out through my eyes
And the life from my heart
I donæŠ° want to die here
Shut down the circuitry
Lights off
Zipper up
Walk out into
The rain
To drive the same roads
That lead me back to here.

Visit [The New York Room](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.