

High School Was Like Boot Camp for a Desk Job

Death By Stereo

My life, this time
I'm gonna choose to fight
My life, this time
I'm gonna choose to fight Yeah, routine
Killing me
I'm chained to a desk
Down on my knees 9 to 5, ritual of death
Sucking life right out of me
Rolled up in a flag
Will somebody please burn me? This time
I'm gonna choose to fight
My life, this time
I'm gonna choose to fight There's got to be
Much more than this
And if you see this
Raise your fist and fight Killing myself slowly
For this my life I give
I'll die for my country
Fill my mouth up with your piss All hopes and aspirations
Keep on falling out of life
Happiness in America, equals dollar signs
Tell me why? No, I never wanted any of this
I reject your lifelessness
I want to live, I want to fly
I won't let my dreams just die I'm gonna choose to fight
My life, this time
I'm gonna choose to fight There's got to be
Much more than this
And if you see this
Raise your fist and fight

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