

The Rifles "Toerag"

Visit "[Toerag](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Walk out of the door and make my way up the street
Cold wind in my eyes runs a tear down my cheek
Not a soul to be heard so no point to complain
At least the sound of the birds compensates for the
rain
Hit the queue for the bus and then join the line
Same faces for the last ten years of my life
See them more than my friends I couldn't tell you their
names
Shattered glass on the floor the kids have run out of
games
And I don't see that's ever gonna change
One hour passes till I'm back on my feet
A stone's throw I will be walking till I'm off the street
Hang my coat to dry, settle down with the herd
Some I really don't mind, some just get on my nerves
Turn my back to the clock cause it slows the time
Take out a cigarette and hear the match strike
Turn the radio on to drown the sound of the rain
Same bands same songs play again and again
And I don't see that's ever gonna change

Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing except for the name of
the day.

From my place of work I move away in haste
Time there moves slow but rushes when I'm away
Pass a girl from my school the conversation's brief
Gotta catch that train, get myself some relief
I meet up with friends and they knock off at six
I pull at five and walk about for a bit
Watch the world go by through an empty glass
And I know that won't be the last 'so'

Tell me I'm not right say what you like I'm miles away
And expect nothing changing except for the name of
the day.

Creep back into bed and I pull up the sheet
High over my head and undercover my feet
Till the room goes dark and I'm miles away

Jump to the alarm and start another day!

Submitted by Rock Management USA

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.