

Attica! Attica! "Five Year Plan"

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It seems the longer I'm alive
The more afraid I am to die
The more I do the less I think
That I've accomplished anything
I make a plan with lots of lists
And write them down with busted wrists
It makes the words so hard to read
Can't tell what any of it means

This house could really use some heat
Just start a fire with my degree

I have an unproductive mind
That's why I pay it overtime
The day shift cannot get it right
And so it's working through the night
I groan and mutter in my sleep
The graveyard shift's clearing debris
But I can't remember any dreams
I can't remember anything

We need more wood for the fireplace
Just use this stack of resumes

When we were kids I never had a dream
So everybody asked
What do you wanna be
What do you wanna be
What are you gonna be?

I have so many things to say
But all these words get in the way
I talk so much my speeches blur
I sing so hard my vision slurs
The future's losing all it's shape

I'm deaf from hearing my own voice
Proclaiming that I'll make a choice
My head's a bucket full of steam
I don't have any fucking dreams
I don't have any fucking dreams

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