

Constantines, The "Working Full-Time"

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The sun was coming up
Soldiers of light storming my brain
Day, have I the guts to greet you?
Alarm clock tomorrow, cradle to the grave

Working full-time

Vigilant people
In the cult of enterprise
Lean into the day
With all your heart and mind
We were not made to fear the morning
Put down, put under and put on
We are not what we once were
We will be all undone

Working full-time (x4)

We won't be undersold (x4)

I'll find my wealth all about me
Shake the hand that rakes the common temper
It's your kindness that gives life to my mind
I want to wake up every morning full of wonder

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