

The Living End "I Want A Day"

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Ten fifty, three minutes till, till eleven
I don't want the alarm again
Nine thirty, three minutes till
On the way to work, not smiling

I know, time to go to punch my card in
Today, just another day at eleven
Gotta have so much to tidy up
Too much too soon

(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to get up
Sometimes I'm sick of being in a rut
(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to go to work
This low life job makes me feel like a jerk

So dirty, burnt fingers to the bone
Not fair to be left in this job all alone
No help, no, no credit for making sure
This evil machine doesn't stop

I know time to go to punch my card in
Today, just another day at eleven
Gotta so much to tidy up
Too much too soon

(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to get up
Sometimes I'm sick of being in a rut
(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to go to work
This low life job makes me feel like a jerk

Am I going to spend
Every day of my life livin' this way?
(No way)
(Yeah)

(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to get up
Sometimes I'm sick of being in a rut

(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to go to work
This low life job makes me feel like a jerk

(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to get up
Sometimes I'm sick of being in a rut
(I wan' a day)
Where I don't have to go to work
This low life job makes me feel like a jerk

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