

Cicada

"Executive"

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He spoke up now for a little while.
Couldn't let his life slip away.
He spoke up now just for a little while
But couldn't find words to say.
He spoke up now with an open file
To put his plan in place.
He spoke up now and all the while,
The colour drained from his face.

Too tired to sleep at night,
Working the day,
Can't find an appetite, no time to play.

He spoke up now, threw his pencil down,
Wiped a tear from his cheek.
He spoke up now,
All his colleagues frowned.
He wasn't made for the working week.

Too tired to sleep at night,
Working the day,
Can't find an appetite, no time to play.

He spoke up now
As the walls came in
And stared defeat in the eye.
He spoke up now
With an evil grin
And bid his job goodbye.

Too tired to sleep at night,
Working the day,
Can't find an appetite, no time to play.

(He spoke up now)
Too tired to sleep at night,
Working the day.
(He spoke up now)
Can't find the appetite, no time to play.

He spoke up now
As the walls came in

And stared defeat in the eye.
He spoke up now
With an evil grin
And bid his job goodbye.

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