

## Home Brew

### "Tuesday"

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"...and the available balance is zero dollars and five cents"

Fuckin' piece of shit..

I'm rollin' up the tube to get the last drop of toothpaste,  
feel like an epileptic in an egg and spoon race,  
tired as, tryna tie my jeans over my shoelace,  
fuck I hate Tuesdays!

All the food in the fridge is way passed the use date,  
bread's covered in green, the cheddar's covered in  
blue veins (yuck!)

Out of the washing powder my hoodie's covered in  
food stains,  
pulling all the pillows off the couch to find some loose  
change,

ahh fuck got a migraine!

Feel like I just drunk a yard glass of nightshade,  
trying to stay happy but it's all when you're lightweight  
and ten dollars gas don't get you down your driveway,  
but hey, just a loaf of bread and this pie ay,

"\_\_\_\_\_, have a nice day"

"What the fuck?"

"What's wrong you alright man?"

"What the hell is in this pie bro? Whitebait?"

For fuck's sake man \_\_\_\_\_

It cost a couple g's now to buy a block of cheese,  
5 bucks for brocoli, but these grow off a tree,  
6 bucks for lettuce? Shit it's just a lot of leaves!

While rich cats run overseas shopping sprees,  
I'm on a come-down from a weekend that I spent  
popping E's.

My flatmate's like "who drunk my beer?"

Wasn't me, and on top of all that bullshit, I lost my  
keys!

Plus the warrant's up, I'm late with the rego,  
I say a prayer that the radiator doesn't explode,  
rolling downtown in a car that's on death row,  
that starts making weird noises when the water gets  
low.

But I guess though, I'm blessed though, don't need a  
mood change,

ain't like I'm about to be, zapped by a doom ray.  
And even though I feel like I'm bottom of the food  
chain,  
it ain't nothin' new ay, just another Tuesday

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