## Scythian "Cubicles And Tylenol"

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Alright, so this next song goes out to you, the working man and the working woman, who work so hard during the week so they can enjoy their two days. It's called "Cubicles and Tylenol."

Cubicles and Tylenol Slave away the day Pass the glass, make the moment last Tomorrow's just a day away

Screaming clock, crooked walk, ungodly hour Curse the man as you stand in the shower Wondering how you ever landed the subscription To punching clocks and wearing socks and office friction

As you snake, brake, make your way through traffic You see the SOB's in HOV are laughing Run the hall, to your stall, all perspired You find you're late, its half past eight and you're fired

Cubicles and Tylenol
Slave away the day
Pass the glass, make the moment last
Tomorrow's just a day away
Pass the glass, make the moment last
Tomorrow's just a day away

Like a drone, on the phone, taking orders
Hide in bathrooms and wander in the corridors
Pleading, begging as the seconds pass like hours
For salvation from the clock's sadistic power
Afternoon, as you swoon, at your desktop
Jump online, wasting time, feel your brain stop
Suffer endlessly from your boss's mood swings
As you think about your drink when the bell rings

Cubicles and Tylenol
Slave away the day
Pass the glass, make the moment last
Tomorrow's just a day away
Pass the glass, make the moment last

## Tomorrow's just a day away

Five long days in an office space You wonder where the years have gone (Five long days in an office space You wonder where the years have gone) If this isn't just a white collar prison Tell, where did the promises go wrong?

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Pass the glass, make the moment last
Tomorrow's just a day away
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Tomorrow's just a day away

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