

Tim Be Told "Getting By"

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I wake up to the light My dreams were pretty good last night Another day to fight the fight Oh no, I'm already late For the job that I hate Everybody's got to do what they don't wanna do Day after day it's getting mundane and I'm bored

Everything's hysterical Nothing is a miracle And everybody's right And as I'm waxing lyrical My life is still so typical I think I'm losing sight

I'm getting' by

I'm counting to ten And I'm in love again Trying to keep my head in line I give and you take Oh, I made a mistake You never do what I want you to do Day after day I'm going insane I'm alone

It's something kind of pitiful I'm feeling kind of cynical It's never black or white They say that I'm relational But never confrontational I was never one to fight

Workin' at the 9-5 a little bit of over time I'm laboring into the night Watching as the minutes fly I'm waving to my life goodbye I think I'm taking my time Where did everybody go and all the joy I used to know? The mystery's history now

Sometimes I cry, I hold my head high

I'm sure that I'm gonna get by My vision is hazy and sometimes I'm lazy But someday it will be alright

Rise up, keep pressing on

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