

The Rough Kutz

"Different Day"

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The radio said, two million unemployed,
More people just like me, all hopes and dreams
destroyed,
Industry is defeated, we're a call centre state,
Sign me up for a retail course, the breeding grounds of
hate.

Same old shit, it's just a different day,
You know I'd walk right out of here but I just can't find a
way.
No job is no future, it's just catch 22,
This government is killing me, it'll soon be killing you.

The letter said, you haven't paid your bills,
It'll soon be the streets for me on a diet of cheap pills,
I'm just scraping through, surviving day to day,
All I ask is a steady job, you can stick your minimum
pay.

Same old shit, it's just a different day,
You know I'd walk right out of here but I just can't find a
way.
No job is no future, it's just catch 22,
This government is killing me, it'll soon be killing you.

The postcard read, wish you were here,
Hot sun, sea and sand, tanned women and cheap beer,
I took a look around me, watched damp running down
my wall,
I haven't got a pot to piss in, no money, no fuck all.

Same old shit, it's just a different day,
You know I'd walk right out of here but I just can't find a
way.
No job is no future, it's just catch 22,
This government is killing me, it'll soon be killing you.

So it's thanks, but no thanks son,
You want a job but you'll never get one. x2

This government is killing me

This government is killing me
(I Said)
This government is killing me
(Boy)
This government is killing me
(I said)
This government is killing me
(Boy)
This government is killing me

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