

Walking For Pennies

"Who I'm Supposed To Be"

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I got a job walking dogs
It gives me time to collect my thoughts
And sew them onto a soulful melody
It don't pay me very well
You know I get by and all but hell
That ain't much for a girl with an NYU degree

I grew up in a southern town
Where the good boys and girls, they settled down
Feet on the earth and their hands upon the plow
I flew the coup to NYC
And my guilty conscience followed me
And I feel their eyes upon me even now

And the sand keeps slipping through the hole in the
hourglass
And I'd love to live as if each moment could be my last
But we've all gotta answer to the man
Cause nothing in life is free
Oh won't somebody tell me who I'm supposed to be

Well times is hard, but I'm qualified
It's just that I've got too much pride
To sit inside a cubicle all day
And I could go back to school I guess
But I can't stand the thought of another test
Cranking out one more american cliche

And the sand keeps slipping through the hole in the
hourglass
And I'd love to live as if each moment could be my last
But we've all gotta answer to the man
Cause nothing in life is free
Oh won't somebody tell me who I'm supposed to be

I want a house and kids someday
But I don't wanna throw my dreams away
And I can't imagine what I'm gonna do
Cause I can survive on rice and beans
But there's some appeal in greater means
I wanna have my cake and eat it too

And the sand keeps slipping through the hole in the
hourglass
And I'd love to live as if each moment could be my last
But we've all gotta answer to the man
Cause nothing in life is free
Oh won't somebody tell me who I'm supposed to be

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