

The Rakes

"Work, Work, Work"

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Maybe lack of sleep, or last nights drinks

Now my eyes twitching, if that prick coughs again

In the back of my head

I'll smash your fucking face in

Ok, that's it, take a deep breath

I've got to get out of here

I've got to clear my head

I've got to clear my head

It's all these words, ideas and different arguments

Someone's always talking when I try to make some sense

From all this stress that is constantly going on

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

Lean back, stare up at the ceiling

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

I've got the same shirt on for two days in a row

With a soya sauce stain so everyone knows

Can shower and scrub

Still smell like the smoking bit in a Wetherspoons pub

I'll have my lunch early, get some sugar in my blood

My clothes still smell of last night

I've got to clear my head

It's all these words, ideas and different arguments

Someone's always talking when I try to make some sense

From all this stress that is constantly going on

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

Lean back, stare up at the ceiling

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

Why do these tourists walk so slow?

Especially now I've got somewhere to go?

And a posh sounding girl, going on and on

About her dog and Mr. Morgan

It sounds so funny when I hear you calling!

Mum be like 'boy what you doing?'

Please shut up and try and sound confident

In a crap job when your minicourse is done

It's all these words, ideas and different arguments

Someone's always talking when I try to make some sense

From all this stress that is constantly going on

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

Lean back, stare up at the ceiling

I just drift along with no focus or meaning

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